JULY 10,
1937

Liberty

5¢

In this issue:

BIG SHOTS ARE
TREMBLING NOW!

Also:

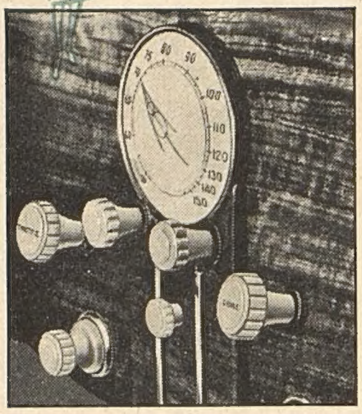
CAN DOCTORS
END THE
FEE RACKET?

ROBERT G HARRIS

Dress your car for Summer Driving

WITH

GENUINE FORD ACCESSORIES



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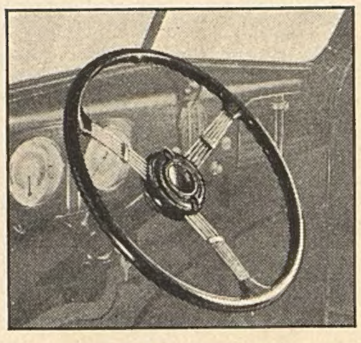
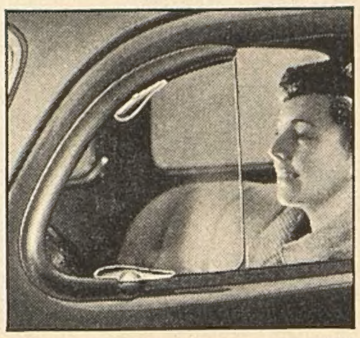


De Luxe Steering Wheel



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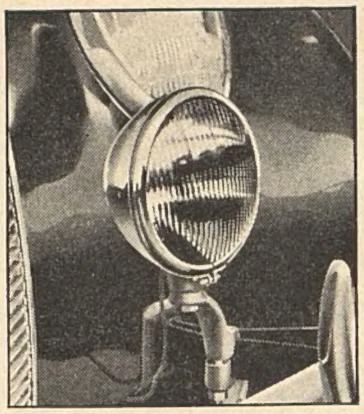


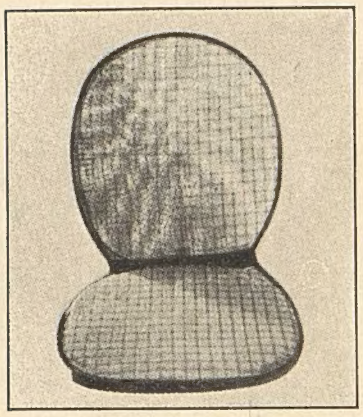
Road Lamps

SUMMER-TIME! Vacation trips! Week-end trips! Evening drives! Miles of pleasant motoring lie ahead of your Ford V-8. They'll be even more enjoyable miles if your car is equipped with Genuine Ford Accessories.

Genuine Ford Accessories are designed particularly for the Ford V-8. In quality materials, workmanship, genuine value, they meet the same high standards found in the Ford V-8 itself. Installed in your car, they'll add extra beauty, extra comfort, extra convenience—extra pleasure to your motoring.

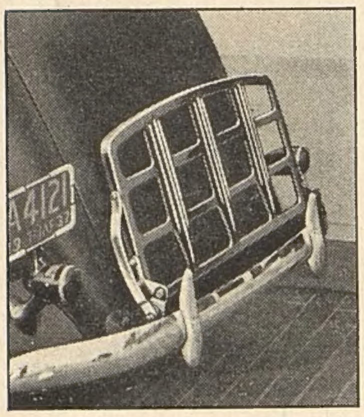
There are many more Genuine Ford Accessories than are shown on this page. Your neighborhood Ford dealer will give you a booklet illustrating and describing them. See him today. He'll show you a special group of summer accessories that will add new enjoyment to your summer motoring.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

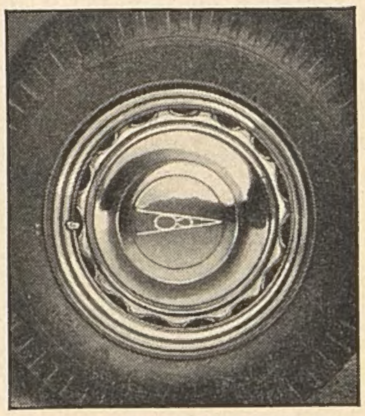


Kool Kushions

Seat Covers

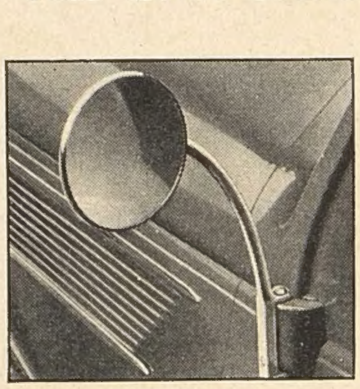


Luggage Carrier

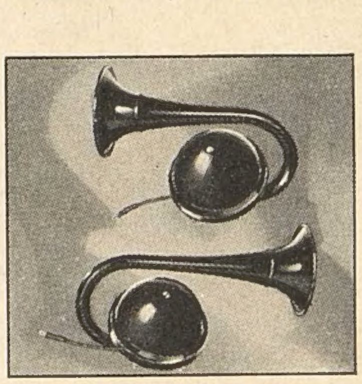


Hub and Spoke Covers

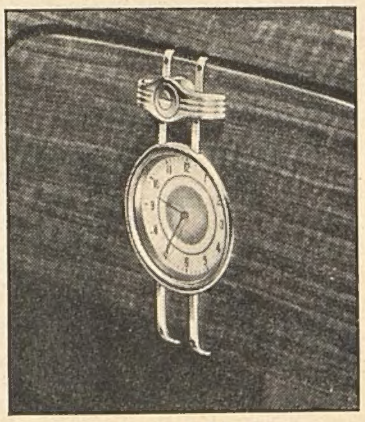
Spot Light



Side Mirror



Electric Air Horns



Electric Clock

GENUINE Ford ACCESSORIES

"WE SAVE MONEY BY ITS SILENT OPERATION" OWNERS REPORT

Servel Electrolux cuts refrigeration costs because its freezing system has no moving parts

SERVEL ELECTROLUX
ELECTROLUX

THEY'RE ENTHUSIASTIC . . . these happy Servel Electrolux owners . . . about the *different*, noise-free operation of their Servel Electrolux refrigerators. And no wonder!

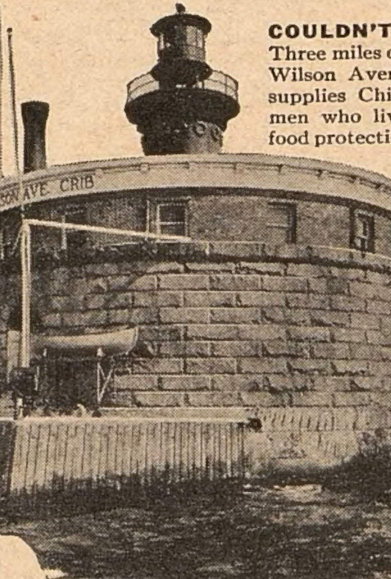
It means lower operating bills, lower food bills, and lower upkeep!

In the entire freezing system of a Servel Electrolux, there are *no* moving parts to wear or to increase the cost of running even after long service. A tiny gas flame does the work.

See the beautiful models at your gas company or local dealer. Your own gas company backs and services every Servel Electrolux it installs.

For farm and country homes, Servel Electrolux operates on kerosene or bottled gas. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind. (Servel Electrolux is also sold in Canada, Central and South America.)

"WE'VE SAVED A LOT OF MONEY with our Servel Electrolux since we got it three years ago," says Mrs. Ellen Madden of 4139 Roanoke Rd., Kansas City, Mo. "It's so economical to operate, and saves money in food costs, too. And it's a joy in our small home not to have noisy refrigeration."



COULDN'T CHANCE TROUBLE— Three miles out in Lake Michigan is the Wilson Avenue Crib—an intake that supplies Chicago with its water. The men who live there have dependable food protection with a Servel Electrolux.

"NO MOVING PARTS is a big advantage in a refrigerator, I can tell you," says George M. Glass of 1038 N. Townsend Ave., Los Angeles.

SILENT, PERFECT, AFTER 9 YEARS—In 1928, the Immel Construction Co., Fond du Lac, Wis., installed Servel Electrolux in its Eldorado Apts. (left). Mr. J. W. Immel, president, reports, "These refrigerators are still in perfect operating condition."

LOWER FOOD BILLS—"My Servel Electrolux has proved a real economy in food buying," says Mrs. Margaret Carney of 19750 Nauman Ave., Euclid, Ohio. "But most important to me is the knowledge that it is safeguarding my children's health."

SERVEL ELECTROLUX THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

JULY 10, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 28

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

SHALL WE *Throw Away* OUR PRICELESS HERITAGE?

A CHEMIST goes into his laboratory with an untried theory. He thoroughly believes in the principles upon which his idea is based. He spends many years testing the various details, and finally success rewards his efforts.

His achievements are so extraordinary that they could almost be termed miracles . . . profits beyond the dreams of the most avaricious miser; human happiness augmented to an extraordinary degree.

Now, what would you say of this chemist if, after he had gone through this elaborate experimentation, he threw it aside as worthless . . . notwithstanding its almost unbelievable success?

And started on a new, untried plan?

I am inclined to think you would say he was something of a fool. That he had lost his reasoning capacity. That the hard work he had done had undermined his mentality.

Yet, what are we threatening to do with our American institutions at the present time? They have amazed the civilized world. Throughout all history there have never been national achievements that stand out more prominently than our accomplishments in these United States.

Croesus with all his riches was a mere piker compared to some of our citizens in their garnering of fabulous wealth.

There may be many crooked intellects among our citizens, but it seems to me there are enough solid, substantial people in this country to recognize the good things that have come to us because of our system of government.

Our outstanding national achievements are not accidental. They did not come to us because of our location. They were due entirely to the freedom allowed to our individual citizens.

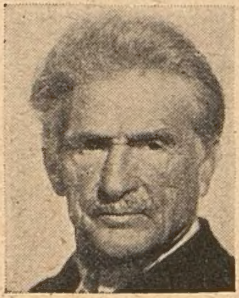
We hear much about the improper division of wealth, and we will have to admit that our system is not perfect. There are some changes that can be made to advantage.

But to consider even for a moment the advisability of changing the basic principles upon which rests our whole governmental system is folly beyond all description.

And furthermore, wealth regardless of its nature is not really owned by individuals. They control it while they live.

They cannot take it to the grave with them; and furthermore, inheritance taxes are fast approaching the point of confiscation, and a certain amount of restraint may ultimately be necessary to save the great business enterprises from this grabbing propensity.

Wealth is simply loaned to its possessors. It is usually employed profitably in investments in businesses that furnish jobs, and the intelligent use of wealth gives these jobs a certain degree of permanence. While poor management may create a certain amount of employment, it is usually transient in character.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

We have built great institutions. The wildest imaginings of our ancestors could not possibly have conceived of their gigantic character. Take any one of these huge business organizations, and you will find that originally some business genius created it. He was the dreamer who planted the seed and through years of strenuous activity raised a great organization.

If we change our system of government . . . if we throw aside the principles that have created our colossal wealth . . . we are so lacking in what might be called uncommon sense that we will well deserve any penalties that may come to us because of this inconceivable foolishness.

We have a great and a marvelous country. Our workers are being paid more, they have more comforts and they have more luxuries, than those in any other country in the world.

If we can hold on to the principles of our governmental system, all of us may ultimately be able to live like kings; but if we fight among ourselves . . . refuse to make sacrifices . . . selfishly demand more and more, regardless of how much we may be receiving, we will kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. We will destroy the huge business enterprises that have given us our great wealth.

Instead of having a free country with unequaled liberties for each individual, the same sort of regimentation that we find in Russia and some other foreign countries will be our fate.

The freedom of this country was not achieved without a severe struggle, and after you have acquired a great prize additional effort is required to retain it.

Our ancestors fought for our liberties, and a continuous fight is necessary to retain them.

Bureaucrats who desire to make permanent their official sinecures will make every possible effort to destroy our liberties . . . to enslave us . . . to turn us into a lot of mechanical automatons . . . and they should be severely penalized.

It is difficult to think of American citizens consigned to such an ignoble fate, but it certainly represents a possibility at this time.

Bernarr Macfadden

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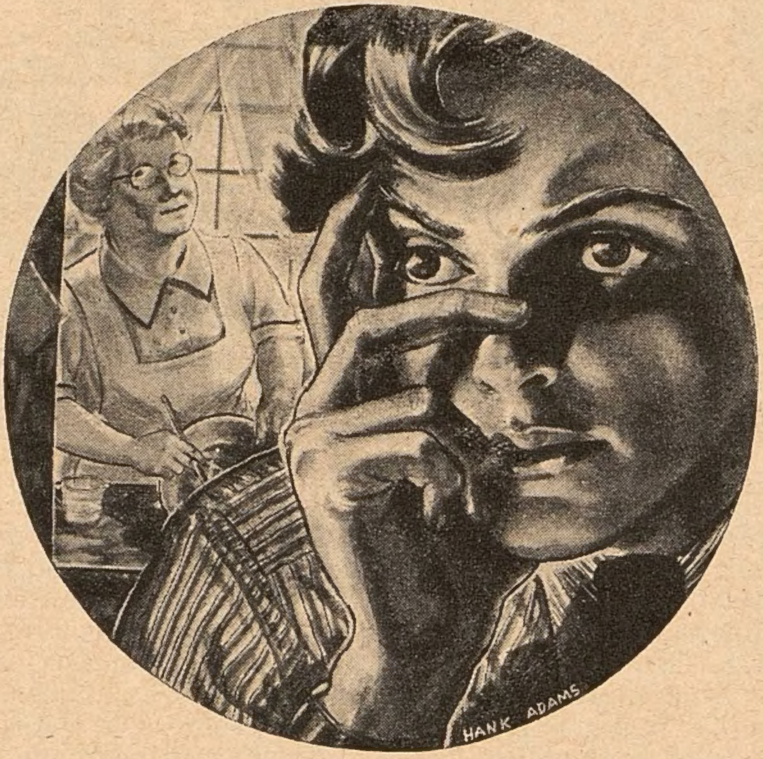
A BOY, A GIRL, AND A *Problem*

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



College — or marriage and a job? What would you tell this mother?

WHEN I heard my son come in the front door yesterday afternoon, I knew the smell of my baking would bring him right out to the kitchen, and it did. He said hello and went to the icebox and got out the butter, of which he likes lots on hot gingerbread, and then he sat down alongside the table and stared at a calendar that hangs over the sink.

I asked him if he was counting the weeks to September, and he looked startled. He said, " Yeah," in a tone that I couldn't make out. I felt a little chill come over me. Supposing he was in trouble and afraid to tell me.

I've read advice given in newspapers and magazines about getting your child's confidence, and it seems to me I have mine; but I don't believe we as a family pal with each other the way the experts prescribe. We love each other, but we don't tell each other so, ever. I never in my life heard my husband say, " Now, son," or saw him put an arm across Rob's shoulders. They'd both feel silly.

Rob knows we'd stand by him through anything, but we expect him to do his part always, and to show decent taste in matters of personal conduct, and to meet his responsibilities.

After he got to eating he said, " Would it be all right if I take some money out of the bank and get my tux now instead of in the fall? "

His father and I have been thinking of everything this year in relation to Rob's going to the State college after his graduation from high school. Some other things Rob said that afternoon, and some thinking I have been doing since, have made me realize that his thoughts of college are being pushed to one side right now by Elizabeth Jones.

They have gone together since freshman class. She is a lovely girl, and we've known her people always. Elizabeth is good in her studies but she doesn't want to go to college. What she really likes to do, she told me, is to keep house, and I know her mother has taught her how to do that well.

Right now Rob, when he thinks of going to college, thinks of leaving Elizabeth. The years ahead look pretty long to him. People speak of the feeling between a girl and a boy of the ages of Rob and Elizabeth as calf love. Well, I know it can be real love. At the same age, Rob's father was in love, and it was real love.

My husband and I were born and have always lived in this town, which has about five thousand population. We are what is called plain country people, though we are not farmers. Neither of us has a college degree. We both finished high school. Then he went to work in his father's store.

During that year I taught a little country school twenty-five miles out of town. I came back home for weekends, and of course John was always on hand. When I took that school, I planned to save enough out of the first year's salary to put me through a year at least of Normal School, and then I hoped to teach in a city.

John, too, planned to save his money for a couple of years and then study electrical engineering. We used to tell each other our hopes and encourage one another. Ever since first-year high we had gone together.

At a Teachers' Institute which I attended, I met a young man who gave me quite a rush. He came to see me several times during the next summer, and I was ever so much attracted to him.

But I knew how John felt about me, though he hadn't ever told me, and the way he looked all that summer roused something in me that I guess every woman has for the man who is unhappy on account of her. Well, the upshot of it all was that one night I met John on the street and he walked home with me, and when he left we were engaged.

Early in the fall we were married. John never did get to engineering school. He's never made what you call money, but he is one of the town's substantial business men. I'm sure neither of us has ever felt that we missed anything of importance or value in life.

I have told all this because it explains how well, or maybe how poorly, we are equipped to help our son choose now, when he is, consciously or unconsciously, looking to us for guidance.

We think we can see Rob through college. When he comes out, he'll be ready to start at the bottom somewhere, and we would be a strange pair of parents if we didn't think he has as good a chance as the next one to be a success. But it will take time.

What worries his father and me, now that we realize Rob's feelings, is something else. My brother has a prosperous wholesale business here in town, which serves the country around here. He told us a short time ago that if Rob weren't going to college he would offer him a job in the business. Even at the start, Rob would make enough for two to live on in our town. But, thinking that his whole desire was for college, we older folks agreed to say nothing to him about that job.

This morning I am worrying. Ought we to tell him of it, and let him make his own choice? Because his father and I never regretted our decision and our early marriage, is that any sign that he will feel the same in years to come? Or will he think, " They ought not to have let me give up college? " And Elizabeth. If she loves Rob—and we think she does—isn't it a pity she should not have the happiness of being his helpmeet during their precious young years? Or should we think that if they were meant for each other they will wait for each other?

Neither my husband nor I could sleep last night. And we could not agree on what to do. But we shall have to do one thing or the other.

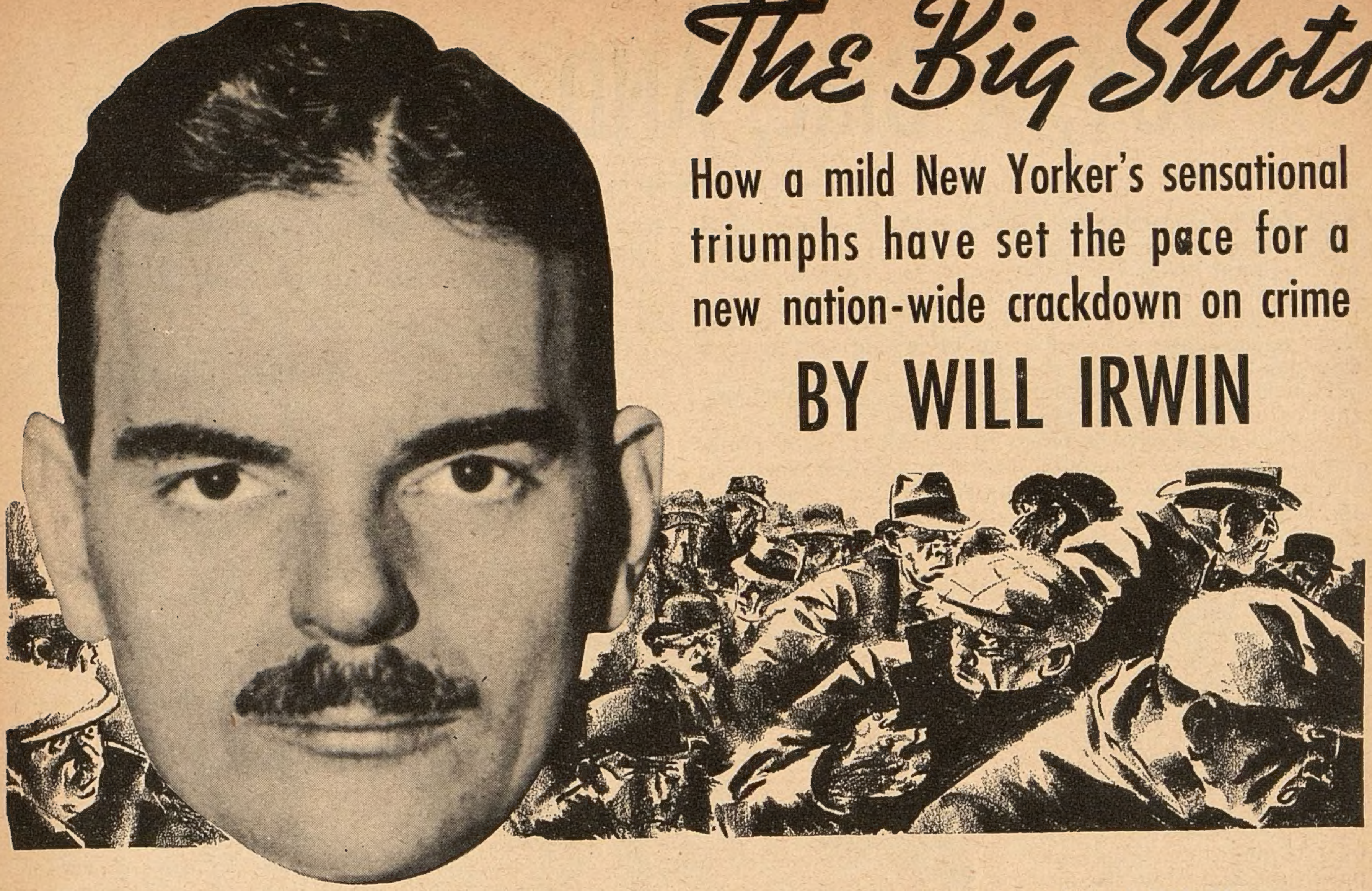
How can we tell which of us really is right about what is best?

THE END

The Big Shots

How a mild New Yorker's sensational triumphs have set the pace for a new nation-wide crackdown on crime

BY WILL IRWIN



Thomas E. Dewey, who has racketeers on the run.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE big shots of the rackets are just one nation-wide mob," says an authority on American crime. Which is as true, and as false, as most general statements. A man in one racket in a Midwestern city gets no direct profit from the operations of a super-gorilla in another racket in New York—and vice versa. However, there is between these thieves a common understanding born from a common fear of the law, and so, in a general way, they work together across the boundaries of trades and states. The top men in Chicago or St. Louis lend their gunmen to business acquaintances in New York for special jobs; crooked lawyers in an interior city help an endangered mob in a seaboard city. Finally, some of the gambling rackets constitute outlaw corporations with branches in large cities, and with central direction.

So it is a sensitive business, even though the men who run it have hides like a rhinoceros and nerves like a steel cable. Its courage and even its existence depend, first, upon the official favor or disfavor of municipal politicians, and, second, upon the attitude of public opinion. Withdraw official favor and you withdraw the props; and a hot wind of enraged public opinion will blow over the whole rotten structure.

In the beginning our new crop of racketeers proceeded in gay indifference to both these forces. Almost universally they had emerged from the bootlegging industry of prohibition days, when juries were tolerant, police easy to influence. Facing an unemployment problem when repeal arrived, the big shots and their gorillas considered other rackets. Desperate characters took to kidnaping and bank robbery—and ended in unmarked graves or prison. But most of the big shots, looking for new money in new criminal crafts, avoided violent crime, except as it became necessary in order to bolster up subtle unviolent crime. Broad and fertile fields lay before them. A craze for small gambling marked the era of depression. They descended upon the policy and numbers games in our big cities, the baseball pools, the horse parlors. They organized these games on a sure-thing basis, stimulated public demand, until in some cities the gross revenue amounts to more than $100,000,000 a year.

The master minds of the underworld, however, found a bigger and better graft which looked safer. They turned their attention to rackets on legitimate business. The beauty of these rackets is that the victim finds himself an accomplice. He is afraid of being beaten up, of having his business wrecked, of going for a ride, on the one hand; he is almost equally afraid of the formal law on the other. Oh, the racketeers were sitting pretty!

But now things have begun to happen—direful things. The big shots of New York, new racket capital of the United States, are in such a panic that they have actually put a number of rackets, big and little, to sleep—an uneasy sleep broken by bad dreams of a little, artistic-looking man named Thomas E. Dewey, who, an incredibly short time ago, was working his way through law school by singing baritone in a church choir. As Lemuel Parton has remarked, this singer, now special prosecutor of rackets for New York County, is packing them in at Sing Sing. And, from coast to coast, the boss racketeers are frightened.

It did not come all at once. When, upon taking office, Dewey said publicly that he proposed to indict and convict the gorillas, gunmen, and collectors, but also the main guys, they laughed. What higher-up had ever gone to jail for his part in a business racket? Besides, Dewey's was a political appointment. Even if this Boy Scout meant business, they would beat him in the end.

Dewey attacked the racket of the loan sharks—the vampires who were advancing money to needy men of small salary or to families on relief, charging interest at a rate of 600 per cent a year, and enforcing collection by slugging, torture, or even kidnaping. He convicted twenty men, ranging in importance from the " bankers " who were the real higher-ups to the thugs who got seventy-five dollars a week for mauling reluctant debtors.

The big shots laughed. These were only a set of chiselers playing for the small change of WPA workers!

But soon a note of nervousness crept into the laughter. The Boy Scout was moving with perturbing certainty. Experiment proved that his force of young lawyers, trained detectives, and apprentice policemen could not be

are TREMBLING now!

bribed in any coin which the underworld knew. Also, he had a disturbing method. Other prosecutors had waited for citizens to come in and complain of rackets, as they would of burglary or highway robbery. But Dewey was not waiting for complaints. His investigators would confirm rumors of a racket in this or that industry. Next a string of terrified victims would pass through Dewey's leakproof citadel in the Woolworth Building. At the same time, expert accountants were going over the victims' books. By the time they appeared before the grand jury, victims were usually so involved in contradictions that they came clean, or relatively so. The laugh of the underworld faded to a set and rather ghastly smile.

The story of Dewey's prosecution against the vice trust has already been told, and well told, in Liberty. Here he caught his first big shot. "Lucky" Luciano, the Capone of the system, had taken the greatest pains to insulate himself. Yet Dewey came into court with a foolproof case against a dozen defendants, including Luciano. They were all found guilty. Luciano himself went up the river for a minimum term of thirty years and a maximum of fifty. Dewey had cleaned up, from top to bottom, an entire racket, typical in its organization, if not in the material with which it dealt, and Justice McCook's sentences had increased in length as they approached the top.

Just here the blight began to fall. The chiselers who operated the little rackets of New York were chilled to the marrow. Many suspended business, waiting for happier times. The cleansers' racket, which had been persistent and widespread, seemed to be dead. Little incipient rackets on garages, bars, small grocers, pushcart peddlers, apartment houses seemed to disappear.

However, the main guys of the great rackets were in a less happy position. Al Capone revealed once that a big shot retires from business only at imminent risk of his life. The mob does not relish the lost income and the struggle for power, with incidental killings, which usually follow such resignations. They could not quit. But they could at least sing small—and hope for a slip when the indictments against the restaurant racketeers came into court.

This would be the first time that Dewey had brought a "legitimate" racket to trial.

There was no slip. Dewey maintained his batting average of 1,000—sixty-one racketeers brought to indictment and trial since he had begun, sixty-one convictions with sentence. True, fate snatched away the higher-ups. Dutch Schultz, who started the racket, died in a general massacre just as Dewey was getting ready to lay hands on him. Jules Martin, who succeeded him, succumbed to the risks of his trade in the same manner. Sam Krantz, next in line, lost his nerve while the grand jury was in process of indicting him, and went on the lam. Also, one of the main "labor leaders," succumbing to jitters, threw himself out of a window. But the rest were convicted.

DEWEY is not finished. He had indictments in the garment-trucking racket, the poultry racket, the flour racket, the bakery racket, the artichoke racket. Two grand juries, which sit almost continuously, are looking into a dozen others. It will be a long job—"five years, probably," say police experts. And it will get harder as it goes higher.

As this issue of Liberty goes to press, Dewey's most recent triumph is in garment-trucking cases. These had been expected to be tough ones indeed. To the surprise of nearly everyone in court, two defendants pleaded guilty, just as their defense was about to open, to all ten counts of an indictment charging conspiracy, assault, malicious mischief, and extortion. They were liable to maximum terms of ninety-three years each.

Dewey's office, with its assistant attorneys, its investigators, its detectives, its loaned details of city policemen, its expenses for prosecutions and its overhead, costs about $280,000 a year. Statistics on rackets are necessarily guesses. One expert puts the racket take in New York at $200,000,000 a year. This probably means net revenue to the boss racketeers. The money is a direct tax on labor or on the ultimate consumer. Consider the rackets which have died or gone to sleep since Dewey began to fight, and the expense of his office seems the best investment which the City, County, and State of New York ever made.

Moreover, the benefits of that investment run over into the rest of the country. Inspired by Dewey's success, other cities where rackets flourish will probably follow his methods.

His formula for dealing with rackets is no secret. Having ascertained that racketeers are working in a given industry, he must send out expert investigators to ascertain the layout and bring the victims before a grand jury which cannot be bribed or frightened or persuaded to "leak." He must protect the revelations and even the identity of his witnesses until they testify in open court. Protection afterward does not so much matter. The underworld slugs and murders for profit, more than for revenge.

HE must put trusted detectives on every juryman, every witness—yes, and every member of his own staff. For one unsuspected leak may ruin any case. Supplied with full information, the criminals of the rackets and their crooked lawyers can suborn exactly the right kind of perjury, can intimidate or "remove" witnesses.

The prosecutor must insulate his force and his operations not only from the racketeers but from politics. That, probably, is the hardest part of the job. The unit of municipal politics is the district club. Boss criminals make it their business to get membership in these clubs, so far as possible quietly to control them, and to put aspiring young politicians in their debt. By the time the politician rises to municipal office, even though he remain pocket honest, he is sewed up. The same rule applies to the police force.

Unhappily, it applies also to most district attorneys and public prosecutors. Half of Dewey's strength lies in the fact that, beyond doing his duty as a voter, he has never taken an active part in politics. Therefore he has no blackmail or defeat at the polls to fear, no campaign funds to look out for, no crooked supporters to reward. An elected district attorney might, in unusual circumstances, do as good a job; but such circumstances are rare. The town that wants a real clean-up should pick its racket killer from private practice, or, as in the case of Dewey, from an apprenticeship in federal appointive office.

But the prosecutor is hog-tied unless he has the sincere co-operation of the head of the city government and of the chief of police. LaGuardia, mayor of New York, is with Dewey. So is Chief of Police Valentine. If, in the elections of 1937 or 1938, Mayor LaGuardia or Governor Lehman should give place to certain men who notoriously want their jobs, the Dewey investigation, smothered in flowers, will be laid peacefully to rest. Indeed, that is the chief remaining hope of the big shots in New York, and of the politicians most closely allied to them, who are beginning to do a little trembling on their own part. Suppose Dewey should begin prying into the links between politics and the rackets! Twice the name of a powerful leader in New York politics has crept into the testimony at these trials.

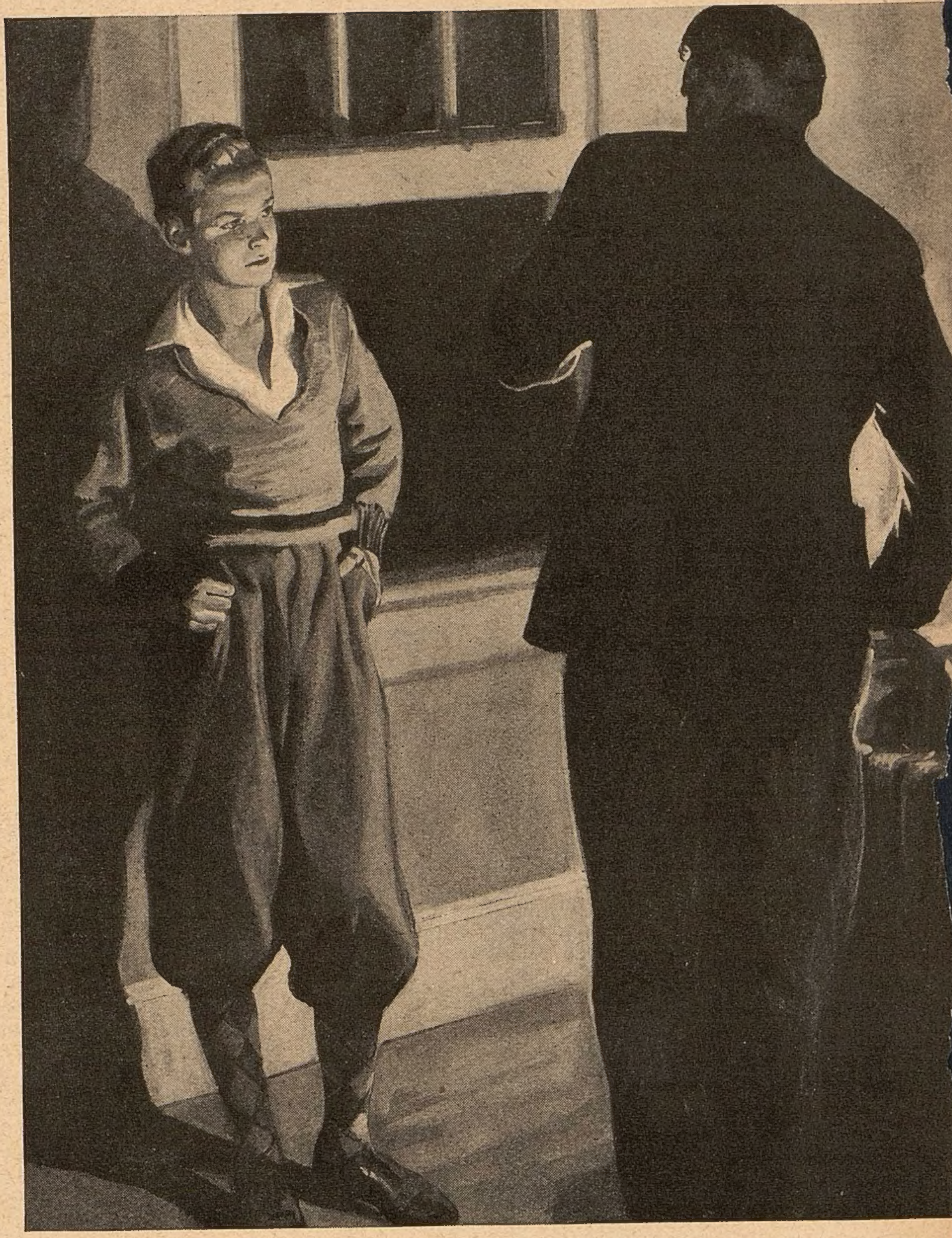
The fundamental condition for a successful prosecution of rackets is a local government whose leaders really want it done. That, in the present state of American municipal government, is also the hardest condition.

THE END

THREE MEN—AND A BOAT!

A swift, stirring tale of hell a

READING TIME
30 MINUTES 25 SECONDS



Chesty Wade climbed to his feet. "Let's go, Johnny. We'll abando

At seven ten in the morning the Warren River rose above its green-carpeted banks in a brown swirling torrent and inundated the fertile farms of Williamstown Valley.

At almost the same instant the Mahoning River, which formed a junction with the Warren a mile below the beautiful little city of Williamstown, added its force and volume to the flood.

At seven thirty the river-front streets of Williamstown were ten feet under water. At nine thirty untold tons of water roared into the First National Bank, which stood on the top of a little hill at the head of Main Street. At eleven Williamstown was twenty-three feet under water. In some places the water was forty feet deep. Boats—paddled, rowed, pushed, and towed—scurried like water beetles from house to house and roof to roof, evacuating what was left of Williamstown's thirty thousand people.

And, as they fled, they were scourged by the thought of the mighty Warren Dam, twelve miles above the city, impounding 11,000,000,000 gallons of Warren River water.

At eleven ten word came that the Warren Dam had gone out!

Chesty Wade was the one man in the whole Williamstown Valley who knew that the Warren Dam had *not* gone out. He knew it because he was standing on top of the dam at that very minute, up to his waist in roaring, slashing water, his feet braced on the submerged concrete top of the dam. His body hugged the spread tripod of a motion-picture camera and his right arm ground mechanically at the correct number of turns per minute.

And he kept saying to himself, "What a shot—what a shot! This will wow 'em—even in Peoria!"

The terrific force of the water wrestled with him. The roar of Niagara was in his ears. He could feel the great concrete structure under him tremble.

Houses, barns, mountains of debris thudded against the bulwark of the dam, broke up with a rending of timbers, or else were hurled bodily over to complete annihilation in the maelstrom at the foot of the dam a hundred feet below.

When he felt the last foot of film whirl through the sprockets, Wade snatched camera and tripod to his body, whirled, and fought his way off the dam to the hillside, scrambled on his hands and knees through rocks and underbrush down to a chugging launch waiting in the racing currents of the lower river.

The grizzled cadaverous-faced inhabitant at the wheel of the craft cursed picturesquely, yanked both camera and Chesty Wade into the launch, headed for the middle of the torrent.

"Hundred dollars or no hundred dollars—'nother minute an' I'd have left you!" he shrieked at Wade. "Man is a tarnation fool to take his life in his hands like that—"

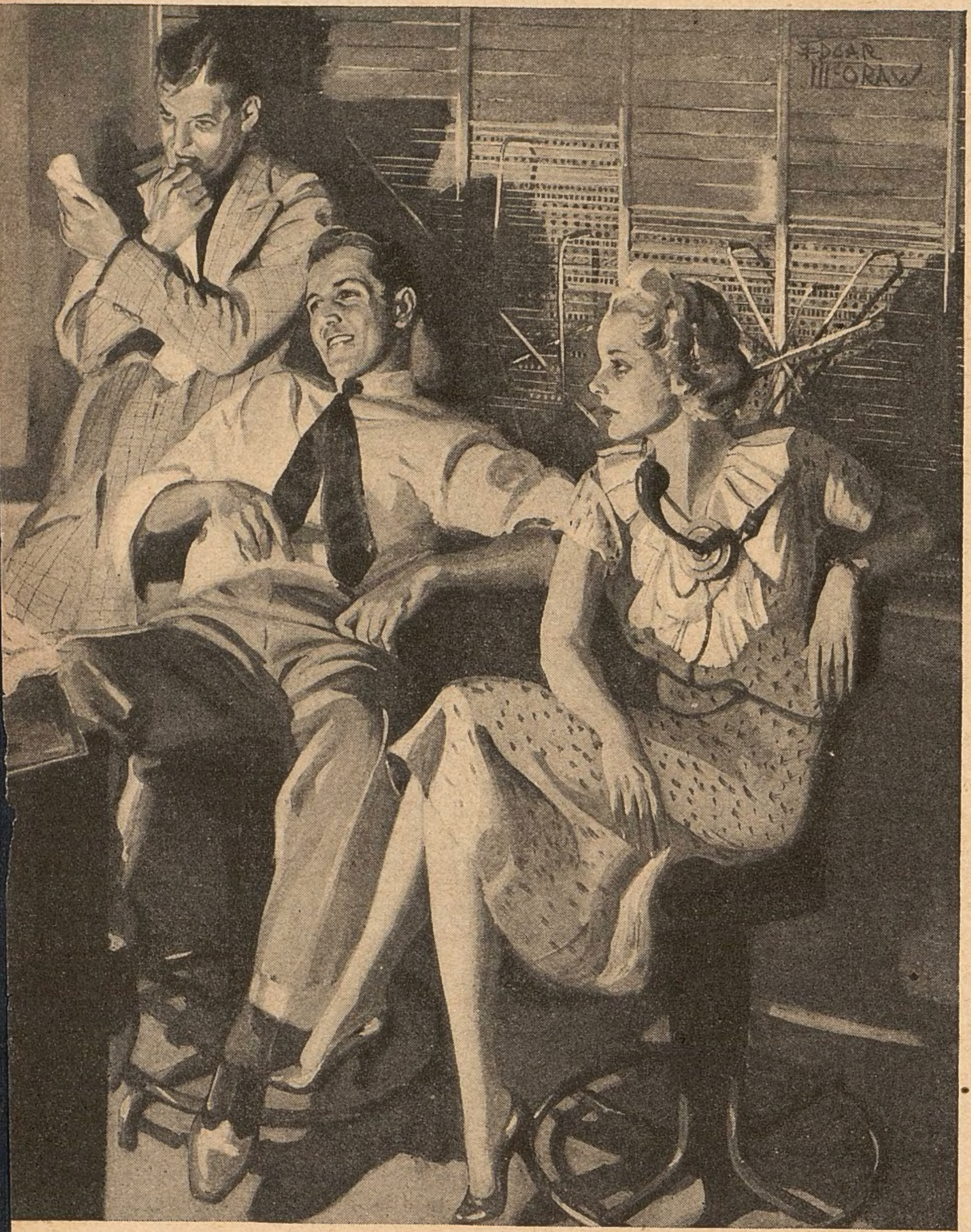
They went down the river like a cork on a tidal wave. Jagged tree trunks lunged for the little launch like battering-rams. Swimming animals fought to climb aboard. And Chesty Wade, his camera reloaded, ground and ground.

They came at last to flooded Williamstown. The boatman said: "Where do you want to go?"

Wade grinned. "Take me to the hotel—the best hotel. Nothing is too good for a guy like me!"

igh water, an ace picture-snatcher, and a girl

BY GEORGE BRUCE



mises to the Romeos." His voice was laden with a withering sarcasm.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR McGRAW

The boatman spat into the flood. "There she is—the Williamstown Hotel . . . four-story building, top floor out of the water."

The launch bumped against the side of the building, swung about. Wade climbed through the window, reached for the camera and film cans.

"I'm going to need you—plenty—as long as me and the water is here. Tie up somewhere close where I can whistle when I want you."

The boatman shrugged, threw the wheel over, and chugged out of sight around the corner.

: : : : :

Life seemed to have stopped short of the fourth floor of the Williamstown Hotel. Wade looked around. Dust was spread thickly over the floor. The place smelled like a damp mausoleum.

A voice spoke gleefully from behind Chesty Wade:

"Well—if it ain't Chesty Wade, the ace picture-natcher for Trident Films!"

Wade whirled pugnaciously, then relaxed and grinned.

"Marty Moore—in person!" he greeted. "Marty Moore of Hemisphere Magic Lantern. Say—who woke Hemisphere up and told them there was a flood loose around here, anyway?"

Marty's blond hair was dank on his forehead. His once jaunty sports outfit adhered like wet sacking to his body.

He turned his head, called into the hallway outside the room: "Hey, Tommy! Come over and look at what just crawled through the window."

A second figure in what had also once been sports clothes shouldered into the doorway.

"Chesty Wade! Well—the disaster is now complete."

Wade sloshed across the room. He left little pools of water on the dust of the floor.

"I can't figure it. Hemisphere and Peak both sending a couple of Boy Scouts out on a man's job!"

Chesty Wade surveyed the two with the smile of a Cheshire cat. His hair was drying into a brick red. There were freckles sprinkled across his nose.

Tommy Carter, the Peak man, glared. "Yeah? Listen! I got the swellest flood pictures any camera ever caught!"

"*You* got?" demanded Marty Moore. "Listen, brother. Hemisphere has all the shots worth while of this puddle—and *I* took 'em."

"Naughty, naughty!" chided Chesty Wade gently. "Little boys mustn't quarrel—"

Moore whirled on him with sudden suspicion.

"Where the devil have *you* been all this time?"

Wade smiled sweetly. "Well, I don't want to break your hearts—but *one* of the places I've been is on top of the Warren Dam . . ."

"You're a double-barreled liar! There ain't no Warren Dam. It went out!"

"That shows you what punk reporters you lugs are," grinned Wade. "Now, me—I don't hang around hotel lobbies. I go out and get shots—like standing on top of the Warren Dam with nine feet of water going over the top, along with other things. Photographing it for posterity, risking my life! And speaking of shots—has anybody got a nice shot of rye?"

"You might get a bottle of beer," announced Marty

Moore warily. "That is—if you want it bad enough."

"Beer? Beer? Lead me to it!"

"Lead you hell! You got to dive for *this* beer. Look—see that joint next door, with the roof out of water? That's the wholesale grocery warehouse. Get it? It's all under water but the roof. We dropped down on the roof and took off the skylight. First time down you may come up with a bottle. It's a cinch! You dive and you grab. No way of telling what you'll bring up."

"I wouldn't mind diving for a Swiss-cheese sandwich with mustard," sighed Wade. "Let's go!"

They trooped down to the end of the hallway, swung out of the hotel by the fourth-floor fire escape onto the roof next door. The roof was six inches out of water. The water inside the building was six inches from the open skylight.

Wade looked at the water, shivered. "How do you know you can get back through that skylight?"

"We tie this hunk of clothesline around you. You follow it while you're under water and it brings you back to the skylight."

Wade took off his shirt and slacks. He kicked off his shoes. "I'll show you gorillas what diving is supposed to be. Gimme that rope."

They grinned behind his back.

After five trips down and up the spoils were piled on the roof: a ham in a cheesecloth union suit; one bottle of Payne's Painkiller; one can of sewing-machine oil; one bottle of bluing; one large bottle of ginger ale; two measly bottles of beer; one can of soda crackers. And one case of exhaustion for Chesty Wade. He flopped on the roof like a winded seal.

"Nice going," commented Tommy Carter.

"I didn't think it could be done," said Marty Moore in admiring tones.

"Why—why—you lying baboon! Didn't you just finish telling me you guys have been diving for beer?"

"Well—that is—mentally," grinned Marty Moore. "You see, stuff like beer and things had to be down there—and we sat here and wished we were crazy enough to go after it. Then you came along—and we knew the marines had landed." He knocked the top off one of the two bottles, took a long thirsty gulp, smacked his lips.

Chesty Wade reared. There was murder in his eyes.

A sudden voice called, "Hey, you fellows! Over there—on the roof."

They turned, peered.

"Gosh!" said Marty Moore reverently. "A blonde!"

"And she ain't even wet!" marveled Tommy Carter. "It just goes to show you. If you live right and are kind to your old mother, you can find a blonde—even in the middle of the Williamstown flood."

They stared at her, seventy-five feet across raging water, hanging out of a fourth-floor window.

"What are you doing over there, Mrs. Noah?" demanded Tommy Carter severely.

"*Miss* Noah to you! And I'm playing nursemaid to a telephone switchboard that hasn't let out a peep since nine this morning."

"You mean you're a telephone operator—and that's the telephone office?" yelled Moore.

She nodded. "Got anything to eat?"

MOORE pounced on the ham and the cracker box—almost. Chesty Wade's foot came down on his fingers, and Wade snatched up the box and the ham.

"I just remembered. I want to telephone a man about a dog," he told them sweetly. "You wise guys can dive for your own toll charges. I'll relieve the distress of the maiden across the street."

"You'll play hob—trying to swim *that*," prophesied Moore. "That water is running twenty miles an hour!" He sucked his trampled upon fingers.

Chesty strolled to the edge of the roof, put his fingers in his mouth, and blew a succession of shrill blasts. After a moment there was the sound of a motor.

"I tied up to the chimney of the First National Bank," explained the boatman gloomily. "Good a place as any. But I ain't goin' back to that dam' dam—not even for another hundred dollars."

"Pilot me to yonder window," ordered Wade grandly. "Where you see that blonde head stuck out. And ignore this rabble on the roof with me . . ."

He stepped into the boat. The cracker box was under one arm, the ham under the other. . . .

Chesty Wade lolled back in the swivel chair and watched the girl munch daintily on damp soda crackers with chunks of boiled ham between. The telephone switchboard ran the length of the thirty-foot room.

"So your name is Daisy Mae?" he asked luxuriously. "Well, well." He glanced inquisitively at the holes and cords. "Listen, Daisy Mae, are you *sure* this board is out of commission?"

"It's deader than Williamstown after nine thirty on a Sunday night."

"Oh! So—you're a 'furriner'?" he charged. "No gal would talk that way about her home town. What *is* your home address?"

Daisy Mae laughed. "New York. But they had trouble here, needed an expert operator as supervisor. I got stuck with the job." . . .

He got up and fiddled around with the cords.

"If this board worked and I could make just one call, exclusive, you could be on your way back to New York in about three hours," he told her. "But—you're right. This one is sure dead."

SHE grinned at him. She was a very efficient-looking person, despite her big hazel eyes, wavy blonde-chestnut hair, and mobile smiling mouth.

He grinned back. "Just to satisfy your well founded curiosity, I'm Chesty Wade. The best newsreel hawk in the racket. Trident Films. All those hot shots you see in the newsreels—I make 'em."

She looked at him. "I'd like to have you write me a letter of recommendation sometime."

"Why?"

"You do such a swell job for yourself, you'd be a sensation if you let yourself go for somebody else. Terrific!"

"You mean I'm swell-headed?" he asked calmly. "Sure I am. I'm good—the best. Why hide it?"

"I don't know. Why do you?" There was a mocking light in her eyes.

"Don't get off the subject. We were talking about telephones. And one telephone call right now would be worth a million bucks to my outfit. Just one little call." He looked dismally at the dead board.

"What's the big hurry?"

"Big hurry! Listen, Daisy Mae. I've got some shots over across the street, in cans, that will knock 'em in the aisles. I've got the best flood pictures ever made at any time by *anybody*. And I can't get 'em in! Why, I got one shot from the top of the Warren Dam this morning that's a panic!"

"The Warren Dam!" She looked at him, wide-eyed.

"Sure," he nodded casually. "The Warren Dam—and why didn't you take to the hills with the rest of the population?"

She laughed ironically. "Didn't you ever hear of the heroic telephone girl sticking to her post? Well—I'm it. Take a look."

"I did take a look. Not bad at all. What do you suppose I gave up that ham and them crackers for?" He sank back into the swivel chair. "You have no idea just what you saved me from. Why, I was just about to feed those two guys over there on the roof when you yelled."

She was dubious. "Why, aren't they friends of yours? I saw them making pictures, too—out the hotel window—"

"Friends?" snorted Chesty. "A guy in my racket has no friends. Those two guys over there would double-cross me for a twelve-inch hunk of celluloid. . . . I know! They're hyenas, scavengers—"

The door banged open. A muddied fifteen-year-old boy burst into the room. His sweater and knickers were dripping, but his eyes were glowing.

"Gee, sis!" he blurted.

Daisy Mae squeaked: "Johnny Clark! You'll catch pneumonia! You're sopping wet!"

"Aaaw, I ain't hardly damp!" argued Johnny.

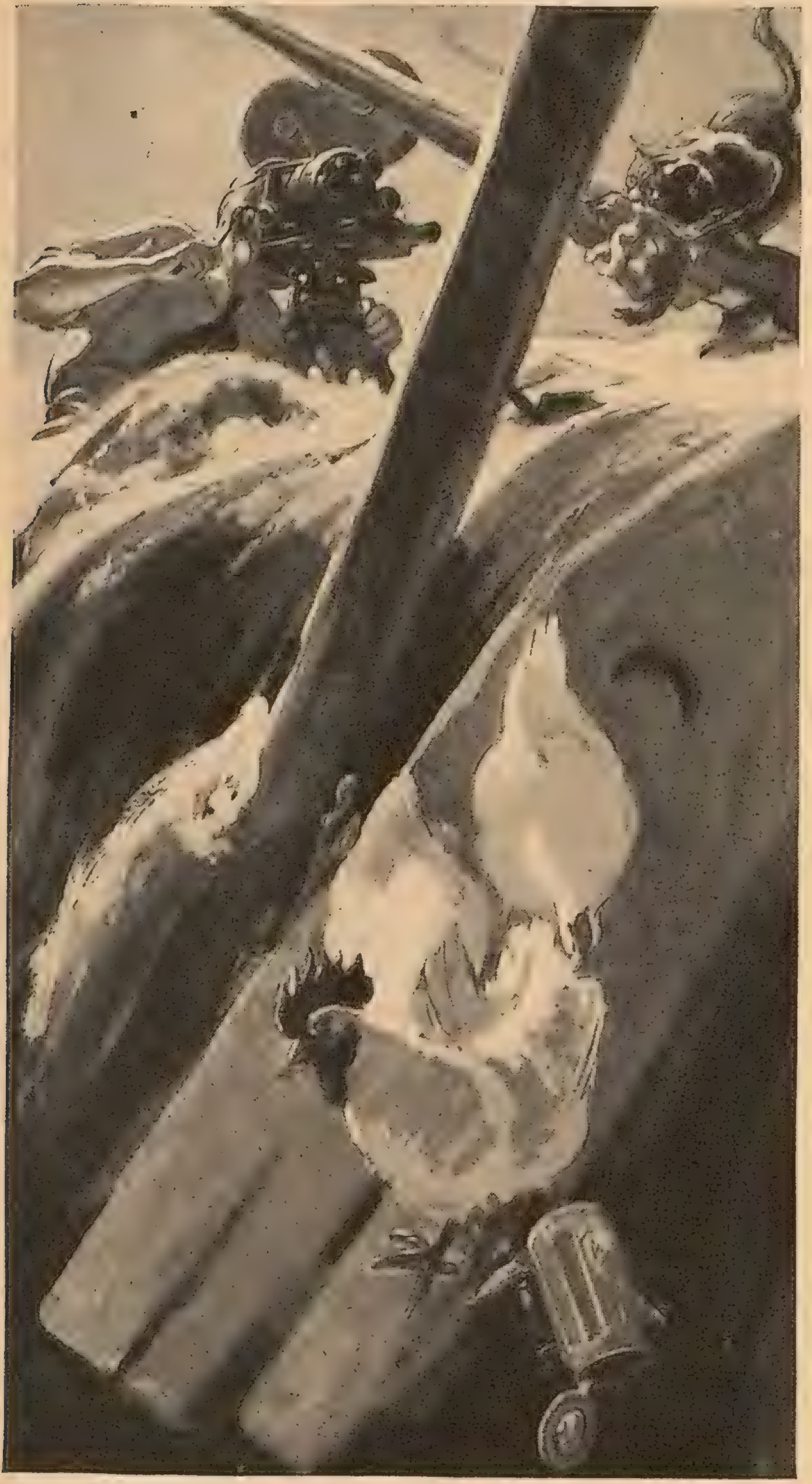
"How did you get over here?"

"My canoe. It was a cinch. Gee—ain't this a dandy flood!"

Daisy Mae glanced at Chesty Wade and laughed ruefully. "This is my brother Johnny—if you can see under that mud on his face."

"H'ya, son?" grinned Wade.

"Pleased to meet you." Johnny looked at Wade with calculating eyes, in the manner of small boys who catch strange young men sitting with sister. "Listen, sis! There ain't hardly any water in *our* house. It's only up to our first-floor windows. I guess we didn't use our heads, taking that house up on the hill, huh?"



He kept saying, "What a shot! This will wow 'em!"

"You get back in that canoe and paddle home!" ordered Daisy Mae severely.

"Gee, sis—I only wanted to tell you . . ."

"Never mind. You do what *I tell you*. Beat it! You want to catch typhoid or something?"

"But I gotta tell you . . ."

"You paddle home."

"Want me to go with him—see that he gets there?" volunteered Wade.

"Hey!" objected Johnny. "I ain't no baby!"

"Johnny Clark—you go home—*now!*"

"Yessum." He clumped out the door, rebellious, frustrated.

"Nice kid," complimented Wade when the door had closed.

There was a noise at the window, made by the sash sliding up.

"Good afternoon, folks," said Marty Moore's voice maliciously. "Just investigating flood conditions. Don't get up."

He climbed in through the window. Tommy Carter climbed in after him.

"How did you get across the street?" demanded Wade.

"We bribed your Charon," smiled Moore sweetly. "And what a pirate he turned out to be! Five bucks to cross the street! I'll never squawk about taxi rates again."

Wade stalked to the window. "Hey, you!" he yelled at the boatman. "You're supposed to be working for *me*. What's the idea—hauling these lugs around?"

"Well, five dollars is five dollars—and this flood ain't goin' to last forever."

"You go back and stay put until you hear different—from me!" threatened Wade. "I'll sue you for breach of contract—or somethin'!"

"Aha! Just in time for lunch. How nice!" Moore hiccuped as he grabbed a handful of crackers out of the box.

"Where'd you promote that bun?" asked Wade suspiciously.

"That," announced Moore proudly, "is Payne's Painkiller! Ever try Painkiller? You must sometime. Moonshine is just cistern water compared to that stuff!"

Tommy Carter weaved toward the cracker box.

The water gurgled on outside the window. Darkness came. The newcomers talked garrulously.

THIS second time the door did not bang open. It opened softly, and Johnny walked in and closed the door after him. He said, "Hello," dubious of his reception.

Daisy Mae looked at him. "You're out in that canoe again, Johnny Clark—and in the dark!"

"Well, I couldn't walk, could I? Besides, there ain't no light at home except a candle—and it's lonesome . . ."

"Look, Johnny," offered Moore brightly. "Why don't you go out on the roof and count the stars—or find yourself a nice bridge and go for a swim? It's a lovely night for a swim."

Chesty Wade climbed to his feet. "Did you say that your house was out of water, Johnny?"

"Sure—almost. Except for a couple of feet on the first floor, it ain't touched. Only . . ."

"I'll tell you what, son. You got to get to bed. Fella needs all his strength in an emergency like this. I'll whistle up the launch—if it's still there. We'll take your canoe in tow, and I'll go home with you and spend the night. How's that?"

Johnny's voice broke a little. "Gee—that's regular!"

"Let's go, then. We'll abandon the premises to the Romeos." Chesty's voice was laden with a withering sarcasm. "You're sure you've got to stick here, Daisy Mae?"

"Positive. I may get a medal."

"Well—good night, all."

Wade went to the window and whistled. A light moved in the darkness outside. There was the sound of the engine in the launch.

The two of them stepped out of the room into the darkness—disappeared.

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Chesty Wade stood and looked around him with quick interest. This was Johnny Clark's bedroom. Radio set in the corner.

Wade was across the room in two strides.

"A short-wave transmitter!" He almost whispered the words. "Don't tell me—I couldn't stand it—don't tell me that you're a ham operator!"

"Listen!" flared Johnny. "I got a swell station! Look at that wall. I got them cards from all over the world!"

Wade's voice cracked. "Johnny Clark! Is that set working?"

"That's what I came over to tell sis about—the first time!" said Johnny grouchily. "I was talking to New

York on batteries—after the power went off in town. Everybody wanted to talk to me! Said I was the only means of communication in the whole of Williamstown Valley. Why, I even got a buzz from the Worldwide Broadcasting Company. They wanted to hook me onto their whole network. *Me!* Broadcastin' to the whole world." . . . His voice suddenly sank to a melancholy wail.

"Well?" yelled Wade. "Go on! Go on!"

"Well . . . that's all. My batteries went dead and the station cut out."

Wade groaned. "Johnny! Isn't there some way we can make that transmitter percolate?"

Johnny shook his head. "Not without batteries."

"Batteries—*batteries!*" Chesty Wade moaned in a tortured voice. "Johnny—where can we get batteries?"

"From sis," stated Johnny calmly. "That's what I came over for this afternoon. To ask her to lend me a couple of the telephone company's batteries. They're in the storeroom behind the switchboard . . . and they're O. K. They're not in the water—"

He got no further. Chesty Wade was hugging him. "Johnny Clark, I'll make a deal with you! I'll go get those batteries—bring 'em back here—if you'll let me make the first call over your station *and keep quiet about it!*"

Johnny Clark grinned all over his face. "Listen—I'll get you *Moscow!*"

Wade went to the window. He whistled for the launch.

"Back to the telephone exchange!" he commanded.

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Chesty Wade went into the telephone building by way of the fourth-floor fire escape. He opened the door to the switchboard room gently.

Marty Moore was in the swivel chair, nodding. Tommy Carter was on the floor—asleep.

Daisy Mae jumped up with a little sound.

"Can I see you a minute—*out here?*" asked Wade in a whisper.

Marty Moore snapped awake. "Hey, what is this?"

Daisy Mae went calmly through the door, out of the candlelighted room. Chesty Wade squeezed her hand and gave her the shush signal.

"Johnny and I are tinkering around with his radio, trying to get some stations. He told me I could get some batteries over here—in the storeroom—so we can get some music. How about it? Can we borrow the batteries?"

"They're phone-company property," she said dubiously.

"Nothing will happen to them—and I'll make good, anyhow."

"Oh—I guess it's all right," she consented.

He carried six heavy batteries to the launch by way of the fire escape, piled them aboard.

"I could kiss you for this," he said fervently.

"Well?" she said in a very little voice.

His arms closed about her so swiftly she caught her breath. Then he kissed her soundly. And did it all over again.

I THINK—it's swell—you taking care of Johnny." Her face was very close to his cheek. "I've been scared to death, thinking about him—home in the dark, with all that water . . ."

He patted her on the shoulder. "He's a great kid. Don't you worry. I'm telling you—see?" And then he kissed her again.

"What's the idea?" demanded Marty Moore when she returned to the switchboard room.

She smiled at him. "Nothing. He just came over to get some batteries for Johnny's radio—that's all."

Moore grabbed at Tommy Carter, shook him. "Hey! Wake up! Chesty Wade is out rounding up radio batteries. All day he's been worrying about getting his lousy shots to New York. I know how he works! Listen . . . are we going to be scooped again by Trident Films?"

Tommy Carter came up off the floor. "What do you mean scooped? He couldn't get those films out of here if he was an angel! Not even an airplane could land close to this joint!"

"Never mind. He's working on it," growled Moore. He screwed up his face. Suddenly he laughed out loud. "Come on, Tommy. I'm going over to the hotel—if I have to swim for it!"

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Chesty Wade hung anxiously over the back of Johnny Clark's neck.

"WW1F3 calling W2XBF, Roosevelt Field, New York." Johnny repeated the formula over and over. Now and then he added, "WW1F3, Williamstown, Pennsylvania, calling W2XBF, Roosevelt Field, New York. Any station listening please relay by telephone to Mineola 888, and ask W2XBF to answer. WW1F3 calling W2XBF . . ."

A sudden voice in the loud-speaker close to Chesty Wade's ear said: "This is WBC experimental station W1XAT calling WW1F3, Williamstown, Pennsylvania."

"This is WW1F3," chanted Johnny.

"We intercepted your call. Are you the amateur who was on the air around noon today from Williamstown?"

"Sure . . . I'm him . . ."

"Please stand by one moment."

There was a little pause. Then a new, authoritative voice sounded from the speaker:

"This is Mr. Browning, Worldwide Broadcasting Company, talking. We want to put you on the air—over a national hook-up—*now!* Description of disaster at Williamstown. Will you go on? Can you do it? You're the first communication to get through from anywhere near there since the flood . . ."

CHESTY WADE shoved Johnny out of the seat. He spoke into the instrument: "Look, Mr. Browning! You can have this feature under two conditions!"

"Who are you?" demanded the voice. "I was talking to the operator of WW1F3—"

"And I'm telling *you!* If you want this broadcast, first call Mineola 888 *right now,* ask for Duke Mitchell, who flies the photography plane for the Daily Messenger. I'm gluing right onto this transmitter until I hear from him!"

"But that takes time!" protested the voice.

"How much time and labor you think it took to get this set working? The quicker I talk to him—the quicker you get your broadcast!"

"All right! All right! The second condition?"

"That you pay Johnny Clark, who owns this station, five thousand dollars for the broadcast! For that he'll give you an exclusive."

"Five thousand dollars!" stormed the voice. "That's a fine spirit—in the face of a national calamity!"

"You bet!" barked Chesty. "You didn't suppose you were going to steal the biggest spot feature you'll have this year, did you? Five grand, cash on the line—while we're in a mellow mood. And listen—there's a chain of newspaper stations waiting to snatch us up on the deal! How about it?"

"It's a deal—but it's robbery!"

Another voice broke into the loud-speaker: "I got Mitchell at Roosevelt, chief. Got him on the telephone—"

The whistle of a second station crowding into the loud-speaker sounded in Johnny Clark's room. A distant distorted voice said: "Hello—this is Duke Mitchell, W2XBF—calling WW1F3. What's the excitement?"

"Get off the air, WBC!" ordered Wade. "We'll pick you up again in a minute."

There was the receding drone of WBC's carrier wave.

"Duke!" said Wade. "This is Chesty Wade! Get it? Chesty Wade, Trident Films—"

"Well for cripes' sake! You! Listen—"

"Look," begged Wade. "Get this! I'm at Williamstown, in the middle of the flood. I've got the pictures of a lifetime! I want you to fly out here and pick up my shots. You got to get 'em to New York for me."

"Where'll I land?"

"Use the amphibian and you can land right in Main Street here—and no trouble. I'll be listening for you. When you come in, pick your spot, set her down, and I'll be there with a launch to hand you the cans. Got it?"

"And what else do I get?"

"You get your pick of any stills you want from the stuff I shot here—*free*—and exclusive."

"It's a deal!" said the far-off voice. "When do I come?"

"Plan to get here at dawn. You couldn't do a thing in the dark."

"O. K. Be seeing you."

The booming powerful voice of W1XAT cut back into the loud-speaker: "Ready, Williamstown? Ready, WW1F3?"

Chesty Wade patted Johnny on the back. "Here you are, kid. Do your stuff! Knock 'em dead!"

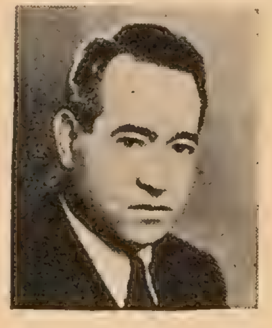
The voice in the loud-speaker said: "You're on the air!"

Fifteen-year-old Johnny Clark took a long breath. He put his mouth up close to the microphone and said calmly, clearly, and evenly: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are listening to short-wave station WW1F3, Williamstown, Pennsylvania, bringing you the first word picture of the flood which swept over this city today. Beside me, while I am talking, is the man who helped to make this broadcast possible—Mr. Chesty Wade of Trident Films Newsreel—"

Chesty Wade's eyes were suddenly glinting. He did a very peculiar thing, considering that he was Chesty Wade and supposed to be hard-boiled. He leaned over and kissed Johnny Clark on the top of the head!

At the same minute, back at the telephone office, a dripping Marty Moore dragged himself through the open window into the switchboard room.

When he could speak, he said—and his voice was triumphant: "Now let's see that sharpshooter pull a fast one on us!"



GEORGE BRUCE

one-time publisher and editor, attacks his writing with ferocious energy. More than twelve million words from his typewriter have been printed in the past ten years. Interested in flying, he likes to write air stories. He spins detective yarns besides.

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The droning sound came down out of a gray dawn sky. It wakened Marty Moore and Daisy Mae and Tommy Carter. There was another sound—the chugging of the engine in the launch Chesty had chartered. It came down the street, and veered in toward the hotel. "It's Wade!" groaned Tommy Carter. "That's the answer. The guy got through someway! He's having a plane come to pick up his pictures!"

The launch made fast to the front of the hotel. Wade scrambled in through the window. He passed film cans out to Johnny Clark, who stood dangerously near the side of the launch. Marty Moore stood in the window and watched. He was grinning wickedly.

"Boy—I'd give a million bucks to be in that developing room when they open those cans—that's all!" he said.

"Yeah? And after they screen 'em we go join the bread lines. What's funny about that?" demanded Tommy Carter.

"THEY won't screen *those* pictures!" assured Moore grimly. "I fixed it—last night—see? I switched film cans on him. I loaded his cans with blank film and dirty collars—anything to make them feel right—and I took his pictures and put 'em in *my* cans! Get it? What he's shipping to New York—after all his brightness—is a lot of unexposed film and my dirty collars! Just wait until they open those cans!"

"You did—*what?*" Daisy Mae flamed.

But Tommy Carter and Marty Moore were hugging each other. They slid down on the floor in spasms of hilarity.

And the launch chugged away.

Daisy Mae leaned out the window, shouted across the water. But all she got from Chesty Wade was a wave of the hand and a blown kiss.

The beautiful white amphibian glided downward, leveled off, struck the surface of the water gently, and came to a halt. The launch chugged alongside.

The three in the telephone building saw Chesty Wade shaking hands with the pilot, pounding him on the back, and then loading film cans.

The motor in the white Duck racketed powerfully. The ship moved off. The launch turned back, with Wade and Johnny Clark grinning delight and triumph.

Daisy Mae's face was tear-streaked. She whirled on Carter and Moore.

"I think you are two of the meanest, lowest specimens I've ever seen! After the way he worked, and the chances he took—and you spoiled it! Oh, I could—drown you!"

Marty Moore grinned at her consolingly. "Aw, don't take it like that, little girl. It's all in the racket. He'd do the same to us. You got to be big and broad-minded and up on your toes, outguessing the other guy, to play in this league. It ain't like running a telephone switchboard."

Wade heaved himself out of the launch and in through the window. He looked at Moore and Carter with surprise-widened eyes and said: "From the grins on your silly-looking pans, you must be celebrating the coming of the rainbow. But take it from a guy who knows—all that glitters is not rainbow. The storm center hasn't even struck you guys yet—on account of because I am pained to inform you that the Duck you just saw fly far, far away bore with it the immortal camera work of Chesty Wade—destined for the laboratories of Trident Films—and the world! And how do you like that?"

Tommy Carter and Marty Moore, arms about each other, sank back on the floor, weak and choking.

Daisy Mae was weeping openly. "They did you dirt, Chesty!" she wailed. "I tried to warn you, but you couldn't hear me over the noise of the motor in the launch and the plane. Marty Moore switched cans on you—or something . . ."

"HE—what?" Chesty's eyebrows lifted, his voice exploded, but he kept his grin.

"He—he swam over to the hotel last night—after you came for the batteries—and he did something to your films! Changed cans. That's why they're laughing. Marty said there were dirty collars and blank film in the cans you just gave the pilot of that plane . . ."

"Dear, dear!" clucked Wade, and he shook his head sorrowfully. "To think that men—fellow human beings, colleagues—could be so unscrupulous!"

"Aw, poke 'em both in the snoot!" called Johnny.

"Johnny!" said Daisy Mae in a voice of encouragement.

Chesty Wade flicked a spot of dust from his muddy much wrinkled sleeve. He looked at Marty Moore. "Look, Mr. Moore, lemme give you a tip for your next attempt at second-story work. If you must swim to the job, and crawl out of the water through a window, and then walk around a room with a dusty floor during the burglary, *don't track water all over the joint!* The minute I saw that watery trail you left behind—from the window to *my* equipment—I tumbled to the fact that something was fishy. So I gathered up *all* the film cans and film in the hotel—*everybody's*—and shipped 'em out to Trident Films on that Duck that just left here. Somewhere in the junk they'll find *my* pictures. They won't have any trouble in recognizing them."

"You—*what?*" Moore shrieked. "Why—you dirty double-crosser—I'll have you pinched! Pinched—get it?"

Chesty turned his back on them, took Daisy Mae by the arm.

"Step in the launch, darling. We're going over to your house. And as soon as Duke delivers those films he's coming back again to pick us up and fly us to New York."

"But I've got a job!" protested Daisy Mae.

"And how!" nodded Wade decisively. "You're going to be first assistant to the greatest newsreel cameraman of all time! And Johnny is now page one all over the world, and he's got a check for five thousand dollars coming to him the minute we can hit New York and collect. He wowed 'em on a coast-to-coast and round-the-world hook-up last night. Wait till he gets to New York!"

The boat moved away. Marty Moore grabbed for the gunwale—vainly.

"Hey! What about us?" he yelled wildly.

Chesty Wade smiled very sweetly.

"Why don't you find yourselves a nice little bridge—and go swimming?"

THE END

THOSE *Delirious* DODGERS

What will they do next? . . . A look at baseball's strangest phenomenon

By JOHN DREBINGER

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN Burleigh Grimes accepted the managerial portfolio of the Brooklyn Dodgers Baseball Club, he fell heir to one of the strangest phenomena in the history of the national pastime—Brooklyn baseball.

It being perfectly safe to assume that nowhere in this wide, wide world is there anything quite so extraordinary as that, it should be of interest to one and all to take a deep look into the thing just to see what it is. Even the first glance reveals that here indeed is something without parallel, precedent, or reason.

Witness the recent escapade of Van Lingle Mungo, Brooklyn's ace hurler, as a fair example of the unpredictable. Mr. Mungo, let it be said, is a fervent lover of action. The early-season peacefulness of rival players on the diamond had failed to satisfy his desires. So, in desperation, the estimable Van paid an early-morning visit to the room of one of his teammates. Jimmy Bucher, the invaded Dodger, was both an accommodating soul and the possessor of a good right. Third-baseman Bucher served Mr. Mungo. So did Manager Grimes when he heard details. Mr. Mungo, for his adventurous spirit, won a Grade-A shiner, a thousand-dollar fine, and suspension for three days without pay. That gives you an idea. Let us look further.

Where else, for instance, did one ever see three players pile up on third base for a triple play as the inglorious finish to a rousing three-base hit?

Where else has one ever seen a runner, twice within a week, pass a comrade on the base lines for no other startling effect than to wipe out the joys and benefits normally to be accrued from a home run smack over the fence?

Where else did they ever fire two successive managers, each with another year to go on an unexpired contract?

Where else would they ever think of paying one manager ten thousand dollars a year for running the ball club in Flatbush, while laying out fifteen thousand dollars to another to keep out of there and tend to his vegetable garden in Glendale, California?

And where, oh where, does one ever see so guileless an outfit strive with an almost studied perversity to keep its team steeped in the throes of second division in a locale whose fans are the hottest, most ardent baseball enthusiasts on this or any other globe?

Just what started all this is so enmeshed in general bewilderment and antiquity that even the ablest baseball historians have never been able to get in accord on the matter. Some have even been so unkind as to blame it all on that grand old Oriole, the late-lamented and lovable Wilbert Robinson.

Certain it is the two fitted each other close to perfection, and if Robbie deserves a place in baseball's Hall of Fame for no other reason, it certainly is for the fact that he survived it all for eighteen years!

He was bluff, gruff, but with a heart as big as the gap one usually found between his second baseman and shortstop. He may have lacked imagination, but he loved the unexpected, a commodity with which his Dodgers supplied him in endless profusion.

In the presence of the writer, Robbie once gave his outfit a dressing down that surpassed even the most vitriolic blasts from John McGraw.

"Partridge," he stormed, "it don't look like you ever can stop a ground ball with anything but that chicken breast of yours, does it?"

"It does not," amiably agreed that luckless culprit.

"Well, just for that, you're fined fifty. And you, Herman, what in hell were you doing down on second base when the play was at first?"

"Oh, I just thought Petty was covering the bag."

"Well, that thought will cost you just fifty."

"Make it a hundred."

"I'll make it two hundred," roared the aroused Robbie. "And you, Hendrick, who ever told you you could play third base?"

"Well, you asked me to play there, Robbie," was the meek response from the soft-spoken Harvey.

"And I suppose if I told you to jump off the grandstand roof, you'd do that too! A fifty for you."

And so it went down the line. Not a player escaped. The total fines must have aggregated more than fifteen hundred dollars. Yet not a dime of it was ever collected from the pay checks of the players.

Babe Herman! In such a setting he was a natural. He came up as a first baseman, and forthwith continued from there to do everything backward. Yet he could sock that apple, never failed to do the unexpected, and Robbie loved him.

Subsequently he was converted into an outfielder, and Max Carey was assigned to act as tutor. One day in Pittsburgh, Max, in center, finally managed, after much arm waving, to get the Babe, playing right, to come in close for Sparky Adams. Sparky was retired in the infield, and Paul Waner came up.

Frantically Max waved Herman back. But the Babe, totally oblivious to it all, remained fixed. Waner swung and pulled as perfect a line single as ever whistled off Big Poison's bat. Right in its path stood Herman, and to save his face he caught the ball for an out!

And on returning to the bench he almost floored Carey with the remark: "Well, Max, we certainly are catching on to this inside stuff pretty fast."

For a player who could miraculously escape getting killed in the performance of his duty and who almost flawlessly could run down harmless flies into damaging triples, he made the most amazing catches imaginable.

Rabbit Maranville was another. He was with the Dodgers only a short time, but long enough to convince every one he fitted admirably into the general scheme of things.

That, of course, was before Rabbit's great reformation.

ONCE Robbie tried to install an 11 P. M. curfew such as John McGraw enforced with an iron hand with the Giants. He assigned his clubhouse man, Dan Commeford, to do the checking in when they took to the road. On the second day Dan threatened to quit both jobs.

"A man's got to get some sleep," complained Dan; "and how do I get that working in the clubhouse all day and then sitting up all night? A couple came in at one. A few more at two. Some more straggled in at three, and two haven't come in yet—but I guess they'll show up at the park."

"See that," said Robbie, with the air of a man who had just proved his point with a noble experiment. "McGraw can do that with the kind of club he's got, but you can't do that sort of thing with this club."

Dazzy Vance! A prima donna, yet a likable fellow and a genius and one who formed another rare combination with Robbie. Dazz did not like relief work; there were a number of other things he wouldn't do; and he always insisted on his four days of rest.

But Robbie gave in on all points so long as the old Dazz-marine came up to the mark on the fifth and did a first-class job, which Vance invariably did. He turned in more complete games than any other pitcher, ruled the roost as the league strike-out king, and rated for a time as just about the greatest pitcher of his day. He was a star of the first magnitude in as weird a setting as ever was provided for a gem. And Robbie was ever careful never to give offense to his ace.

One day in Philadelphia the Dodgers were desperately trying to hold a one-run lead in the last of the ninth. The Phils had a man on second and Chuck Klein at bat. Down in the bull pen Vance was tuning up; not for today, however, but for tomorrow. Robbie sent a courier down to Dazz with the request that he try to save this one.

Vance came up, pitched one ball straight as a string down the groove, and Klein larruped it over the fence.

Robbie was furious, but dared not say a word to Vance. So he took it out on Hank De Berry, the catcher.

" Hank, why in hell did you let him throw that one right down the middle? "

" Now, listen, Robbie," replied Hank quietly. " You know I haven't told the big fellow what to throw in the last ten years, so how can you expect me to start in the ninth inning of today's game? "

THAT left Robbie with no answer, and he made no effort to find one, as very soon some other problem would come to perplex him. And there were no end of problems; for, in addition to what was going on out there on the ball field, a bitter feud behind the scenes was being fought during all this time. The McKeever and Ebbets factions were battling each other hammer and tongs, with Robbie riding in the middle as president and manager. Only the ballplayers, although they never realized it at the time, actually reaped a harvest from this odd situation. Some of them were receiving the most outlandish salaries imaginable as each of the two warring factions sought to force the other to quit and sell out.

The classics, however, were the Giant-Dodger conflicts. Came one series that set an all-time record for something or other. Somebody on the Dodgers came up with the bright idea that the club needed new signals and that the Connie Mack system was by far the best.

Unfortunately, this inspiration hit the club only a few minutes before game time, and, instead of matters clarifying, the confusion became all the greater as everybody tried to explain to everybody else what his notion of the new signals happened to be. The result was no end of commotion, until finally Herman stepped up with a thought that only the Babe could ever concoct.

" Aw, hell," he said, " let's play without signals. I'm mixed up enough."

So they played without signals, and won. They won the next day. Then they knocked over the Phillies. In all, they won five straight without a signal being flashed from the bench.

But on the sixth day this dream of heaven came to a crash. Del Bissonette let a " home-run ball " go right down the middle for a third strike with the winning runs on the bags, and Robbie fell back with a groan.

" See that. You can't win ball games without signals. Tomorrow we go back to signals."

The feud between Robbie and McGraw always caused a chuckle among the boys, for it was foolish to see these two old gentlemen glaring at each other like a couple of school kids. Although almost as hasty in temper, Robbie was far quicker to forgive and forget and always stood ready to bury the hatchet. But McGraw remained adamant. He carried hates and grievances much longer. Only when trouble finally overtook an old friend would McGraw's generous spirit blot out everything else.

That time came in 1929, when McKeever ousted Robbie as president. McGraw at once went to bat for his old pal, and succeeded in getting McKeever to let Robbie remain on as manager with a two-year contract.

The Dodgers almost won a pennant in one of those two years. They embarked on their last Western trip that year in first place. But then came the inevitable tail spin and they finished fourth. It also finished Robbie.

Max Carey succeeded him. Max, a scholar and former theological student, was another odd link in the weird assortment in Flatbush. He used to play chess with the writers, to the utter consternation of Robbie.

In fact, there were no end of talented accomplishments on that club's roster. They could boast of some of the most skillful bridge, golf, and poker players to be found in the major leagues; and yet, as Robbie once remarked: " How can so much brains turn out the dumbest baseball I have ever seen in all my fifty years? "

Max really had some fine theories on managing ballplayers. But things were by now in too much of a jumble for any of it to make sense.

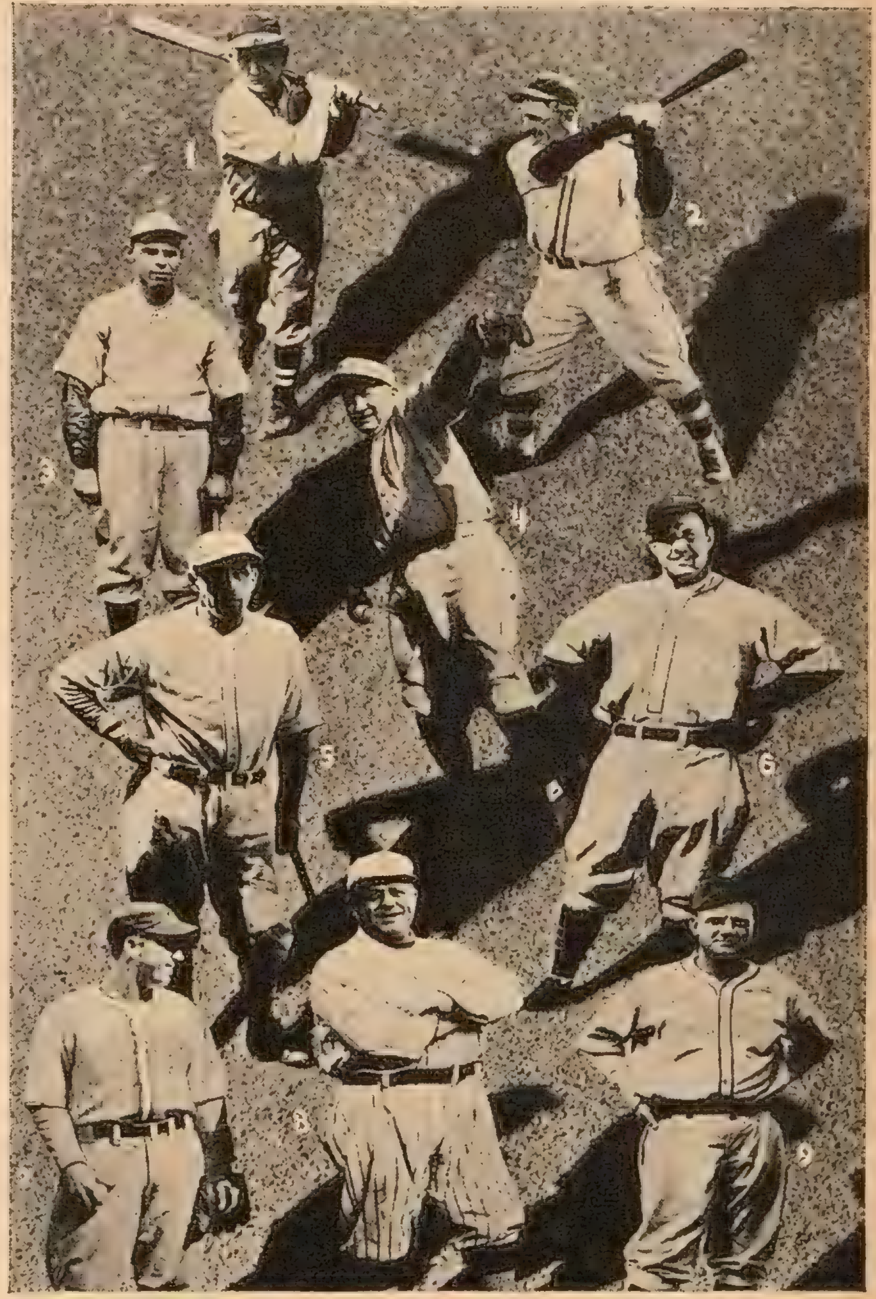
Two weeks before the 1934 training season opened, the directors fired Carey, paid him off for a full year, and installed his coach, Casey Stengel.

Casey, part sage, philosopher, and clown, but a capable baseball man for all that, promised for a time to make a success of it. He had a terrible outfit last spring, but from July to the end managed to win more games than any other club in the league except the pennant-winning Giants. But the idea of bouncing a manager with still a year to go on his contract seemed to have captivated the fancy of the Dodgers' directors. So they bounced Casey, and now it's Burleigh Grimes.

Burleigh is as learned and as serious about baseball as ever was Carey and, to boot, far more hard-boiled. He comes with a wealth of experience, and has played under some of the greatest pilots in the game, including McGraw, Robbie, McKechnie, Hornsby, and McCarthy.

He says he will put an end to all this foolishness. It should prove highly interesting to see what Burleigh does to the Dodgers. Or perhaps the question should be put: What will the Dodgers do to Burleigh?

THE END



Some famous flashes from Flatbush, past and present: 1-Maranville. 2-Stengel. 3-Herman. 4-Vance. 5-Bissonette. 6-Grimes. 7-Mungo. 8-Robinson. 9-Carey.

READING TIME
16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

CAN DOCTORS *End*

Do you know who gets the money you pay and why fees are sometimes so high? — Here's an eye-opening exposé

YOUR wife isn't feeling so well. Stomach pains, and that sort of thing. You send her to the doctor. The doctor gives her the once-over. Tells her she has cancer. Must be operated on right away.

You come home, find her crying. You love your wife. You are scared to death. You call up the doctor. You tell him you are ready to do anything. You are in his hands.

He tells you the name of a surgeon. You have never heard of him. But the doctor says he's good. What will it cost? One thousand dollars.

The doctor will arrange everything. He does. The operation is set for the day after tomorrow. That gives you twenty-four hours to borrow the thousand. You borrow it.

All this happened in New York City not long ago to young Tony Martinetti, hard-working tailor's assistant. Tony's boss liked the young man; noticed he was worried and sick-looking; learned what the trouble was.

"Tony," he said, "if you're going to spend a thousand dollars, you might as well spend a few dollars more for another opinion."

Tony took his wife to the boss's doctor, a surgeon of the highest character—one of those ornaments to the medical profession who not only keep your faith in the noble company of doctors but renew your faith in the world in which you live. The big man examined Luisa Martinetti thoroughly. Then he told her that she had no sign of cancer; there was no occasion for an operation.

He explained that even if the stomach disturbance from which she had been suffering had been caused by cancer there would be no reason for haste about the operation, gave the woman a few pills for her indigestion, and told her to come back in a month.

At the end of thirty days the young Italians came back. Another thorough examination showed the wife a perfectly well woman. She is that now.

And the thousand dollars Tony had borrowed? Did the big high-priced surgeon get a good big slice of that for telling them the good news? On the contrary, when he found out they were working people and realized how much trouble they had been through already, he charged them nothing at all.

The Martinettis' doctor—I suppose we must call him that, although it is a slander on the fair name of the medical fraternity—was what is known in the profession as a "manufacturer." He manufactures operations. Let a first-rank New York physician describe how it is done.

"It is well known," according to this authority, "that in certain parts of this city the medical practitioners insist upon manufacturing operations whenever it is possible to do so. In one borough, for example, ten times as many children are operated upon for mastoiditis as in another. It is the custom of certain doctors in that borough to visualize a mastoid operation upon any child who has an inflammation in the middle ear which necessitates an incision or where the drum ruptures spontaneously.

"The physician arranges for a fee for the operation which is all out of proportion to what the patient can afford to pay. If an ear specialist refuses to operate in a case because he does not think the operation is justified, the patient is taken to another ear specialist who *will* operate.

"What holds true for mastoid operations also holds true for appendix operations and others of a similar character."

The surgeon that the Martinettis' doctor recommended to the distracted Tony was a fee-splitter.

As a matter of fact, this gentleman has built up a large practice by agreeing to split his fees, fifty per cent to himself, fifty per cent to the physician who brings him the business.

The first man the Martinettis went to was no doctor in the true and deservedly respected sense of the word. He was nothing more than the runner, the customers' man, the tout for the so-called "specialist." He got fifty per cent commission on every human body he sold.

The doctors all saw the surgeon hand the money to the other man.

That—human bodies—is fee-splitting *practiced as a racket.*

It shouldn't be assumed from the instances given that all doctors are fee-splitters or, for that matter, that all fee-splitters are crooks.

The American Medical Association, the American College of Physicians, the American College of Surgeons, and other reputable professional bodies bind their members to abstain from fee-splitting. They call it dichotomy, which is a Greek derivative meaning "a cutting in two."

The pledge in the case of the College of Surgeons reads: "Moreover, I pledge myself . . . to refuse utterly all money trades with consultants, practitioners and others . . . and to expect the practitioner to obtain his compensation directly from the patient."

It is to be presumed that the great majority of the members of these societies—for instance, your doctor and mine—conform religiously to this pledge. But even if some members, faced by economic stress, do not keep absolutely to the letter—well, we will come to the "honest" fee-splitters in due course. Our concern right now is with the racketeers.

Amazing stories are told of the fortunes amassed by these so-called "specialists," who have built up huge practices on the dichotomic plan. One instance is suffi-

THE FEE RACKET?

ILLUSTRATED BY
MICHAEL

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

The big man told them that there was no occasion for an operation.

cient to show how the scheme works—and it, too, comes to us in the words of a well known reputable physician who knows all the facts:

"A certain doctor was anxious to build up a surgical practice. He had no particular skill as a surgeon, and belonged to no hospital staffs, but he was willing to take a chance on any patient that came along. Realizing that it was impossible to get men to refer cases to him unless he split fees with them, he went to the reception room of a private hospital in Queens [New York] and saw a group of medical men talking. Putting his hand in his pocket, he called over to one of the men whom he knew by name and, withdrawing one hundred dollars in small bills, said to this man that he had greatly appreciated his referring a mythical Mrs. So-and-So to him and wished to show his appreciation. He thereupon handed this man the bills. Of course all the other doctors saw him doing this, and within a very few months he began to develop a tremendous surgical practice."

As it happened, this man proved the mathematical accuracy of the relationship between fee-splitting and income by doing the sum, so to speak, backward.

"After splitting fees fifty-fifty over a period of years," continued the physician who was telling the story, "he managed to obtain a large income, and then decided to be ethical and let it be known that he would no longer split fees. Within two weeks he didn't have a case, and within six months—since he had squandered his fortune—he found himself in a precarious financial situation. He finally had to go back to these men, almost on his knees, and beg for work, stating that he would leave it to the doctors to collect the fees, and would take anything they wished to give him for his surgical work."

Not only does dichotomy endanger human life by tempting physicians to "manufacture" unnecessary operations, but it endangers human life by tempting them to refer legitimate operation cases to incompetent "specialists."

Dichotomy might have cost Luisa Martinetti her life. It may some day cost you your life.

Reputable physicians—like the typically fine doctor who saved the Martinettis—could give innumerable instances where it *has* cost lives. Here is one—and it doesn't concern a fake disease but a real one.

A prominent surgeon of high character, who would no more split a fee than he would an infinitive, was called in to see a woman suffering from internal hemorrhage. He saw at once that her condition was critical. An immediate operation was the only thing that could save her. With the family's consent, he had her removed to a near-by hospital.

While this sincere and honorable representative of the highest and oldest traditions of the medical profession was scrubbing up for the operation, an excited man who claimed to be the family doctor entered and insisted that the operation be postponed. Reason given: the family had not collected the money for the fee. The surgeon very properly told him that in such a crisis money didn't enter into the situation. It was a question of the woman's life.

THE enraged doctor—intent on fee-splitting—rushed from the operating room, told the anxious relatives—who were, of course, already sick with worry—that the high-class surgeon they had chosen was not capable of performing the operation and that he must insist that another surgeon (a fee-splitter, of course) be called in as consultant. The family, distracted, agreed to delay the operation.

In vain the honest surgeon pleaded that the woman was dying.

Before the fee-splitter reached the hospital she was dead.

Compared to dichotomy's menace to human life, its menace to the human pocketbook may seem trivial. But, as we have seen, it wasn't trivial to Tony Martinetti.

What was the surgeon going to get for his work? Five hundred dollars. That, let us assume, was what he figured his services worth—what Tony's wife would have paid if she had dealt with him direct. Surely he wasn't going to take less—especially since there was Tony, with his heart in his mouth and his borrowed money in his pocket, willing to do anything that was asked of him. The only way the tout could get his cut was to double the price of admission. That was what was done. That is what is being done to other Tonys every day in the week.

It has been estimated that many operations cost from one hundred to three hundred per cent more than a "fair fee" because of fee-splitting.

Officials of leading medical societies, having legislated against the practice, are inclined to pooh-pooh its importance. Medical Economics has recently quoted a high officer of the American Medical Association to the effect that: "There may be a few offenders on the fringe, but the heart and soul of medicine is pure."

On the other hand, the same medical journal quotes Dr. Harold Hays, president of the Association of Private Hospitals of the City of New York, as saying that between sixty and seventy per cent of the fourteen thousand physicians in his city probably split fees.

Apropos of the accuracy of the latter figure, it is interesting to read the report of a recent meeting of the Kings County (Brooklyn) Medical Society, at which its members resolved that they were "unalterably opposed to fee-splitting by either individuals or organizations in any form." But when a second resolution was proposed favoring a law making it a misdemeanor to split fees, 579 of the 770 doctors present, or seventy-five per cent, were reported as voting no.

But, of course, no one believes that sixty or seventy per cent of the doctors in New York City are crooks—

and that brings us to the "honest" fee-splitters and what should be done about them.

Dr. Hays, himself a physician who conforms to the strictest code of medical ethics, has some interesting ideas on the subject. "There are thousands of doctors throughout the country," he says, "who split fees, the majority of them honest, hard-working, conscientious doctors who are doing a real job for humanity day in and day out. . . . I have the greatest sympathy in the world for these men.

"Let us cite a hypothetical case," he continues in an illuminating article in the March number of the New York Physician. "A young, conscientious physician has been watching an obscure intestinal case for some weeks. Perhaps he has received a few dollars for his work. He finally determines that his patient has chronic appendicitis and has to be operated upon. He refers the patient to an eminent surgeon, who does a good job, a purely mechanical piece of work which takes him less than half an hour. The doctor, because of his interest, goes down to watch the operation (for which he is paid nothing, because it is expected of him) and makes a few calls afterward (for which he is paid nothing). At the end of ten days the patient's wound has healed by primary union and the surgeon has collected a fee of five hundred dollars.

"No, the conscientious young doctor does not kick; he is more than satisfied that he has done his best for his patient. Then he meets a doctor friend of his who lives near by and he tells his friend of the result. 'What did you get out of it?' the friend asks. 'Not a cent,' replies the doctor. 'I didn't expect anything.' 'You know Dr. So-and-So, don't you? He's a good surgeon, isn't he? And right in our neighborhood.' 'Sure, I know him,' is the answer. 'Well, why be a damn fool?' says the friend. 'Are you so rich that you don't need the extra cash? Wouldn't you like to buy a nice automobile like I have? Wouldn't you like to put a few extra dollars in the bank?' 'Sure I would,' says the first doctor. 'Well, the next time you get a surgical case, take it over to Dr. So-and-So; he splits fifty-fifty.'

"This young doctor is not a crook," concludes Dr. Hays, "and will not become a crook, merely because he accepts a split on the fee."

Of course the young man must shut his eyes, or at least blink pretty hard, when he thinks of the code of ethics to which he is bound. Perhaps he wonders now and then what is happening to the first surgeon, the one who kept to the high moral code. He may even give an occasional thought to his other old high-minded pal and competitor, the general practitioner in the next street, who is still struggling along on two- and three-dollar fees instead of participating in five-hundred- and thousand-dollar ones because he thinks it is his duty to live up to the true meaning of the Hippocratic oath.

BUT his own course he justifies on the ground that self-preservation is the first law of man, even medical man. The little fellows in the profession are notoriously underpaid; the big fellows often overpaid. Something should be done to even things up. And who is to do it, if not the little fellow?

There is no law against fee-splitting. To be sure, the medical societies prohibit it. But who in this country, after our experience, has any respect for prohibition, when it can't be enforced?

Yes, if Dr. So-and-So is as good a surgeon as the pledge-keeping surgeon is, and if Dr. So-and-So neither increases his fees nor decreases his thoroughness by reason of the fifty-fifty "divvy," and if the young doctor himself is able to resist the temptation to manufacture operations on which he is to profit, or even to lean a bit too far toward the knife in cases of honest doubt—if all these factors are present, and continue to be present, then it is true that he is not a crook.

But, human nature being what it is, the unsuspecting patient of a fee-splitting physician or surgeon is taking a chance that he shouldn't be asked to take *blindly*.

If the doctor who advises him to have a thousand-dollar operation is going to get five hundred of that thousand dollars, the patient should know it.

He should know it in advance, so that he can take it into consideration, for what it is worth, in deciding whether he will have the operation performed, and if so, by whom.

In short, fee-splitting should be abolished or legalized.

Those who believe in the former course—or, rather, in the possibility of achieving success by that course—point to the laws against abortion. Fear of being punished for malpractice has, so these people say, decreased the number of these operations. Unfortunately, there are few available statistics to back up this view. Some hold that abortions are on the increase. Certainly they are not extinct.

But even if we accept the theory that laws making abortions illegal have been effective, is there any reason to believe that they would be equally effective in regard to an economic practice like fee-splitting?

Abortions are against nature. Even those distressed souls who, for one reason or another, resort to them, have a horror of taking unborn life. The average physician, who is admittedly a man more highly developed both mentally and idealistically than his fellows, naturally has that same horror. Even without laws, only a small fraction of the medical profession would make a practice of performing such operations.

There is no such horror connected with fee-splitting.

THERE are more than 160,000 doctors in this country. They all have to eat. Many of them may be fee-splitters, but comparatively few of them are racketeers. They are, for the most part, among the finest people in the communities in which they live. It is improbable that any legislature would undertake to brand 100,000 or 50,000 or even 25,000 of these leading citizens as crooks. Those who agree with these conclusions believe that fee-splitting should be recognized in this country as it is in France, that the percentages of the split should be established on a uniform basis—say, eighty-five per cent to the surgeon and fifteen per cent to the referring physician—and that the widest publicity should be given to the fact that this situation exists.

Perhaps fifteen per cent isn't enough for the physician who makes the diagnosis, arranges for the operation, sometimes assists in the operating room, and almost always carries much of the burden of the after care. Perhaps it should be twenty per cent or even twenty-five per cent. The higher the percentage is for the general practitioner, the better the service he will be able to give, and, it is believed, the higher his ideals of service will become.

But, whatever it is, there should be only one bill for both the physician and the surgeon, with the patient knowing absolutely how his money is being divided.

It is obvious that such a measure would not be a cure-all. No one can stop the unscrupulous specialist from tempting the general practitioner with more than the legal split. No one can stop the unscrupulous practitioner from manufacturing needless operations to fill his purse with easy money. On the other hand, two great underlying currents would be set in motion which, in the end, might very nearly eliminate the evils.

The average specialist, assured by law of seventy-five or eighty per cent of his fee instead of the old fifty per cent, could live as comfortably as he does now on fewer operations, and would therefore have less reason to try to tempt the practitioner.

The average practitioner, on his side, assured by law of fifteen or twenty-five per cent on *every operation*, would immediately find himself in a more satisfactory economic situation, could afford better offices and equipment with which to attract and hold legitimately profitable clients, and would therefore be less easily tempted.

Wouldn't the "honest, hard-working, conscientious doctors" who constitute the rank and file of the medical army, and who are now forced by economic pressure to countenance, perhaps even participate in, fee-splitting, rise in their might and throw the unscrupulous doctor out of their ranks?

I think they would. But if they didn't—well, at least, the Tony Martinettis of this world would be on their guard!

THE END

KNOCKOUT DEALT TO CLIMBING COSTS BY GOODYEAR'S NEW SURPRISE TIRE "R-1"

Rubber Industry's Leader Meets Challenge of Rising Prices with Startling New Product that Hits Value Bull's-eye for Millions!

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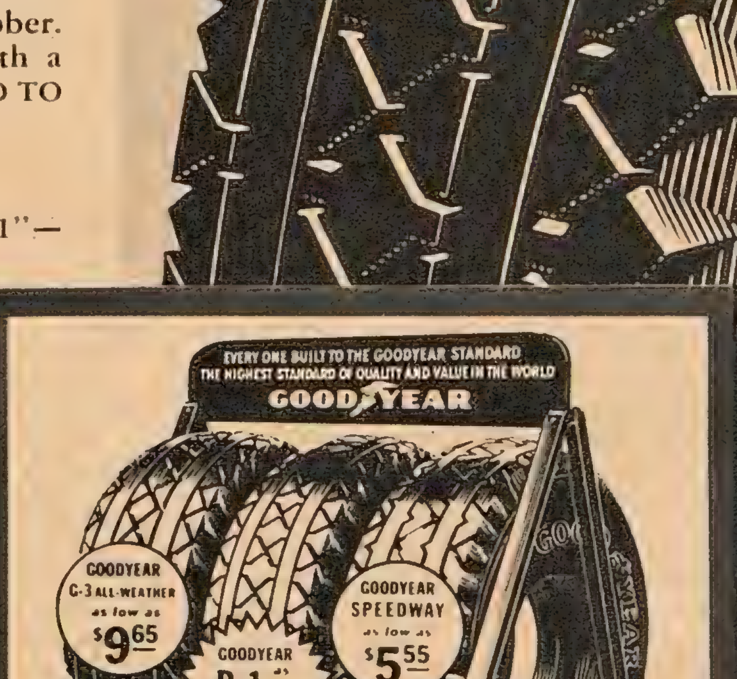
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She Wouldn't "Sell Her Soul"

BY BEATRICE THORNE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN FALTER

I HAD just finished talking with Sammy Fox when she walked in, Mayflower family written all over her face and London all over her tweed suit.

"Hello, Dick," she said and held out her hand.

"Hello," I said. "And just to get things straight—who *are* you?" Mayflower families may get four stars in the D. A. R. but they don't mean a thing in show business. Not that I really wanted to know. I was too busy concentrating on what Sammy had offered—five hundred bucks a week to turn out a couple of stories for Superior Pictures. The question was whether I liked California's sunny clime and whether I'd ought to let Giff down just at the beginning of the season.

She smiled a cute little smile. "I'm Eulalie Brewster—Bill's sister; remember?"

I nearly jumped over that desk. Remember the sister of the guy you'd played with in the swellest Harvard-Yale game that ever was!

I landed on my feet and started pumping her hand. "I haven't seen old Bill in years. What's he doing now?"

She gave me a queer look out of those gray eyes of hers. "He married millions."

My mind went back eight years. I remembered Eulalie as a kid coming up to see her big brother play football. I remembered the hero worship in her eyes. Bill was the sort of fellow you associated with ideals. But I guess the Brewster money started to give out and he got panicky and traded the family name for some dough.

By the time I'd stopped remembering things, Eulalie was saying, "Dick, you're Gifford Potter's press agent, aren't you?"

"Yep."

She tapped out her cigarette. "I want you to get me a job in his new show."

"Fed up with this coming-out stuff?" I asked.

"I came out in 1932," she said. "Didn't you read all about it—June at my sister Andrea's Newport place?"

"I get my society news from Winchell."

She gave me that smile again. She had swell teeth. "Well, even Winchell must have heard that 1932 was a bad year for debbies."

"What's the matter, kid? Didn't you make the grade?"

Her smile went out. "I wouldn't sell my soul for all the money that was lost in the crash," she said fiercely.

She seemed to have a money phobia. Giff ought to hit it off with her—she being afraid of running after money and he being afraid it was money they were after. I could see his point better than hers. The rumor was that years ago one of these Mayflower girls, like Eulalie, had got herself engaged to him. But it seems Giff's great-grandpa pulled a boner when he went West. It's bad form to make your dough in the West. I don't know why, but it just isn't done. And so this gal didn't really love Giff, on account of this Western business and he being new in the East, but she liked the thought of the Potter millions. Giff found out in time, called the whole thing off, and went sour on women. It was bad, too, because women just naturally liked his looks and he spent most of his time dodging them. Then for excitement he went into show business, and now after five years in the business he was on top.

"You *need* a job?" I must have looked at her clothes. She flushed. "Andrea buys my clothes. She can't have me disgracing the family name."

"Did Andrea marry millions?"

"Yes—after a bit of a struggle."

I said, "The O'Neill play is all cast and I'm terribly sorry. Even the walk-ons are taken."

"Why, I didn't mean the O'Neill play. The other one—the gay '90s melodrama. You know."

"You're crazy!"

"Maybe I am."

And then all of a sudden it didn't seem so crazy. Potter had taken over an old barn of a church and had converted the upstairs into a theater with tables and chairs and drinks to be served during the show. Up here you could hiss and boo to your heart's content. Downstairs was a swank bar and night club. I'd been getting him a break on publicity, and there were even chances of its taking. And now, if a girl like Eulalie Brewster were in it, he'd draw the smart crowd as well as the rest of New York.

I grabbed her arm. "Come on!"

In the taxi she turned conversational. "Dick, I don't want you to get the wrong impression. I loathe asking favors. But it was either a job—and what kind of a job could *I* get?—or going down to Florida with Andrea and mother."

"Is that so awful?" I asked.

She stared at the driver's back. "Yes," she said, "it is."

. . . . .

Potter was upstairs in a madhouse with carpenters, vaudeville acts, cancan girls, soubrettes, and the whole bag of tricks. He didn't see us come in.

"Here's Eulalie Brewster," I said to his back. "She wants you to put her in the show."

He turned around, his face as white as plaster. I thought he was going to hit me; but just as I ducked, Eulalie piped up with a "Hello, Giff," and stretched out that graceful hand of hers, as cool as you please. What was this all about? Why hadn't she told me she knew him?

He stared at her. Then he snapped out, "Trading on your name, Lalie?"

"Aren't we all?" she countered.

He didn't like that. "What makes you think you can act?"

"Nothing," she said. "I heard you wanted hams."

"Not your kind," he snapped back. "I don't like your family."

She went pale at that and started to say something. But she stopped herself, turned on her heel, and pushed her way out through the mob.

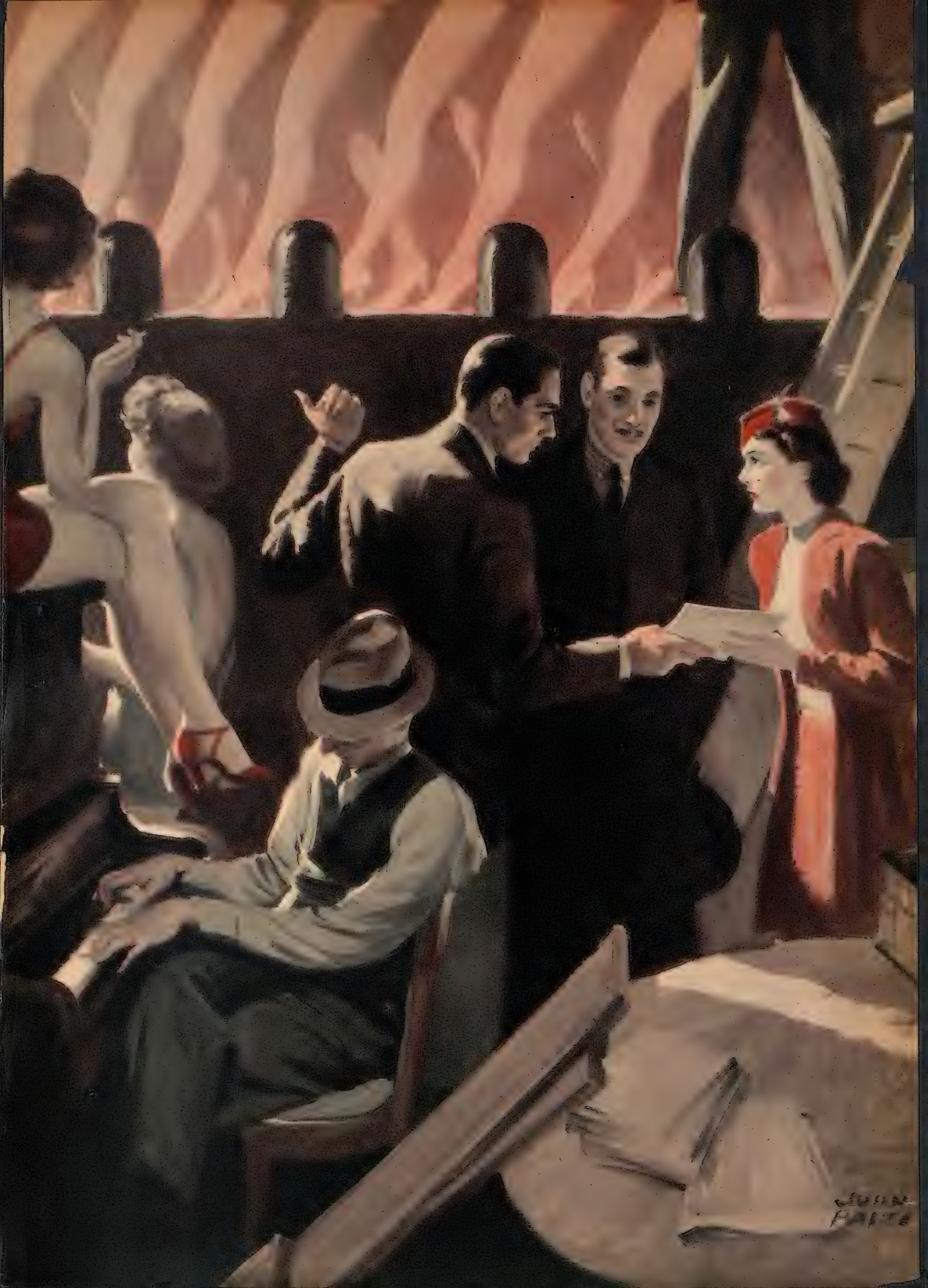
I grabbed his arm. "Listen, Giff. I don't know what's in your mind, but it'd be a damn good stunt to have that kid in the show. Let me get her back, huh?"

"All right, get her back. She asked for it!"

She was stepping into a taxi when I caught her. At

A sprightly story of beauty on Broadway, a woman-dodger's doom, and a puzzling thing called love

He pushed a script into her hand. "Get up there and act!" He spoke as if she were the scum of the earth.


JOHN
FALTER

first she didn't want to come back, but I talked her around.

Potter pushed a script into her hand and said, "Get up there and act." He spoke as if she were the scum of the earth.

I knew she was in from the moment she opened her mouth. The carpenters stopped hammering, the piano player stopped banging, and the cancan girls stopped with their legs in mid-air. When she finished, they gave her a round of applause. Leave it to old-timers to recognize something good.

"Can you sing?" yelled Gifford.

She went into a snappy number called After the Ball Is Over. Did it nicely, too, waltzing around the stage.

Potter put up his hand. "Come on down off there."

We followed him downstairs where only painters and interior decorators disturbed the peace and quiet. "Now," he barked out, "how about your family? I don't want them on my neck."

"Mother and Andrea are leaving for Palm Beach," she said.

He grunted. "They'll probably have time to get over here and tell me I'm ruining the fair name of Brewster."

She flew off the handle at that. "You can leave my family out of this, Mr. Gifford Potter!" And she stamped out.

"What's this all about?" I asked. "A family feud?"

Giff sat there staring at the Hawaiian women painted on the walls. When he woke up, he said, "Get her on the phone in a couple of hours. Rehearsal at ten tomorrow." He leaned over and smiled. I didn't like that smile. "Send out a story on her right away. To everybody you can think of—and all the society columns." He laughed. "You know, Dick, it's funny the way things work out. Here's a Brewster going to make money for me."

EULALIE was in on time all right the next morning, but she looked sick.

"What's the matter, kid?" I asked.

"I've been disinherited. Not that mother's any money to disinherit me with, but the idea's there all the same."

I almost put my arms around her. I'd been thinking about her and I'd decided I liked her—a lot. I'd also been thinking about Superior's offer and I'd half decided I didn't like California.

"Is it worth it?" I asked her.

She gave me a queer look. "I don't know. I wish I did."

Gifford put her through the paces that morning—he was being his own director—but she took it on the chin like a lady.

When they stopped for lunch, I bought the afternoon papers and took her to the Swedish place near by. She had one cocktail, but she stopped at a second. "I can't really drink," she apologized. "It makes me tell the truth."

"Isn't that sometimes a good thing?" I asked.

"Oh, no, never."

She looked pretty shaken, although she tried to hide it. Gifford had no right lashing out at her that way.

"Listen, Eulalie," I said, "don't mind Gifford. He's that way about women. He once lost some sleep over one, and he's never got over it."

She smiled at me and I began liking her a lot more. "I ought to know," she said. "It was Andrea."

That explained the situation between Gifford and Eulalie. I didn't blame him for hating the whole family, but, after all, this was New York, not the Kentucky hills, and Eulalie seemed a swell kid.

We went through the papers together. All of them had my story and the society columnists plugged it in a big way. One old-timer whose memory went back eight years or so mentioned that Eulalie's sister had once been engaged to Gifford but they hadn't hit it off at the altar. She hinted that maybe things would start between Eulalie and Gifford. Eulalie looked sick when she saw that.

When we got back, Gifford was sitting at a table upstairs with the papers spread all around him. Eulalie left me and joined the cast on the stage. Gifford was in the midst of the column I'd hoped he'd miss, and he was hot under the collar.

"What's the meaning of this?" he hissed. "Did you give it to them?"

I saw red. "No, I didn't. They thought it up out of their own lousy heads. . . . But if you think the kid's interested in you, you're wrong. Trouble with you is, you've got a complex. You ought to consult a psychologist. Why, Lalie wouldn't marry you if you were the whole du Pont family rolled into one."

I was going to give him some more, but there was a nasty smile on his face and he was saying, "You think so?"

"I *know* so!" I shouted.

He laughed. "And the trouble with you," he came back, "is that you're in love with her. But you don't have to consult anybody for that."

But you couldn't be angry with him long. He was really a swell guy, except for his phobias.

The next day I called up Sammy Fox and told him I liked my winters cold. He said he'd be back in a couple of months and for me to think it over.

Well, Gifford's luck held, and that mad combination of show, cabaret, and bar took. I won't say that Eulalie was entirely responsible, but she came in for a good share.

At the opening Eulalie's friends gave her a little party downstairs, and she sat among them in her beautiful simple gown and belonged. She waved to me and made a place for me at their table, but I wasn't going to be bored by a lot of small chatter with the four hundred. I treated two of the cancan girls to some champagne, watched Eulalie dance with a guy in tails and a face like a fish, and then went home.

For a couple of weeks after that she was pretty busy with her friends who expected to be entertained. Giff knew them too, but because they were with Eulalie he just nodded and acted as though they were rats carrying the bubonic plague. He was paying her a tiny salary, and she couldn't strike for a raise, either, because he'd got her to sign a run-of-the-play contract with him.

As far as her family was concerned, he needn't have worried. They never showed up. Whatever happened among them was Eulalie's secret. I guess Bill took her part, though, because when he left with the rest for Palm Beach she went to live in his apartment. She couldn't have done much else on the salary she was getting. It must have been plenty lonely in the thirteen-room duplex.

After a while her visitors sloughed off and she settled down into a routine of tails and fish face once a week and another guy who must have come from Yale because I disliked him on sight. In between these two Eulalie and I were together. We got into the habit of going down to the kitchen after the show and digging up something to eat. Alex, the chef, took a liking to Eulalie and he'd let her make our scrambled eggs herself. For a girl who'd probably never been nearer a kitchen than the pantry, she was a pretty swell cook.

The three of us would sit there eating our eggs and solving the problems of the world. It began to put ideas in my head about ivy-covered cottages for two. Eulalie said she'd rather sit in that kitchen than go to all the clubs in the East Fifties. I felt the same way.

THAT was how Eulalie was. She took the best things of her heritage and let the rest go. Gifford was like that, too, if he hadn't been such a sorehead. He didn't seem to pay any attention to Eulalie, but his very glances at her were tongue lashings.

One evening after the show had run about a month, we were having a swell time in the kitchen, reviewing the political situation in France with Alex, when Gifford walked in on us. He wasn't in the habit of going into the kitchen. At least, we'd never met there. He marched in, and when he saw us, as gay as you please, his face screwed up into a nasty scowl. If it'd been anybody but Giff, I'd have said he was jealous.

He marched over to Eulalie at the stove and yelled, "What are you doing?"

It took her aback a little, but she curtsied in the manner of the play and said, "Please, sir, I'm cooking, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I'm hungry."

"Can't you go and order

(Continued on page 24)

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(Continued from page 22)

something in the bar?"

"Everybody else comes out here."

"You're not everybody else. You're Eulalie Brewster. You're just being smart and playing the martyr."

She turned away and went on stirring the eggs.

Giff yelled at Alex:

"Do you hear that? If she wants anything to eat, she's to get it properly outside. She belongs in a dining room, not a kitchen."

Alex didn't know what he was talking about, but he nodded to be on the safe side.

Eulalie, bent over the frying pan, paid no attention. I guess that piqued Giff. He grabbed the handle from her, jerked the pan, and the eggs slid to the floor. Their eyes met over the mess—his blazing with anger and hers— I was surprised; they looked tender and sad.

"Now get out!" he stormed.

"You're being an awful fool, Giff," she said, and left.

Somehow he looked a little pathetic standing there staring at the eggs.

"Look, Giff," I said. "What's the sense of all this rowing? The kid didn't mean any harm. She likes to cook. You're always picking on her without reason."

He stepped away from the eggs. "Let's catch ourselves a drink," he said.

I had a quick one with him, and then went on over to Eulalie's. I guess she'd been crying. She didn't look so hot around the eyes. We went into Bill's kitchen, that was about the size of my whole apartment and had lots of fancy gadgets, and she cooked some more eggs. Cooking seemed to give her a chance to let off steam. She was very quiet, and after we'd finished she said, "You know, Dick, I'm sorry for Giff; but I'm sorrier for myself."

"What's all the sorry business for?"

She didn't pay any attention. "A man can fight things out," she said, "but most times a woman doesn't want to fight."

THE next night I came in just before the end of the show, intending to take Eulalie out, since we couldn't go to the kitchen any more. Gifford was sitting with about half a dozen men. He waved me over and introduced me to them. They all had English accents and one of them with a lot of white whiskers was an earl. I made a mental note of their names. I'd send out a press release about their seeing the show.

I thought that was what Gifford wanted me for, but it seems I was wrong. After a few minutes he took me aside.

"They're going downstairs now," he said, "and they'd like some girls to dance with. The girls won't mind. It isn't every day they can dance with people like that."

"Yeah, this is a democracy."

"You go backstage and tell them." He mentioned five girls, and then added, not looking at me, "and, of course, Eulalie Brewster."

"You can't do that, Giff!"

"Why not? She's always boasting about how she's no better than the rest. If she can eat in the kitchen, she can entertain some friends of mine."

"I won't ask her to."

"Then some one else will."

You can't reason with a madman. I went backstage and told the five girls. You should have seen their faces light up. God knows why we ever fought a war back in 1776. In a minute everybody in the cast knew about it and was green with envy. I went over to Eulalie. "You too," I said. "But don't be a damn fool and go. No sense in humoring him."

Lalie's eyes shone and she was practically laughing out loud. "Don't you see, that's just what he wants me to do—not go. It's a dare and I've got to accept. Besides," she said, "I'm going to have fun. The grandest fun I've ever had." . . . .

I saw what she meant when she came down later with the rest. She'd borrowed somebody's clothes. The dress was black satin and fitted her like a hot-dog skin, and she had on a hat that started in the middle of her head and ended two inches farther back. Her eyelashes were stiff with mascara and the green eye shadow she wore could have painted a two-car garage and still had some left over to spare.

SHE came over to the bar. "Well, how do you like me?" she asked. Even her voice was changed.

"You'll do for an earl but not for a press agent," I said.

She drew the earl, all right. Giff's face was a picture of male wrath when she appeared; but he couldn't do a thing, because White Whiskers was so obviously taken. He'd probably tell the boys back home how he'd gone out with a real American chorus girl.

Eulalie seemed to be the life of the party. She and the earl went through a tango and a rumba and then for variety did a little trucking. The earl was sweating like a stoker but he wouldn't give up. By special request the orchestra played an old-fashioned waltz, and the two of them went hopping around the dance floor.

Gifford was stirred up. He hadn't expected her to be a good sport. When they came back to the table after their workout, I managed to be pretty near them. It was getting late and I wanted to be around when the party broke up.

"My dear," I heard Whiskers whisper softly and tenderly, "do let me take you home."

Eulalie pinched his cheek daintily. "Early-weariy, you're sweet, but I live way, way out in Hoboken. I know you're a gentleman and you'd like to do the right thing, but I couldn't ask even *you* to take me home."

"Early-wearly" saw the point. Maybe he'd once had to catch a boat at Hoboken and it had discouraged him. "My dear," he said, "I've had a perfectly marvelous evening. And I think it only fair that I give you your carfare to Hoboken." He fished out a twenty-dollar bill and pressed it into her hand. "But I'll be back, I'll be back."

Gifford stood up as Eulalie pocketed the bill. His face was a royal purple. And then Lalie got up, smiling her prettiest; and when she spoke, it was in her own voice again.

"How perfectly sweet of you, darling," she said loudly and clearly. "If I have any change left over, I'll buy a hat to remember you by."

The earl looked puzzled by the change in her voice and manner. She held out her hand to him. "By the way," she said, still in megaphone tones, "of course you couldn't remember, but we met once before—oh, years ago—I believe I was about fifteen, and my sister Andrea was being presented at the Court of St. James. Your daughter and I once went to the waxworks together. We had a lovely time."

We were all so surprised that she had time to walk out gracefully before anything happened. Then Gifford came to and bounded out. I was afraid he'd slap her down, so I followed him. She was just getting into a cab. The two of us pushed ourselves in after her.

Gifford struggled to say something, but nothing came out. Eulalie collapsed under her make-up like a de-sawdusted doll. I didn't know

(Continued on page 26)

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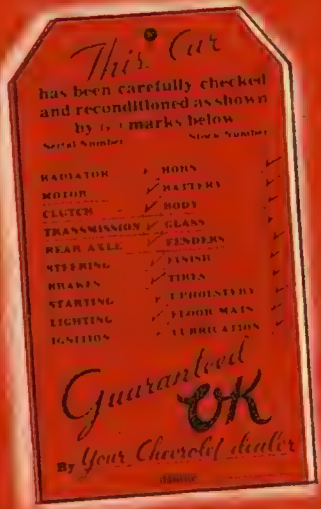

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(Continued from page 24) what I was supposed to do. I decided to be just as mute as they.

When we reached Bill's apartment house, we automatically followed her up in the elevator and into the apartment.

"Will you have coffee, tea, or milk?" asked Eulalie.

We stood like deaf-mutes.

She tossed the two-inch hat into a chair. "A cigarette, then?" she asked and held out a box. She and I each took one, and after I'd lighted hers for her, Giff exploded.

"I was going to apologize to you after I'd gotten you down. But you didn't have to come, and if you came, you could have acted like a lady, despite your bringing up. You're a spoiled child. Those people are friends of mine, and just because they didn't bow to the great name of Brewster you insulted them. You need a good beating, that's what you need!"

He advanced toward her. I didn't like his face, so I stepped in front of Eulalie, but she pushed me away.

"No, Dick," she said quietly. "He's right. But it's not my fault. I've been badly brought up. They taught me that I could do anything, say anything, and it was all right because I was I. . . ." She held out her hand to him and her voice was soft and sweet. "Forgive me, Giff."

"Magnanimous of you," he said, ignoring her hand. "But how about that money?"

"Oh, no, darling; I keep that. I really do need a hat, and maybe a pair of shoes if I can get them at a sale. If you insist on paying your help poorly, there's no reason why they shouldn't eke out their pay in tips."

He ground his teeth. "*Give me that money!*"

"Please don't insist, darling. It's no good."

He went out and slammed the door.

Eulalie crossed to the window and stood there in the darkness.

"Lalie," I said, "what's the matter with you two, anyway? Here you both are, eating your hearts out with these rows. Why don't you try to get along? Giff's really a swell guy, but you just rub him the wrong way."

She didn't answer, so I went over to her. And then I saw she was crying.

"Dick," she said, "you're a swell guy yourself." Before I knew what was happening, she'd put her arms around me and kissed me.

It took me a while to recover. When I did, she was saying, "You've got to get me out of there, Dick. You can see that yourself. I can't go on this way."

"I know, honey; but you've got a run-of-the-play contract, and it's going to be hard if Giff gets tough and insists on his rights."

She put her hands on my shoulders and I went all soft again. "Try to think of some way, will you, my dear?"

"Listen, sweet," I said. "I'll turn my gray matter black thinking of something."

WHEN I got to my apartment, the telephone was raising a racket. It was Giff.

"You've got to get her out, Dick," he said. "I can't stand much more. Put that head of yours together and think of something."

It sounded like a nightmare. He was using almost the exact words Lalie had. He went right on:

"I know I've got her signed up on a run-of-the-play contract. But if you get her something better, she'll come begging for me to tear it up."

The next morning I called Sammy Fox. He was in town again, and I knew Superior was in a pretty tough spot for writers and talent.

"Sam," I asked, "you still want me?"

"Well," he hedged, "maybe we do and maybe we don't." But that was just his way of trying to get me cheap.

"O. K., but I don't sign until you come over and have a look at a girl in Cochran's melodrama. It's her and me or nothing."

He came all right that night, and who do you suppose turned up too? You've guessed it—"Early-wearly"! He waited backstage with us after the curtain, and when Lalie appeared, he shoved her an armful of orchids.

"My compliments on a marvelous performance last night," he said in his best accent, and he was grinning. You've got to hand it to these English. They've got a sense of humor and don't let anybody tell you otherwise.

"Oh, did you like it?" asked Lalie.

"It was amazing, my child, amazing," he said. "And is that the new hat? It's very chic. I'm proud."

I started to push Sammy forward, but the earl was monopolizing Lalie. "Would you do me the honor of having supper with me, Miss Brewster?"

"I'd love to," she said.

"And perhaps dance?"

"Oh, yes, please."

And before we could do anything about it, they were moving downstairs, with us at their heels.

"My dear," said the earl, "you must come up tomorrow for tea. My daughter is most anxious to see you again. She remembers the waxworks, too."

And that was that, and it got little Sammy Fox. Even if she'd been cockeyed and bowlegged, he'd have signed her up when he'd heard a real live earl invite her to tea. Picture people are like that—very democratic.

I SIGNED on the dotted line the very next day, and, acting as agent, I asked five hundred bucks a week for Eulalie on the first picture, seven fifty for the second, and a thousand for the third. I expected more of a fuss. As it was, the arguing back and forth only lasted a week. They knew they'd got something.

All the time my mind was on something else. I kept seeing the two of us—Eulalie and me—going out to California together, working on the same lot together, dancing at the Troc together; and that's as far as I let my imagination go, although somewhere a moon got mixed up in it too.

The night that it was all set and the contract was being drawn up at the lawyer's, Eulalie broke the news to Gifford. He pulled a long face. You'd never think he'd asked me to get rid of her.

But after thinking it over he said, "I'm glad for your sake, Lalie. It's a good chance. But how about your family?"

"Oh, didn't you know? I've been disinherited, so it doesn't make much difference anyway."

We were sitting downstairs at a table, and Giff ordered a bottle of champagne and a whole bowl of caviar. It was a relief to see the two of them talking like sensible people. But they weren't what you'd call gay—more like watchers at a wake. That puzzled me.

By the time we'd finished our second glass everybody had cleared out and we were alone, except for Louis, the bartender. I couldn't keep my eyes off Eulalie. I'd never seen her so beautiful. Around her neck like a collar she was wearing the lei of gardenias that the old earl had sent. He'd been giving her flowers every night. They outlined the simple line of her black dress and gave her skin a soft glow. Her eyes were big and strange, and every time she looked at me I had to hold on tight to my chair.

When she was on her third glass of champagne, she suddenly leaned toward Gifford. All at once I remembered what she'd once said—"I can't really drink. It makes me tell the truth."

She spoke very quietly. "Giff, I don't need money now. I didn't before either, although you'd probably not believe me. Money's not important to me and never has been. But if I sign that contract tomorrow I'll have all the money I'll ever need."

I couldn't quite see what she was getting at, and her voice puzzled me. It was soft and husky and almost there was a sob in it.

"Giff," she said, "I don't really want to go. Do you want me to?"

His hand went out to hers and he was like a person I'd never seen before. "No," he said. "Don't go, Lalie."

Can you beat that?

• • • • •

Well, I went out to Hollywood alone. And just today I see that Winchell reports how Gifford Potter and his bride, the former Eulalie Brewster, are being entertained by that "Early-wearly" at his castle in Wales.

THE END

LIBERTY PRESENTS Comers

BY ED SULLIVAN

TEXAN—Margaret Tallichet (below) had graduated from Southern Methodist University and was working in the society department of a Dallas paper when she was bitten by the movie bug. She got into the movies, at Paramount, as a typist—but Carole Lombard saw her, and now she has a contract with Sam Goldwyn!

" MET " STARLET—Donald Dickson, born in Clairton, Pennsylvania, is one of the young American singers added to the roster of the Metropolitan Opera. He worked in a cigar store to earn money for vocal lessons. Dickson is a pupil of Serefini; is married; has one son. Can't miss!

FIVE FOOT THREE—Jane Bryan (at left) was born Jane O'Brien, the daughter of a Coast attorney, in Hollywood on June 11, 1915. From the time she was eight she practiced acting in front of a mirror. She's this week's four-star special! In Marked Woman and Kid Galahad her work was outstanding.

CALIFORNIA'S CASTER—One of the best right-handed prospects in the American League in seasons! That is Connie Mack's rating of George Caster (lower left). George hails from Colton, California. Twenty-five wins for Portland hopped him into the Athletic line-up as starting pitcher.

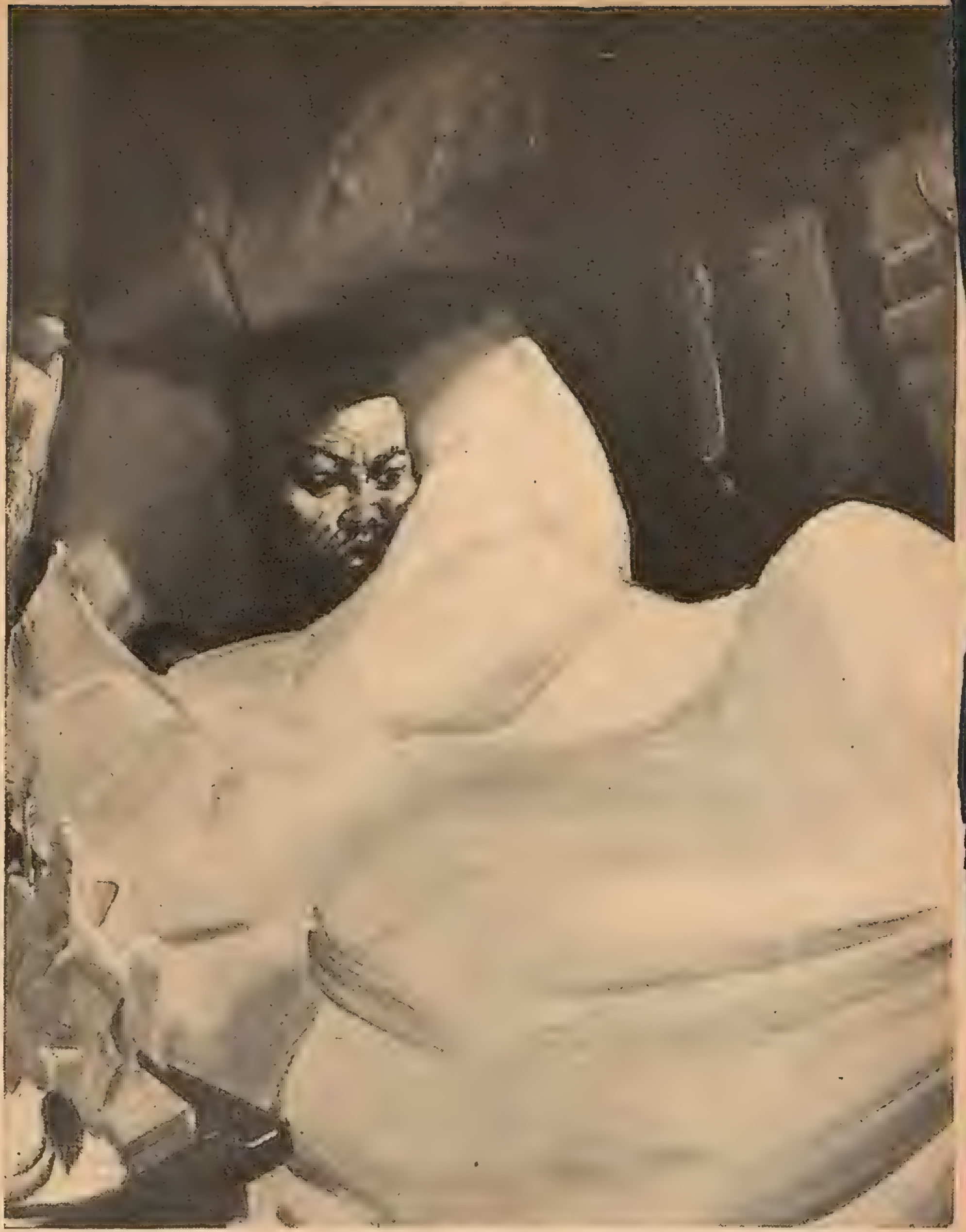
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CLYMER

Night Raiders IN CHINA

BY GORDON B. ENDERS

as told to

CAPT. W. J. BLACKLEDGE



A band of eight assassins opened fire o

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

INTO north China, the battleground of secret agents and plotting war lords, went Gordon Enders, American adventurer who represented an American business firm. On the boat going up the coast to Tsingtao, he met a charming Chinese girl whom he caught listening outside the door of a cabin near his own. In this cabin were some Chinese government agents.

On his arrival in Nanking, Mr. Enders discovered that this lovely Chinese girl, the Lotus, was an entertainer at a hotel and became suspicious that she was a spy for Feng, War Minister for the Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, head of China's newborn government. Feng controlled some wild Mohammedan riding troops from a northern province and it was more than suspected that he was plotting to seize Chiang's power.

In Nanking were several Americans who were helping to train the Generalissimo's flying force, among them Bert Hall, formerly in the Lafayette Escadrille, who now owned a garage in the Chinese city. There was some secret talk of Generalissimo Chiang's plans to buy more airplanes.

A dinner was held at the hotel attended by flyers and the Generalissimo's air marshal, General Chang Wei-jung. Later, when both Chinese and American flyers had had considerable to drink, the Lotus, also drunk, blurted out, " The air marshal ordered twelve new planes today." Her words had the effect of a gunshot!

PART TWO—DEATH FROM THE SKIES

IMMEDIATELY the room was hushed. Flushed faces stared at each other.

And half the evening I had thought myself mighty clever in warding off the girl's queries about the Air Force! She knew more than I did. An order for planes was news to me. They must be coming from America. I looked at Shumaker and Pete Gay. They gave no hint.

The jollifications were brought to an embarrassing close. The Lotus was hustled off—a naughty girl who had talked in her cups.

I got to the North Station in Shanghai early next morning, and went straight to my office.

Chinese money had suddenly depreciated in value. Captains of British, French, and American warships in Shanghai harbor were getting up steam. Shore leaves were canceled. One group of Chinese officials ran away from Shanghai. Others fled from Nanking. The panic started in Shanghai's Frenchtown district.

At four o'clock that morning, in a foreign house on Route Doumer, a band of eight assassins had crept into the Generalissimo's bedroom and opened fire on him as he slept. Chiang was hit four times before he snatched his pistol and killed five of his assailants.

The Generalissimo's wounds were not serious. The dead men were members of his bodyguard.

It was the middle of September, 1929. In less than a month civil war had broken out. It started where one might have expected it to start—among the Mohammedan cavalrymen. And I stumbled right into it.

One bright mid-October morning, on a business trip to Peking, I was turned out of a train at Chengchow, in Honan Province. The station platform was rapidly crowding with hundreds of passengers in similar case.

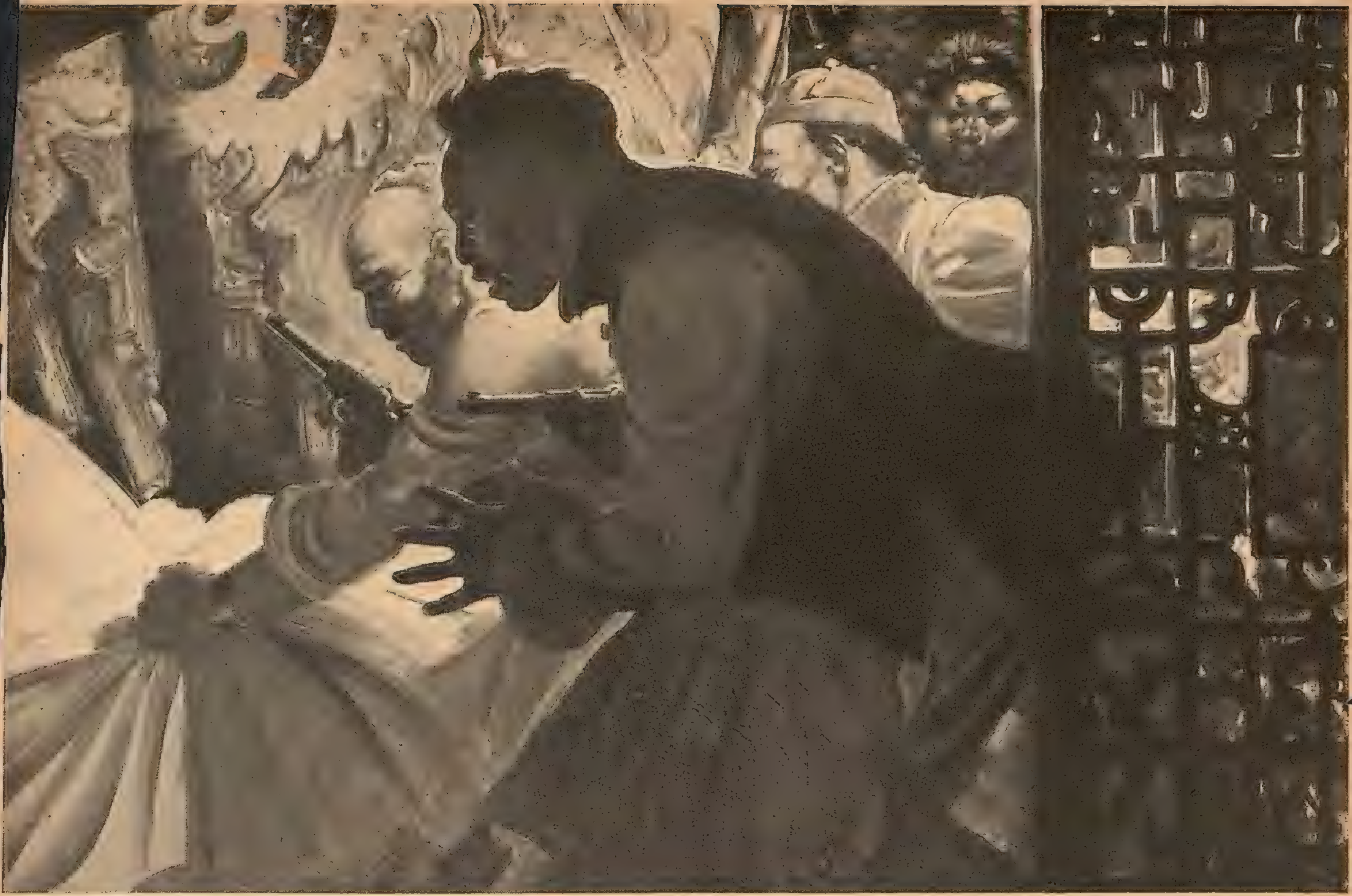
A patrol of skin-clad Mohammedans moved up and down, their sabers swinging and jingling. They were jostling the crowd away from the train. Four cavalrymen, with drawn pistols, stood in the engine cab. Shots rang out. It was impossible to guess at their meaning.

Ah Ping and I managed to push our way through toward the first-class waiting room. We couldn't get in. It was filled with troops. On the gravel beyond the platform we came upon the bodies of two railway guards. One was dead. One was groaning. He must have gone through ten thousand hells while those barbarian cavalrymen were torturing him.

" Ask him if we can do anything, Ah Ping."

A bullet in his head would have been merciful.

" He no wantchee help. He only wantchee die."



him as he slept. Chiang was hit four times before he snatched his pistol and killed five of his assailants.

I became conscious of some one standing behind me. I turned. It was a cavalry officer. He had his back to me and was watching his troops climb aboard the train. When the last man was aboard, he turned about, strolled over to the groaning man, opened his wooden holster, drew his pistol and fired full into the man's face.

The officer entered his coach, and the troop train steamed northward. Ah Ping and I were left on the platform.

Near the station was a large flour mill, run by a Swiss engineer whom I knew. There a little man in Chinese clothes greeted me. He was a French priest—the padre of Chengchow.

The Swiss, he said, had only three days ago taken train for Peking.

We strolled back to the station. I would have to return to Hankow. The business trip was off. Or I might get along the Lunghai line toward Suchow. The railroads north of the Yangtze River were in the form of a capital A, which ran north and south. The eastern leg of the A was at Pukow; the western leg at Hankow. Both legs met at Peking. Across them ran the Lunghai line, cutting them at Suchow junction and at Chengchow junction.

"*C'est très terrible,*" chanted the padre. "But I think I can arrange for your return to Hankow tonight. The Yellow River Bridge, which is about thirty miles north of here, is guarded by my only white parishioner since the Swiss has gone. He is a worthy Belgian who does his duty. A small trolley, with a motor in it, took supplies up to him yesterday. The Englishman in charge invited me to have lunch with him today, on his return to Hankow. Perhaps he has room . . ."

The trolley was crowded with five men and all our duffel. We had four hours of daylight left. We posted lookouts both front and rear. This Peking-Hankow railway was only single-tracked. The trolley wobbled out of the Chengchow yard. We took on pace when we reached the open country.

We reached the large city of Hsuchang by nightfall and stopped for information. The Generalissimo was at Hankow, we learned, and more than 50,000 of his troops were on the way to defend Chengchow.

Arriving the next afternoon at Hankow, I saw Generalissimo Chiang. He walked with a slight limp, but he worked harder than any of his staff officers.

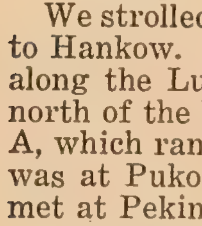
When I boarded the river boat for the three-day trip back to Shanghai, the Hankow foreshore was lined with troopships. The Generalissimo had ordered every available man to Hankow.

Nanking was bare of soldiers, although across the river the Pukow garrison still stood at 100,000 strong under General Shih Yu-shan. Feng the Christian was still Minister of War, still occupied his mud-and-thatch hut in Nanking, still disclaimed all responsibility for the movements of the Mohammedan cavalry in Honan.

The Lotus was right. By November, the first of the American bombing planes had reached Shanghai. They were two-seater Corsairs of the type used by the United States navy on their airplane carriers. Peter Gay had carried out the deal. He was at the military airdrome near Shanghai, erecting and test-flying them.

Floyd Shumaker, although a competitor of Gay, was helping him, and I, too, spent a lot of time at the airdrome.

Meantime the Generalissimo's troops grappled with the Mohammedan rebels in Honan Province. It looked as if he had the situation in hand. The Christian General remained at Nanking. One of Generalissimo Chiang's



The colorful, thrill-packed adventures of an American flyer in the yellow inferno

eight generals, General Fang, had returned to Nanking from the Honan fighting. Secretly the Christian general denounced him as a traitor, and bombarded Honan headquarters for permission to imprison him.

When the Generalissimo sent his approval, Feng invited General Fang to dine with him in his mud hut. The place was surrounded by ambushed soldiers. In the middle of the meal they rushed in and seized Fang. Feng begged to be allowed to shoot the traitor.

I soon found that the Christian general, behind the smoke screen of denouncing traitors, was gathering about him a group of renegades; was plotting to become the big war lord of China.

I was watching Feng's headquarters one night when I saw a woman slink out of the shadows and proceed swiftly down the road. In the murky gloom I could not be certain of the woman's identity—but I could make a good guess!

I followed. I traveled on the same boat as the Lotus—to Shanghai. She turned up at the airdrome there, and played around for a day or two. I had the dickens' own job to keep her in tow without appearing to do so. She looked upon me as a business man interested in the development of the Generalissimo's Air Force.

When she slipped off one night, I followed. I tailed her around half the dirty back alleys of Shanghai. She pulled up at last at the end of a dark and winding alley of the native quarter. From the shadow of a hovel across the street, I watched her slip, wraithlike, into a mysterious and shadowy building.

It seemed like hours before she came out again and hurried off down the street. While I had waited, strange sounds had broken faintly on my ears.

After she had gone I crept up to the mysterious building. The sounds came clearer. The Lotus had been visiting a private wireless station!

The information she had brought concerning the Air Force was even now being sent out. . . . Where? Not to the Christian general. The Lotus was now on her way back to him. This radio was being used to keep the rebels posted with the Generalissimo's aviation developments.

The ramshackle building was closely shuttered and barred. I decided on a bold move. I knocked on the door. Nothing happened. I listened intently. There wasn't a sound except that faint tap-tap of the radio. A narrow shaft of light suddenly flashed in my face. I shoved my foot into the crack, heaved against the door, and burst into a lighted passage, knocking over a figure in coolie clothes. Before he could get to his knees, I struck again. He slumped to the floor and lay still.

An inquiring voice was raised. It came from a room along the passage. I strode toward the door of the room. A figure appeared in the doorway—and as swiftly disappeared. I approached cautiously. The tapping had ceased.

I TURNED back to the figure I had knocked out, secured his knife, went forward. The door of the room was wide open. I stepped in. It was completely bare. No sign of wireless apparatus here. I stared round. Suddenly the door banged. I rushed toward it. Locked, of course. Then the light went out. I shall not forget that sensation in a hurry—standing there in that black room, wondering what would happen next.

Presently my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness. I could detect nothing but blank walls. This was an inner room of the building, without windows. I stared hard at the walls—the four walls in turn. No movement there. During those long minutes there was not a sound in the whole of that building. It was as if I stood in a void, where nothing existed but myself. It was uncanny to the point of madness.

I started to work on the lock. The sounds of my fumblings and scrapings must have been heard all over the building. In half an hour the door was loose in my hand. I inched it open—wider, wider.

The blackness of the passage faced me. I leaped. I turned to dash down the dim tunnel toward the street door. Something swept past me in the blackness, descended on my head with a sickening crack. After that—blackout.

When I opened my eyes I saw I was still in that passage. But it was daylight. My head ached intolerably. I climbed unsteadily to my feet.

I moved toward the street door. I opened it an inch or so, stared through the crack into the street. It was all perfectly normal. The ragtag of back-alley folk moved up and down the dirty narrow street.

I closed the door again and leaned against the wall. Then—it seems crazy now, but it is nevertheless an historical fact—I walked back along the passage. I searched the place from top to bottom. There wasn't a soul anywhere. The building was completely empty—bare of furniture, of radio, and of every sign of habitation. Feng's wireless staff and everything appertaining to it had moved on.

I got back to my headquarters somehow. Ah Ping informed me there were now four Corsairs ready. But I slept again. Doped during my sojourn down that dirty alley, I guess. I crawled out at last.

"Now is the time for Feng the Christian to strike," one of the boys said to me. "Nanking is helpless. The bulk of the Generalissimo's army supplies are at Pukow—across the river from Nanking. He can be well away before the Generalissimo's airplanes are ready in effective numbers."

BUT direct action was not the Christian general's method. His cavalry was driving into Honan Province through the territory of Yen the Fat, war lord of Shansi. Yen had denounced Generalissimo Chiang. Han the Whiskered had done the same. That flag incident, which was supposed to have been an expression of the Honorable Han's loyalty to the Generalissimo, didn't mean a thing. Han the Whiskered was also on the side of the rebels.

The third bombshell burst when a general in Honan mutinied during the hottest fighting—General Tang, whose 50,000 men guarded the Peking-Hankow railway in the Generalissimo's rear. The Generalissimo was then cut off from his base at Hankow. His only means of escape was to move eastward on the Lunghai—from Chengchow to Suchow Junction on the Tientsin-Pukow railway. Then the news came through that the railway between Shanghai and Nanking had been cut in the night.

My mind immediately centered on the airdrome at Nanking. What was Feng the Christian doing with that?

I left Shanghai on a little native boat at ten in the morning. When Ah Ping and I reached Pukow around midnight, the lights were out under the big station shed. Hundreds of flashlights cut restless ribbons and crosses through the blackness.

Four long passenger trains stood by platforms. More than a hundred coaches were filled to bursting with gray-clad officers and men. I saw they were the Generalissimo's divisions under command of General Shih Yu-shan.

Shih, the general in charge at Pukow, had mutinied with his command of 100,000 men! Feng the Christian, in his humble abode across the river at Nanking, would disclaim all responsibility for this one too!

Out in the yards were dozens of other trains loaded with flour and rice. Long lines of hooded field guns, carloads of ammunition marked: "Dangerous! Explosives!" All of it the Generalissimo's supplies. All of it now in the hands of the rebels.

Every car, every available engine was there at Pukow station that night. Two and three hundred cars to a train. Five and six engines to pull them. Swarming over everything with flaring torches were a full hundred thousand men. Mutiny on a grand scale!

I nosed around, came up against a figure crouching in the shadows, watching the scene. It was Art Lum, from the Nanking airdrome. The air marshal had sent him over from Nanking. We set out together.

The town of Pukow was patrolled by lantern-lighted executioners' squads. Looting hooligans died under the big curved swords. Heads rolled in the gutters; pavements ran with blood. We passed more than one wrecked abode from which the screams of women and children came forth.

Suddenly a ricksha swung round a corner. Art Lum gripped my arm.

"Look! Look! Quick! Who's that?"

How could I mistake that curving cheek, the fascination of that adorably sulky mouth? For a brief second her eyes flashed toward mine. They were mocking eyes.

I looked around swiftly. There wasn't another ricksha in sight. Before I could do anything the Lotus had disappeared into the black night.

All that night the trains carrying General Shih Yu-shan's men puffed northward toward Suchow Junction. Not a piece of rolling stock, not an engine remained in Pukow. And there wasn't a loyal force within miles.

The appearance in Pukow of the Lotus made it imperative for me to get across the river to Nanking. The Generalissimo was now hemmed in beyond escape. He would have to fight his way out.

When I arrived in Nanking, Feng the Christian had declared martial law in the name of his chief, the Generalissimo! Naturally he had denounced General Shih Yu-shan!

From behind this colossal camouflage Feng the Christian gathered up the ends of the net he wove. He was about ready to draw his net and ensnare his chief.

Nanking was a city of ghosts under military guard. I found the railroad station filled with troops. Their dialect proclaimed them men from down the river, imported of course to enforce Feng's authority. Art Lum got permission from the colonel in command to telephone to the aviation yamen.

"The Christian general has not yet seized the airdrome. The air marshal has been trying to locate him. He's in hiding, I guess."

I DECIDED to make for the An Loh Hotel. I'd have to go carefully. I had betrayed my hand to the Lotus—and consequently to Feng. I showed the ricksha coolie a silver dollar, and he took me over a route free of sentries or of any living thing.

An Air Force mechanic was on sentry duty outside the door of our meeting room at the corner of the courtyard.

"What's the news from the Generalissimo in Honan?" I asked.

"Generalissimo Chiang can't get out. General Tang's fifty thousand mutineers at Hsuchang have his two armored trains. He is short of supplies. Every war lord north of the Yangtze River is against him."

General Hwang, second in command of the Air Force, came across the dark courtyard. He was a fellow townsman of the Generalissimo. He had brought orders from the air marshal. Art Lum turned up and was sent to the airdrome to turn out two emergency crews. They were to fill up two Corsairs with gas and oil, load the machine guns, and put in the maps.

Then the air marshal rolled up.

"Did you see Feng?" we chorused.

"No! But I know where he is—at the Yangtze Hotel."

"What are you going to do?"

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
IS HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME AT YELLOWSTONE PARK
OH — WHAT A PERFECTLY GORGEOUS VIEW
THE FAMOUS CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE. THERE'S NOTHING IN THE PARK MORE BEAUTIFUL
YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE, AND THOSE FALLS ARE ALMOST TWICE THE HEIGHT OF NIAGARA
YELLOWSTONE LAKE IS ABOUT A MILE AN' A HALF ABOVE SEA LEVEL AND IS MORE THAN 300 FEET DEEP IN SPOTS
I KEEP FORGETTING WE'RE SO HIGH UP IN THE SKY
SAY, I NEVER SAW SUCH AN ABUNDANCE OF WILD FOWL—SWANS! DUCKS! PELICANS!
WELL, NATURE IS WONDERFUL, BUT I THINK IT'S TIME I ENJOYED THE MAN-MADE PLEASURE OF A GOOD SMOKE. HAVE ONE YOURSELF
I'D LIKE TO, BUT MY TONGUE'S A LITTLE SORE FROM SMOKING. I'VE BEEN LAYING OFF MY PIPE FOR A WHILE
AH, I SEE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S ONE TOBACCO THAT WON'T GET YOUR TONGUE SORE
WELL, I'LL TAKE A TRY AT IT. SAY, IT CERTAINLY PACKS DOWN NICE AND EVEN IN THE BOWL
JUDGE, THIS IS A MILD SMOKE, YET IT'S FULL-BODIED TOO!
AND P.A. SURE IS MILD AND TASTY IN 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES
PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT AND IT'S NO-BITE PROCESS INSURES COOL, TASTY SMOKES WITHOUT A 'BITE' IN A DAY'S SMOKING

WHICH KIND OF PIPE SMOKER ARE YOU?

BEGINNER? ABOVE ALL, YOU WANT TOBACCO THAT'S EXTRA MILD! THE "NO-BITE" PROCESS MAKES PRINCE ALBERT IDEAL FOR YOU!

OCCASIONAL? PIPES GO ON STEADY DUTY WHEN "CRIMP CUT" PRINCE ALBERT IS IN THE BOWL—SMOKES COOLER, SMOOTHER

REGULAR? YOU'LL LIKE PRINCE ALBERT'S MILDNESS, AND YOU'LL CHEER FOR ITS RICH, TASTY BODY!

JUST RIGHT FOR "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES TOO!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

MONEY-BACK OFFER! SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS of Prince Albert. If you don't fin it the mellowest, tastiest pip tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

SO MILD!

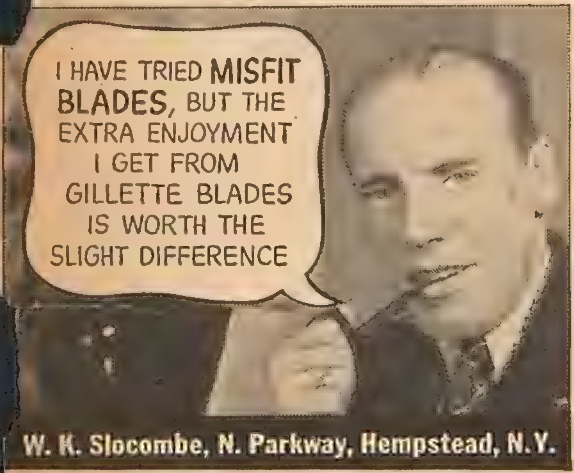
"Misfit Blades Nicked My Face Scraped My Skin

—says Illinois man

Now I'm back to Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor."

MISFIT BLADES NICKED MY FACE AND SCRAPED MY SKIN. NOW I'M BACK TO GENUINE GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR FOR COMFORTABLE SHAVES

W. R. Corbett, Quintens Road, Palatine, Ill.


I HAVE TRIED MISFIT BLADES, BUT THE EXTRA ENJOYMENT I GET FROM GILLETTE BLADES IS WORTH THE SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

W. K. Slocombe, N. Parkway, Hempstead, N.Y.

illions Are Switching Back — to Gillette "teamwork" shave

THE trouble with using MISFIT blades is that the shaving edges may not be properly exposed in the razor. Too uch shaving edge is likely to scrape your ce. Not enough shaving edge leaves your ace half shaved. But why risk these discomforts when you can avoid them by always using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor. These two are made for each other. Designed by the same engineers, they are matched as perfectly as the parts of a fine watch. Buy Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today.

Gillette BLUE BLADES

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

"I have a plan," he announced, with smiling assurance.

The phone rang, and Art reported that a platoon of Feng's men were at the airdrome gates with orders to relieve the Air Force sentries and take over the airdrome.

"We'll go over to the drome," quoth the air marshal, as if he were suggesting a round of drinks.

Outside the airdrome gate two officers and forty men stood. There was a thick mist. Inside, Art Lum had drawn up the Air Force sentries, determined not to hand over the airdrome to Feng's troops without a scrap.

The air marshal merely laughed when he saw the antagonists glaring at each other and shivering. He went up to the commander of Feng's troops.

"Your honorable name?" he inquired politely.

"Captain Wu."

"Ah, yes, Captain Wu. I have heard of you. It is a mistake that you and your men have been detained here in the cold. May I see your orders?"

Captain Wu saluted smartly and handed over his orders.

"Colonel Lum," barked the air marshal with studied formality, "dismiss your men. Hand over the airdrome to Captain Wu."

Art Lum gaped. The air marshal ignored him.

"As soon as your men are posted, Captain Wu, perhaps you will join us in the office."

INSIDE the hangar the emergency crews checked over the two Corsairs with their chief. The air marshal dismissed them, and they marched off. Then he unstrapped his Mauser and slipped it under the seat cushion of one ship, telling his second in command to do the same in the other.

When Captain Wu entered the airdrome office, the air marshal invited him to be seated and have a drink. I lighted his cigarette. The talk went on in Chinese. The captain expanded before his superiors. He drank another brandy, another and another. My wrist watch ticked off four o'clock . . . five . . .

Gray morning.

The sky was overcast, but good visibility promised flying later.

"Would you like us to show you some flying after breakfast, Captain Wu?" the air marshal asked.

"Excellent idea, honored general."

Presently Captain Wu left us to inspect the sentries. The air marshal became abruptly businesslike. He called his second over.

"Roll out the two Corsairs and have them ready. I'll ask you to show the captain how the new planes fly."

"Yes, sir."

"The second time I send you up, strike out for Hankow. *You should reach there in three hours.* Get your tanks filled at Hankow and take off immediately for Chengchow Junction. Report at once to the Generalissimo, and give him this envelope."

The air marshal handed over a sealed letter.

The three of us got into flying suits. The air marshal had a fourth suit over his arm when the captain returned.

"General Hwang, my second in command, is going to show you how they fly, Captain Wu. Then you will have a ride with me."

When General Hwang and the chief mechanic had taxied up and taken off, we helped the delighted little captain into his flying suit and strapped him into the observer's roomy cockpit of the air marshal's machine. As soon as Hwang's plane landed, the other ship took off for a short hop. When that airplane landed, a befuddled captain stepped out. He staggered a little, but swore that the Air Force was superb.

"And now," the air marshal told his guest, "we will show you how two airplanes maneuver together."

He turned and addressed me in English.

"Get into my ship, Enders."

Captain Wu swayed and bowed and smiled up to the moment I started climbing into the Corsair. Directly I put my foot on the step, he fumbled for his pistol. But it was under his flying clothes!

It was explained to him that the air marshal needed me for the maneuvers. But Wu hung on to me and insisted that it was against orders.

"Why not take up both Captain Wu and Enders?" commented Art Lum. "There is plenty of room for both."

The air marshal winked at me and nodded his head.

"How's that, captain?" grinning and speaking in Chinese. "Then you can see the whole show, and satisfy yourself that the foreign devil [meaning me!] does not play any tricks."

The captain agreed.

I got into the observer's cockpit and put on the belt. Captain Wu climbed in and sat on the floor between my legs, his knees under his chin, his back to the seat.

The two Corsairs stood side by side.

The two generals nodded. Two planes took off together and I was launched on the strangest airplane ride I had ever taken.

The captain, filled with brandy, fell asleep at my feet.

Our route lay along the Tientsin-Pukow railway. Forty-five minutes out of Nanking we caught up with the first detachment of rebel troops. We dropped down low to have a look at them. They started shooting at us, but the air marshal let loose with the gun and tore a spouting ring round them.

Then the captain woke up and tried to stand on his feet in the cockpit. I shoved him down again. He was shouting at me. My pilot stared round at me and grinned. I lifted my cockpit mate up so that he could see the grin. He slumped back.

We were farther up the railway, flying over a bad train wreck. I glanced down at my fellow passenger. His head must have cleared. He was crouching for a spring. I got my hands out in front as he landed in my lap on his knees. I put one hand under his chin and the other behind his waist.

He weighed less than 130 pounds but was like a springy bamboo. I held him securely, trying to muffle his flying arms.

Then he was loose again. He strove to keep out of my reach this time. He was halfway out of the cockpit before I realized his intention. He was trying to jump out.

I reached for the spare control stick clamped at my side, and strove to bring it down on the back of his head. He was too close.

On the cockpit floor my feet came in contact with his ankles. I shoved hard, thrust his legs from under him. As he fell I cracked him on the head. In two shakes I had him on his back on the cockpit floor and planted both feet on his chest.

I SAW then that we were over Suchow Junction. The city was afire in one quarter and soldiers swarmed around it. The air marshal turned, pointed downward. I nodded. He was going to land.

The machine bumped along the ground. The pilot taxied quickly to a farmhouse on the edge of the field. He maneuvered the Corsair under some trees before he cut the switch.

The air marshal jumped out, told me to hold the captain until he gave the word. When at last I let him go, he popped up and found himself looking down the barrel of the pilot's Mauser. The fight went out of him then. I used his belt to tie his hands behind him.

The farmer was agreeable to giving us a room we could use for a few hours, and readily promised that no word of our arrival should leak out to the countryside.

It was nearing lunch when we got our captive into the little room. We tied Wu's feet with rope and shoved him in a corner. There was work to be done.

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"I'm sorry, Enders. But you know I couldn't do this job without the help of a foreigner," said the marshal.

"Forget it, general."

"Yes, but you may not like what's coming. I was counting on you to get into the city and find out what's happening. Will you?"

"Sure. I'd rather do that than watch our friend Wu."

I got no farther toward Suchow Junction than the iron-roofed warehouses on the edge of our landing field. They belonged to the British American Tobacco Company. I found four Americans and two Englishmen eating their lunch in a house near by.

The whole room talked at once.

"Shih Yu-shan's rebellion at Pukow was only the half of it. The same night, Han the Whiskered sent many brigades southward. The two armies converged on Suchow."

"Yes, and Han's men were in command. They were already pushing westward on the Lunghai. They were not going to let the Generalissimo make a dash toward Suchow Junction. They had him bottled, and were going to keep him that way."

I returned to the farmhouse with a basketful of sandwiches and a bottle of coffee. Captain Wu was in the corner—untied—but without a stitch of clothing.

The air marshal was satisfied with my report. He called the farmer, gave him ten dollars, and told him to provide the captain with coolie clothes after we had gone. He also told him to keep his mouth shut about our visit. Then he gathered up Wu's uniform and I followed him out to the plane. We took off for Shanghai a little after two in the afternoon.

We left the railway and were at the Hungjao airdrome by nightfall. The commandant of the field brought out a radio message for the air marshal from the Generalissimo in Honan, thanking the air marshal for sending General Hwang, his second in command, and stating that the Generalissimo and Hwang would fly down to Shanghai the next day.

I LET out a whoop when I saw Ah Ping standing a little aside from the group of officers in the field. The past twenty hours or so had been such terribly hectic ones that I had forgotten all about him!

Ah Ping had news of the developments in Nanking. When Feng the Christian heard that two Corsairs, with Captain Wu aboard one of them, had got away, he clamped down tight. The flying cadets were arrested in their barracks, his troops invaded the aviation yamen. Colonel Art Lum was being shadowed.

Amid this turmoil of intrigue, the Generalissimo and General Hwang flew over Nanking and landed at the Hungjao airdrome, near Shanghai.

Chinese money was sinking fast. Government bonds were offered at big discounts—with no takers. Rice and flour prices skyrocketed. The Generalissimo's free assets added up to the will to fight against odds, a loyal Air Force, and six American bombing planes. And merchants knew it would be a month and a half before the remaining six Corsairs reached China.

From the Nanking government's side, however, the single service of releasing the Generalissimo from the trap at Honan had been worth the price of twelve Corsairs. The air marshal's reconnaissance at Suchow Junction, and his prompt report of the information I had been able to gather regarding the defection of Han the Whiskered were invaluable to the Chinese commander in chief.

This state of uncertainty went on into the New Year.

I was at dinner one night with the air marshal and Hwang, his second in command, when the full story of Hwang's trip to rescue the Generalissimo came out.

GENERAL HWANG showed a freshly healed gash on his lower lip.

"I got it when I flew up to Honan, the day you fellows took Captain Wu. It was after I landed in the country near the railroad, about five miles from the junction. I left the chief mechanic in charge of my Corsair, and grabbed a motor trolley which a lot of peasants were trying to run.

"It still had some gas. I started it, taking two of the farmers with me as hostages. We made good speed—until the right-hand rail wobbled under the wheel and fell outward. Then the one on the left side went. Somebody had chopped up the track.

"The trolley somersaulted down an embankment. I fetched up against the sleepers at the bottom, but the farmers were unhurt. We pushed it up to the bridge, where the rails were good, and carried on to Chengchow."

"You went straight to the Generalissimo?"

"Yes. I found him with his German advisers marking out entrenchments on maps. He took the air marshal's letter, asked me if I were well enough to fly him back. We got to the plane. It was undamaged, and got us in Hankow by dark."

"Who tore up the rails?"

"The Mohammedan cavalry—skinclad night riders who filter in through the lines at night. They ride in the dark to a rendezvous. Then they form up into squadrons of about seventy-five troopers.

"During the daytime though," Hwang went on, "they scatter. They seize the daughters and wives of the farmers, use them as they like."

The air marshal, too, took up the story from the reports that had been brought in.

After the rebels had taken Chengchow Junction, and had driven the government forces down the railway nearly to Hsuchang—with their backs to General Tang's 50,000 rebels in the rear—the Generalissimo got his first lucky break. The cavalrymen descended on their fellow conspirator, General Tang, and came upon Hsuchang city from the west. This attack was the result of a quarrel over loot.

Taking advantage of this situation, the Generalissimo launched an attack against both Tang and the cavalry. Both were dislodged, defeated, driven off. That left the government forces in possession of Hsuchang. It gave the commander in chief a retreat toward Hankow for his armies. But he did not retreat. He left his armies to base on Hsuchang and to spread fanwise toward the Lunghai, east and west.

The next move made it harder for his men up in Honan. He kept them supplied, but withdrew the German advisers to Hankow. Then he boldly took away their reserves. Every man he could scrape up in the whole Hankow area he brought down the river to Nanking.

The German advisers and ten divisions of crack troops were then massed at Pukow to start in pursuit of General Shih Yu-shan and the garrison of 100,000 men who had mutinied there.

IN a country where there are no roads, every railway bridge, every footpath, every rail and spike in the tracks is vulnerable to cavalry attack.

"You see," commented the air marshal, on another occasion, "it is now a question of trains, horses, airplanes. Movement, attack, getaway. Freedom to maneuver, to spring surprise is vital. The Generalissimo must find some way to free his armies for open combat. He must turn the tables on the enemy, pit airplanes against horses, one death squadron against the other."

How well that lesson had been driven home to me since this revolt broke out!

"The Generalissimo is planning to use his airplanes. But not in Honan. He is leaving those forces to make their own fate. The divisions now massed at Pukow are the ones the Air Force will serve. The German advisers are ready with the plan. The chief is staking everything on a bold advance toward Suchow Junction—supported by his airplanes. When he gets to Suchow, he plans to fight halfway across China. He's going to free the Lunghai line of rebels as far as Chengchow Junction."

"He'll never do it with only ten or even twelve airplanes, general."

"Maybe not, but that is his concern. I worry about the pilots who will fly the ships. We have enough to start—but some of them will be used up in a war. It is my job to see they are replaced."

"You'll need more training planes."

"Exactly!" the air marshal cried. "Enders! Why shouldn't you sell those training planes to the Air Force?"

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Will these *Mysterious Crimes* ever be *Solved?*

No. 7—THE GIRL AND THE PHANTOM: WHO *Killed* MARY BAKER?

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

Mary Baker, victim of a murder still unsolved.

MR. and Mrs. Hugh R. Wood had just inspected the cherry trees in bloom in Potomac Park, near the Navy Department, and were strolling back toward their hotel, when, at Sixteenth and B streets, near the White House, they came across a sight not listed in What to See in Washington.

The singular thing they observed that late afternoon of April 11, 1930, was the opening scene in a perfect crime: a man and woman quarreling in an automobile parked on the opposite side of the street within seventy-five feet of them.

It was an incredibly grim and savage quarrel, fought with quiet intensity. The woman, in the front seat, at first seemed to be trying to put her hands on the car's steering wheel. She was a young and slim and fragile woman. The man, middle-aged, burly, wearing a gray suit and gray cap, repeatedly pushed the woman away from the steering wheel she sought to grasp. When, nonetheless, she persisted, he battered her face and head mercilessly with his clenched fists.

A split second later, Francis Rice, an attorney, walking in B Street, passed within twenty-five feet of the parked car. What he saw was the white terrified face of a young woman, from the corners of whose mouth drooled reddish saliva. She had turned from the steering wheel and her thin arms were beating like the wings of a trapped bird against the glass of the right-hand door. The stocky man behind the wheel, whose hair was dark brown tinged with gray, clutched her shoulders, tried to pull her from the window.

The Woods, meanwhile, had crossed the street to ask the attorney if he had seen the struggle. He said he had, and that he thought the woman had been seriously injured and that the police should be notified. Mr. Wood began to look about the White House ellipse for a policeman, when the parked car jerked from the curb and sped west toward Seventeenth Street. It had not gone far when, Mr. Wood said, he heard three explosions that might have been either backfire or gunfire.

The car turned north into Seventeenth Street and vanished. Mr. Rice took the name and address of Mr. and Mrs. Wood and, from the former, the license number of the automobile, and went at once to the First Precinct Police Station, where he reported the incident. His report was filed at 6.10 o'clock; the occurrence took place at about 6 o'clock. The license number was J-5057.

Police investigated almost immediately. Some baseball players near the scene were interrogated, but had seen nothing. Hospitals were checked, but no injured woman had been admitted around that time to any of them.

Early the next morning—a Saturday—an Arlington County (Virginia) deputy sheriff observed a driverless sedan parked on desolate Cemetery Road, opposite Arlington National Cemetery. Its interior was bloodstained, though the car showed no signs of having been in an accident. Its license number, which he reported to the office of the commonwealth's Attorney William Gloth, was J-5057.

A check of the license plate showed it was issued to a Miss Mary Baker who for the past week and a half had shared a bungalow with two girl friends, Miss Olga Skinner and Miss Mildred Sperry, at Lyon Park, Virginia.

Miss Baker—a petite girl who looked younger than her thirty-one years—was missing.

She had not been at her home the night before, nor had she reported for work in the Navy Department that morning.

A check of her background revealed no apparent reason for her disappearance. Daughter of the Rev. Thomas P. Baker, pastor of the Episcopal church at Oak Grove, Virginia, she was related, distantly, to the chief of police in Washington.

Twelve years before, she had come to Washington to work in the Navy Department as a yeoman. She was very popular with her fellow workers, efficient and capable in her own work, tidy, kindly, and cultured.

She used neither tobacco nor liquor, and occasionally tried, in a mouselike, inoffensive fashion, to wean her friends from their use. She attended church, taught a

Sunday-school class, wrote to her parents regularly, bowled occasionally, danced often, read light novels, kept appointments with meticulous punctuality, and lived circumspectly within her $133.50 a month.

They found Mary Baker, a few hours after her abandoned car had been found, in a culvert twelve feet below Cemetery Road. The wrist watch on one outflung arm had stopped at 9.30 of, probably, the night before. Her body was fully clothed. Her hat, coat, and purse were missing.

She had been throttled, criminally assaulted, and so badly beaten that many of her teeth had been loosened.

She had been shot three times.

The bullets—of .32 caliber—had been fired at an approximate distance of eighteen inches, through both arms and into her back.

The culvert in which her body was found was more than a mile from the spot where her abandoned automobile had been discovered.

Police began a check-back on Mary Baker's movements on the day of the murder. Early that Friday morning Mary Baker, accompanied by Miss Skinner and Miss Sperry, her roommates, had driven into Washington to work. She promised to meet Miss Skinner at a Washington department store at exactly 6 P. M. that evening and to drive her home.

She parked her car in a customary place against the curb behind the White House, a short distance from the Navy Department Office Building.

She did not go out to lunch that noon; did not, in fact, leave the Navy Department until 4.30 P. M., when, with another woman, she went to a Lenten service in a church in downtown Washington.

At 5.30 o'clock the two women left the church, met a third woman who was a mutual acquaintance and whom Mary offered to drive home. The offer was declined.

Death in the shadow of the White House!—An amazing story of blind trails and 300 innocent suspects

The culvert on Cemetery Road where the body was found.

By FRED ALLHOFF

Near the Treasury Department, Mary Baker recalled aloud her appointment with her roommate, Miss Olga Skinner, and hurried off alone toward her car, parked near Sixteenth and B streets.

Thus, between 5.40 and 6 P. M., the brown-haired stocky man who was beating the girl in her parked car entered the picture.

Who was he?

The bloodstained automobile yielded but one possible clue—a man's handprints on the inside of the left front window, excellent for palmprint comparison, useless for fingerprint analysis.

The newspapers with early stories of the murder had scarcely reached the streets when a park policeman brought Lieutenant Edward Kelly of the Washington Police Department some interesting news. Miss Baker, he said, deliberately parked her automobile each day next to that of a married man, an employee of the Treasury Department. At least twice each week, after office hours, the park policeman said, she met this man. Late on the afternoon that the girl vanished, the park policeman had seen this man waiting beside Mary Baker's automobile. The married Treasury employee, a tall middle-aged man, was brought in for questioning.

He readily admitted having kept company with the girl. He said he had taken her to the movies a few nights before to see, strangely enough, a murder-mystery picture. He said that on the afternoon of her disappearance he *had* waited near her car, leaving when she had not appeared to meet him. And he added that the park policeman who had reported this incident had himself, according to Miss Baker, attempted to force his attentions on the girl

Having made these admissions, the tall man volunteered an alibi. It was a good one. As a final check, police compared his palmprints with those found on the window of Mary Baker's automobile and found them utterly dissimilar.

With one possible suspect in the clear, authorities began an intensive search in the neighborhood where the car and body had been found.

They found the pocketbook in the possession of two light-fingered but otherwise innocent Negroes who said they had "found" the purse, along with a parasol and scarf belonging to the murdered girl, in the abandoned automobile early Saturday morning before discovery of the crime. Both men were held for many days, grilled repeatedly, and finally exonerated via the alibi route.

Police attention next turned to a naval officer who seemed to fit the description Mary Baker once had given her father of a man who had annoyed her with his attentions. This man proved that during the time when it was believed Mary Baker had been slain, he had been dining with a number of navy friends, all of whom corroborated his story.

A CHECK of the dead girl's personal property turned up a letter—and two more likely suspects. They were traveling salesmen who had both known the girl.

Both men—Mervin Sisson and Julian Gallagher of Baltimore—were placed under arrest, charged with the murder. Within a week both furnished ironclad alibis.

Five days after the murder three breathless men came into Police Headquarters in Washington bringing with them a curious miscellany that they had discovered in a sewer on the United States Department of Agriculture Experimental Farm in the vicinity where the murdered girl and her automobile had been found.

The articles that they brought in were: a man's silk scarf and pigskin gloves, a box containing a pair of gray silk stockings, a novel called The Golden Dancer, a string of coral beads, a glass-bead necklace and bracelet to match, and a third necklace of imitation pearls, and a woman's coat and hat.

The woman's coat and hat belonged to Mary Baker. The novel had been loaned to Mary Baker by a chemist in the Department of Agriculture some weeks before.

None of the costume jewelry found with the dead girl's clothes belonged to Mary Baker, and police reports showed that the string of coral beads had been reported stolen nearly a month before the murder from the automobile of a prominent Washingtonian. His auto had been parked near the Navy Department Office Building at the time.

Neither the gray silk stockings nor, of course, the man's gloves or muffler belonged to the dead owner of the hat and coat, and how these things came to be hidden in a sewer with her articles of clothing was something for the police to scratch their heads over.

And the very sewer in which all of these articles had been found had been carefully searched by two police investigators three days earlier. Both of these men—Detectives John Flaherty and Harry Woodyard—were prepared to swear that at that time the sewer was empty.

A former suitor to whom Mary Baker had once been engaged came under suspicion when police learned that he had, some years before, threatened to kill her. Department of Justice agents finally located him, hundreds of miles away from the scene at the time of the crime and now contentedly married.

In a case brimming with logical suspects, another who dropped into the laps of the police was a man picked up because he answered to an extraordinary degree the description given by the three witnesses of the man believed to be Mary Baker's murderer. In this newest suspect's pockets, upon his arrest, were found a number of newspaper clippings—all of them concerned with the murder.

But, true to the form this peculiar case had taken from the very outset, this suspect, whose name was Earl Franck, furnished an alibi—albeit a trifle reluctantly. His alibi was that on the night of the murder he had not been in the Washington area, but had been in Goldsboro, North Carolina, busily engaged in looting a box car. So irrefutably did he establish this dismal fact that he was absolved in the murder case but promptly tried and convicted of the theft in North Carolina.

Then an army private, Harold Brewster, told his fellow soldiers who were trying, conversationally, to solve the crime, that he had driven the slayer of Mary Baker in his automobile to Maryland. Since the barracks in which Brewster was quartered were within a few blocks of Sixteenth and B streets, where the girl had been beaten by her murderer, and since Brewster, a stable worker, was permitted to wear civvies, his companions reported the incident to the commanding officer.

Brewster, questioned closely, grew flushed, nervous. He sidestepped straightforward answers, contradicted himself, and suddenly broke into a complete confession.

He said that he had seen the girl getting into her automobile and had walked over to make advances. Alarmed, she had started to cry out when, he said, he knocked her unconscious, loaded her body into the car, and drove off with it.

Brewster had a gray suit and a gray cap similar to that worn by the slayer. Furthermore, the three witnesses who had watched the attack said that Brewster bore a general resemblance to the man they had seen.

Police questioned Brewster at length. Pathetically unable to produce corroboration of any of the details he had supplied so boastingly in his confession, he became confused. Finally he repudiated his entire confession.

Pressed now by detectives for an explanation of his "confession" to a ghastly murder, Brewster admitted, with wistful pathos, that the social ostracism that sometimes attaches itself to men who become chambermaids for horses, seemed to have been his.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

To Thatcher Colt, veteran solver of baffling murder mysteries, the interesting thing about the Mary Baker case is that four apparently innocent men confessed to the crime, and another—Campbell, the man who was tried for the killing—persisted in thrusting his head into a possible noose by bombarding the police with homemade stories apparently designed to connect him indirectly with the crime.

This, in Commissioner Colt's opinion, is a prime example of the phobia which seizes on the public mind at the time of great emotional stress resulting from a spectacular and mysterious death. There is scarcely a homicide case of any importance in which apparently sincere people do not rush to Police Headquarters with stories implicating not only personal enemies but also personal friends, sometimes close relatives, only to confess later on, when the authorities have checked their statements, that they have made up the whole thing to gain publicity for themselves or to satisfy some hitherto latent sadistic streak in their mental composition. Self-implication, although more unusual, is not unknown.

An interesting question is raised: how many "confessed" murderers, having implicated themselves beyond the possibility of withdrawal and lacking an open-and-shut alibi, have walked to the electric chair innocent men, while the real perpetrators of the crimes, shielded by the confessors' foolishness, walk the streets and continue to ply their dastardly trade?

Mr. Colt suggests that there may be a goodly number of these conceited fools who pay with their lives for their fooling.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T. Tune in at home or on your car radio.

ALL of his comrades at the barracks shunned him. He wanted to stand in good with the boys. All of the fellows were talking about how smart the killer of Mary Baker had been. He figured they would think he was one great guy if he convinced them he did it. And so . . .

He cried a little as he explained it all.

Amazingly—in this case replete with amazing twists—Mary Baker, for all her friendships with married men, was found to have been a girl of untarnished morals.

Had a foreign spy—Miss Baker was employed in the Bureau of Aeronautics as a file clerk—killed the girl?

This new theory proved untenable, though it was nursed for many weeks as the result of a story brought to police ears by William Hammond.

Hammond, himself a policeman, operating at the time a semaphore at Seventeenth and B streets, close by the Navy Building, told of a handsome and mysterious stranger—a man—with whom the girl held conferences outside the Navy Building twice each day during office hours. No friend or acquaintance of the girl knew of the existence of such a person, though Hammond claimed to have seen the man so often that he would immediately recognize him at any future date.

Once, Hammond said, the man had discussed with him the financial possibilities of an amusement rage then in full sway—miniature, or Tom Thumb, golf courses.

The wife of a senator's secretary, eager to put her hands on the $5,000 reward which a Washington newspaper had offered, came to the offices of the Washington Herald about this time with an interesting story.

She said that several weeks before the murder Herman Henry Barrere, an ex-service man and itinerant house painter, had told her that he had a sweetheart whose father was a Virginia minister named Baker. Barrere, according to her blushing description, was a handsome and muscular gallant.

Police soon learned that Barrere had disappeared from Washington, without notifying any one of his whereabouts, while the murder investigation was in full swing. They learned, too, that he had contracted, the day of the murder, to do a painting job for Herbert M. Campbell, a prominent Virginia Highlands realtor.

THE police sought out Campbell. He was most eager to help. He revealed that Barrere had begun painting inside Campbell's home on April 14.

Campbell, returning home, inspected the job, decided he didn't like it, and fired Barrere. When, later in the day, Campbell missed some clothing from his home, he complained to police.

On the following day Barrere was arrested on a larceny charge and lodged in Arlington County Jail.

A week later, Campbell said, he relented. He withdrew the larceny charge against the painter, took him from jail, gave him some spending money, and sent him on his way.

No trace of the missing painter had been uncovered when, early in June, Campbell appeared at the office of Sheriff Howard B. Fields, bringing with him a .32-caliber revolver. Just a few hours before, Campbell said, a man with a wart on his nose had come into Campbell's office and asked him what grudge Campbell had against the missing painter.

Campbell said he had no grudge. The wart-nosed man then told Campbell that he was sure Campbell had a .32-caliber revolver. Campbell insisted the revolver he owned was a .38-caliber gun. An argument followed. Campbell stalked out of his office, went home, searched for the gun, and could not find it.

When he returned to the office, the man with the wart on his nose was gone. Campbell then looked through the drawers of an unused desk in his office and came upon his gun, a Spanish-type revolver, deep in a drawer. He found the stranger had been right, after all. His gun was a .32. Sheriff Fields sent it to Dr. Wilmer Souder of the Bureau of Standards for a ballistics check-up.

Dr. Souder reported that the bullets probed from the body of Mary Baker had been fired by Herbert Campbell's revolver.

Though the papers contained stories that he was wanted, it was not until July 16 that Barrere was apprehended in Montreal, Canada.

He was a handsome happy-go-lucky chap, and he found the fact that he should be considered seriously as a murder suspect something to grin over.

Asked why he had not surrendered if he were innocent, he said he had been too busy to read the newspapers and had not known he was wanted. Asked why he had left Washington without notifying either wife or friends or relatives, he said that he had come across an opportunity to get an automobile ride to Philadelphia, from whence he had gone to Canada, and had left on the spur of the moment. Since he wasn't the letter-writing type, he hadn't bothered, after leaving Washington, to tell any one of his sudden decision.

He denied having told the woman who had reported him to police—before the murder—of having a sweetheart named Mary Baker.

"I might have kidded her after the murder about knowing the murdered girl. But I never told her before the murder. I never heard of Mary Baker until after she was dead."

HE denied that he had stolen Campbell's revolver, but admitted that he might have taken some of Campbell's clothes the day Campbell discharged him. He was drunk that day, he said, and might have had foolish ideas.

Police and Department of Justice agents had checked every word of his alibi story and found it accurate to the last detail. Herman Henry Barrere could not possibly have committed the murder.

He was returned to Arlington County nevertheless and locked in a cell. He was confronted with Campbell. A gray cap was placed on his head and the three witnesses who last had seen Mary Baker alive were brought in. They said that Barrere definitely was not the man they had seen.

They added that Herbert Campbell bore a much greater general resemblance to the man they had seen, though they hesitated to identify him unreservedly.

Police already had developed their own suspicions concerning Campbell. They had thought it strange when Campbell had asked to examine the gloves found alongside Mary Baker's clothes, and had thought it still stranger that he should volunteer the information that they resembled a pair he once owned and which, he added, might have been stolen from his home at the time the revolver was taken.

Further, they learned Campbell's twelve-year-old stepdaughter had told some of her friends that her stepfather had killed Mary Baker.

A closer check-up on Campbell's activities on the afternoon of the murder showed that he had driven a young married woman to Cemetery Road, parking his car close by the spot where Mary Baker's body had been discovered the following morning.

He drove the young woman from that tryst to her home. Returning from her home to his office, he took a route which carried him past the exact spot in Washington where three witnesses had seen the attack upon Mary Baker.

The officials who had this information had kept Campbell ignorant of their knowledge. Then, after mentally exonerating Barrere, they brought Campbell in for serious questioning. He was asked, bluntly, to reveal his movements on the day of the crime.

He did—carefully omitting any reference to his drive with a married woman.

Faced with the facts he had hidden, Campbell admitted their truth. He admitted, too, that his story of a wart-nosed visitor had been an invention of his own, made up as an excuse to continue his contacts with authorities investigating the mystery.

He protested, now, that the revolver he submitted had never been stolen; that it had been in a chiffonier drawer in his home since 1929, during which time it had never been used, and that it could not conceivably have been the murder gun.

Later Campbell was to reveal that his purpose for wanting to keep himself so deeply involved in the Mary Baker murder case was that it brought him excellent newspaper publicity for a money-making project he ha

KATHARINE BRUSH RELATES THE FACTS:

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KATHARINE BRUSH—Celebrated Author of "*Young Man of Manhattan*" and Other Best Sellers

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AS Helen Jean Talbot, a pert debutante of Grosse Point, Michigan, was clipping off the miles on the road from Lansing to Flint, she swung out in the fast lane of traffic to pass a car in front. Then things began to happen. Above the purr of her motor burst the ear-splitting "Bang" of a blow-out. Jean's hands clung helplessly to the steering wheel. The driver of the car which she had just passed was able to stop short. But all that separated her car from a yawning ditch was a few inches of crumbling earth.

Jean loves a thrill—but this was one too many for her. That's why today her car is equipped with Goodrich Silvertowns.

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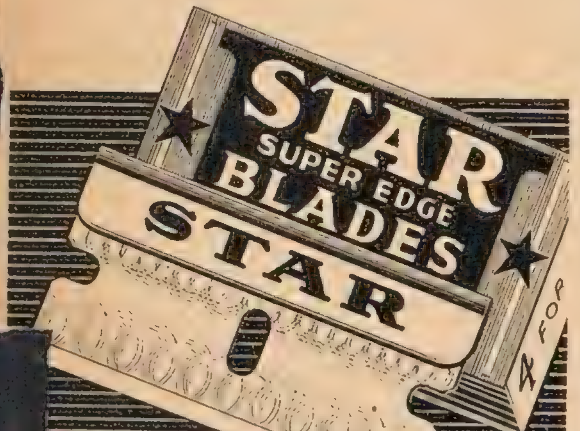

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FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

started a few days after the murder.

Authorities took him to a cell and shoved him in it. There was another man in the cell. They told the other man: " Here's a playmate for you."

The cell's other occupant took one look at Campbell and began to roar with laughter. He was Herman Henry Barrere.

Barrere was released, completely exonerated, not long afterward.

The Campbell gun and the murder bullets were sent to Colonel Calvin Goddard, eminent ballistics expert, for a further check-up.

He asserted, after a test, that Dr. Souder's findings had been entirely accurate. Campbell's gun had fired the shots which killed Mary Baker.

In the fall of 1930 Herbert Campbell went on trial for the murder of Yeomanette Mary Baker.

The prosecution had little to offer except the proof that Campbell's gun had fired the fatal shots. They could not establish that Campbell had pulled the trigger, for they had no proof that Campbell had ever known the slain Mary Baker. Nor could they supply a motive for the murder. The witnesses who had seen Mary Baker struggle with " the man in the gray cap " would not say that Campbell had been that man.

Even the ballistics testimony of Colonel Goddard to the effect that he had made his tests in a few hours, pinning the murder bullets to Campbell's gun, became weakened by an unusual situation.

During the trial, Colonel Goddard offered to identify five bullets fired from five different revolvers, to clinch his testimony. On the fifth day after his offer had been accepted, he had not yet matched guns and bullets.

THE defense pinned all of their hopes on the single factor that had won exoneration for every other suspect before Campbell in the Baker case—an alibi.

Campbell's alibi was one of the most watertight ever offered in a courtroom. It was corroborated largely by honest unprejudiced persons who had neither motive nor desire to distort facts. It covered his movements on the day of the murder from 5.30 in the afternoon until 11 P. M. at night, and for the crucial moments between five minutes before six and five minutes after, when Mary Baker had struggled desperately with her slayer at Sixteenth and B streets, offered irrefutable written proof.

Telephone and telegraph company records proved conclusively that just before 6 P. M. Campbell had been in his office, and that just after 6 P. M. he had been at his home.

It took the jury exactly thirty minutes to decide that Campbell, who had a taste for publicity, had none for murder.

Since Campbell's acquittal, three men have " confessed " the murder of pretty Mary Baker.

One was a Philadelphia man. Another was an automobile thief named Harry Allard, who hoped to get out of prison for a breath of fresh air.

AS late as 1933, Howard Simms, a Negro shot by a policeman, confessed in Washington, on his deathbed, that he had slain Mary Baker. Police discovered that at the time of her murder he had been behind the walls of Lorton Reformatory.

Will the Mary Baker case ever be solved?

It is entirely possible. It is possible despite the fact that, for all their prodigious work on the case, police can tell you very little about the murder.

They do not know where Mary Baker died—or when. They do not know—if there was a motive other than criminal assault—what that motive was. They do not know how the slayer, after beating the girl, drove with her in daylight through streets heavy with homebound traffic to the spot, three miles away, where her body was found.

If Mary Baker died at the hands of one of her known male friends, then police accepted a spurious alibi, for they investigated every man who to their knowledge had ever been even slightly acquainted with the girl.

But this is unlikely, for the police were consistently thorough in their check-ups.

Police investigated more than 300 men—and got 300 bad breaks.

But it will take only one good break to solve the enigma of Mary Baker's strange death.

THE END

The known facts of another sensational crime that still remains unsolved will be put before you in an early issue.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ½ CALL IT FREEDOM by Marian Sims. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A thoroughly readable novel, although it has nothing that is unusual to reveal. About a young grass widow who returns from Reno and tries to adjust herself to the way of life.

★ ★ THE SHIP'S HUSBAND by H. A. Calahan. The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Calahan has tapped a vast storehouse of practical ship's husbandry and produced a book the average yacht owner will find not only interesting but more than helpful.

★ ★ IMMORTAL FRANZ by Zsolt Harsanyi. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A novel based on the life and loves of Franz Liszt. The author is one of that school which is chiefly interested in Liszt as a vain man, woman-crazy. The story is of successful concerts and happy and unhappy hours with the ladies. The relation to Wagner is sketched but not fully presented. The Liszt who is important in the history of music is not here.

The Dancing Mouse

BY HOWELL N. WHITE, JR.

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PRITCHARD awoke lying fully dressed on a cot in the back room of the Main Street Tavern. He heard voices and laughter from the bar.

He pulled out his watch and focused his bleary eyes. Eleven o'clock. They must have found Paul Manning by now.

Pritchard had not expected Manning's stubborn strength when word arrived that the auditors were coming.

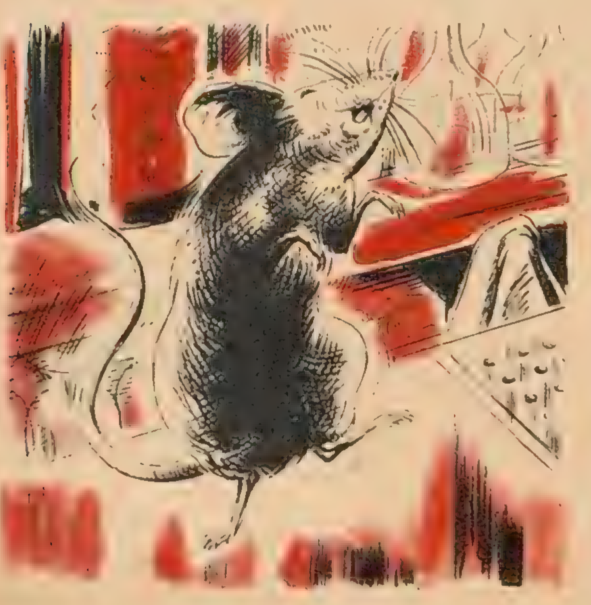
"I won't do it, I tell you, Pritchard!" he had shouted. "I helped you cheat my people, but I'm not going to run away."

"Look here, old man," Pritchard had said. "There's no need of our both getting into trouble. Now, what you need is a drink, eh? Things aren't as black as they look."

And so, last night, Pritchard and Manning had come to the Main Street Tavern. Manning's love of liquor had made it easy for Pritchard to get him drunk, seeming to match drink for drink. Pritchard had pretended drunkenness when he took Manning home, but he had been cold sober when he suggested that Manning needed a ride to clear his head. Manning had been so drunk that he had fallen into a stupor even before Pritchard started the motor, and had not even stirred when Pritchard left, closing the garage doors behind him. Then Pritchard had weaved back to the Main Street Tavern to make good his pretense of drunkenness.

Another burst of laughter came from the bar. Unsteadily Pritchard made his way to the group of men watching something on the polished surface. It was a small dun-colored mouse. Its feet were moving in an odd rhythm.

The eye of Pop Forst, the bartender, lit on Pritchard. "Hello," he said. "You put away enough Scotch last night for two ordinary men. How do you feel?"



Pritchard put a hand to his head. "What you got there?"

"Why, that," said Pop Forst, "is a dancing mouse. Found it jigging around this morning when I came in to clean up. Want a pick-me-up?"

"Lord knows I need one."

When the cop came in, Pritchard did not look up from his drink. The cop's voice was gruff, businesslike:

"You Pritchard?"

The men at the bar stopped talking, forgot the dancing mouse. Pop Forst stopped wiping a glass.

The cop went on: "You're vice-president of the Water Company, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"We've been looking for you. Heard you were with Manning last night. Wanted to tell you he's dead."

Pritchard let his mouth drop open in astonishment.

"A neighbor found him in his garage this morning. Carbon monoxide."

"Good Lord!" said Pritchard with emphasis. "How—why—"

"That's what we want to know. We found out something, though. He was bookkeeper for your company, wasn't he?"

Pritchard nodded.

"The auditors came this morning. They found that the books were screwy. They don't know what the shortage will be; but they know it'll be more than fifty thousand."

Pritchard gasped. "You don't—you can't believe it's suicide!"

"That's what it looked like," said the cop grimly.

"But he couldn't—you—you can't believe—"

"That's right, brother. We don't believe it *was* suicide."

Pritchard clenched his hand on the edge of the bar and held tight. The back of his neck crawled. With an effort he straightened up.

"No," the cop went on, his voice magnified by the background of utter silence, "it wasn't suicide. We found a piece of gravel jammed under the garage door from the outside. Manning couldn't have done that." He paused. "You went home with him, didn't you?"

Pritchard forced a sheepish smile. "Now, officer, I couldn't say. I don't remember."

The cop's face was relentless. "You were seen going home with Manning. Don't say you can't remember."

"Well, officer, I'm ashamed to admit it, but I was drunk. Manning and I both drank too much last night. I may very well have gone home with him as you say, but I don't remember a thing about it. Ask Pop Forst—when I passed out he put me to bed in the back room."

He turned toward the bar for corroboration. The dancing mouse was performing drunkenly, but Pop Forst was not behind the bar.

Pritchard saw him, then, bending down, doing something in the corner where Pritchard had sat last night with Manning. "There's Pop Forst. Ask him whether I was drunk or not."

Only then did Pritchard see what Pop Forst was doing. He had moved the table out from the wall and was tearing up a plank with a pry bar.

"What about it?" said the cop. "Was this guy Pritchard as drunk as he says he was?"

Pop Forst spoke without looking up: "He was drunk all right. He passed out and I put him to bed in the back room like he says. But"—and a board squealed protestingly as Pop Forst wrenched it up—"he was dead sober until he came back after taking Manning home."

Pritchard shouted desperately, "That's a lie and you know it, you old fool!" What was Pop Forst doing? How could anything have gone wrong?

STILL Pop did not look up. He reached his arm down in the hole he had made in the floor and was feeling around for something. "I wasn't sure till I found the dancing mouse coming out of a hole over here. Last night Pritchard seemed to be putting away as much Scotch as Manning did rye, but he didn't get drunk. I thought he was faking. This morning I found the proof."

Pritchard was too smart to be bluffed. "Where's your proof, you son ——"

Pop Forst straightened up. He thrust a wad of dirty cotton and matted hair under the cop's nose. "The mouse is drunk. Know the smell of Scotch?"

The cop nodded.

"That's what Pritchard was pouring down the mousehole. Take a good smell of the nest, Pritchard."

Pritchard whirled wildly around There was no escape. The mouse was still dancing. He seized it, hurled it to the floor. Its legs twitched. On its nose there formed, then broke, a drop of blood.

THE END

FAMILY SCANDAL

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH NUSSDORF

ARRIVING in New York from an exploring trip, wealthy young Bill Madison learns that his fiancée, Roberta Redmond, has eloped with his father. With Harriet Vail, a Brooklyn girl he met on the voyage, he immediately sets out on a drinking spree to forget it all. Three days later he comes out of his alcoholic fog to find himself married to the girl, and facing more headlines.

Instead of seeking an annulment, Bill decides—on Harriet's suggestion—that the marriage, while a loveless one on his part, will act as a barrier to his numerous other social obligations and enable him to devote more time to his work. He makes no compromise, however, concerning his feelings toward Anne Moore, the ship's nurse he met on the last night out. Anne had been his childhood chum when her father had captained a yacht owned by Bill's uncle. Their short reunion had cost Anne her job when her jealous superior, Dr. Delaney, ordered her to choose between working and accepting his attentions.

Bill is also determined to help Anne, since her father, crippled during an accident on the yacht, had been forced to earn a living running a coal barge. But Anne refuses his assistance, even to seeking a position from his Aunt Delia, whose assistance Bill had sought.

Meantime, Harriet senses danger in Bill's attraction to Anne, but beyond a few outbursts makes no other moves. Bill, on the other hand, does not know Harriet is seeing Ivan, her old admirer. Anne has turned to her old flame, Steve.

At Palm Beach, where Bill and Harriet are visiting his father and bride, there is a nasty scene when Harriet's jealousy flares before Roberta and Bill. The next day Bill learns from his lawyer that a barge the Madison yacht had run down when leaving New York for Florida, belongs to Anne's father. Bill decides to fly back immediately and make a generous settlement. Harriet, fearing new complications, tries to dissuade him, and when he refuses she asks: " Could anything ever make this a real marriage? "

" Nothing," answers Bill.

But Harriet has another plan.

PART FIVE—THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE WORLD

HARRIET and Bill flew back to New York, leaving the yacht for his father and Roberta.

" Maybe we'll stay in Palm Beach for a while—now that the season's over," his father had said. " Life moves too swiftly for me in New York. I've reached the point where I'm beginning to be miserly about fast-moving days."

That didn't sound like dad. Bill, worried, had questioned his father's old physician—" Should I leave him? "

The answer had been, " Yes; peace is all he needs now. No upsets. With his age and his heart condition, all this recent sensational publicity has been bad for him. . . . For heaven's sake, Bill, don't get into the newspapers

Marriage ties vs. dreams of romance! Two hearts face a dramatic crisis in revealing novel of America today

again for a while, if you can help it! It's the unhealthiest thing in the world for your dad."

Bill had also had a talk with his father on one of his first afternoons of the visit. They had been seated alone together in deck chairs in the shade of the colonnade that surrounded the patio. The older man had said, " Son, you probably will never understand—nor will I, exactly—what prompted me to do what I did to you! Had I known how things would turn out—not that I'm saying anything against Harriet!—I wouldn't have interfered between you and Roberta. . . . But—I knew I was so right about Roby, and you and she were so determined—and so ill-suited! It would have been tragedy! " He sighed. " Well, she wanted Madison money. She has it! And she's filling her position with dignity and more sweetness and patience than I would have thought possible! . . . I hope you've forgiven us both! "

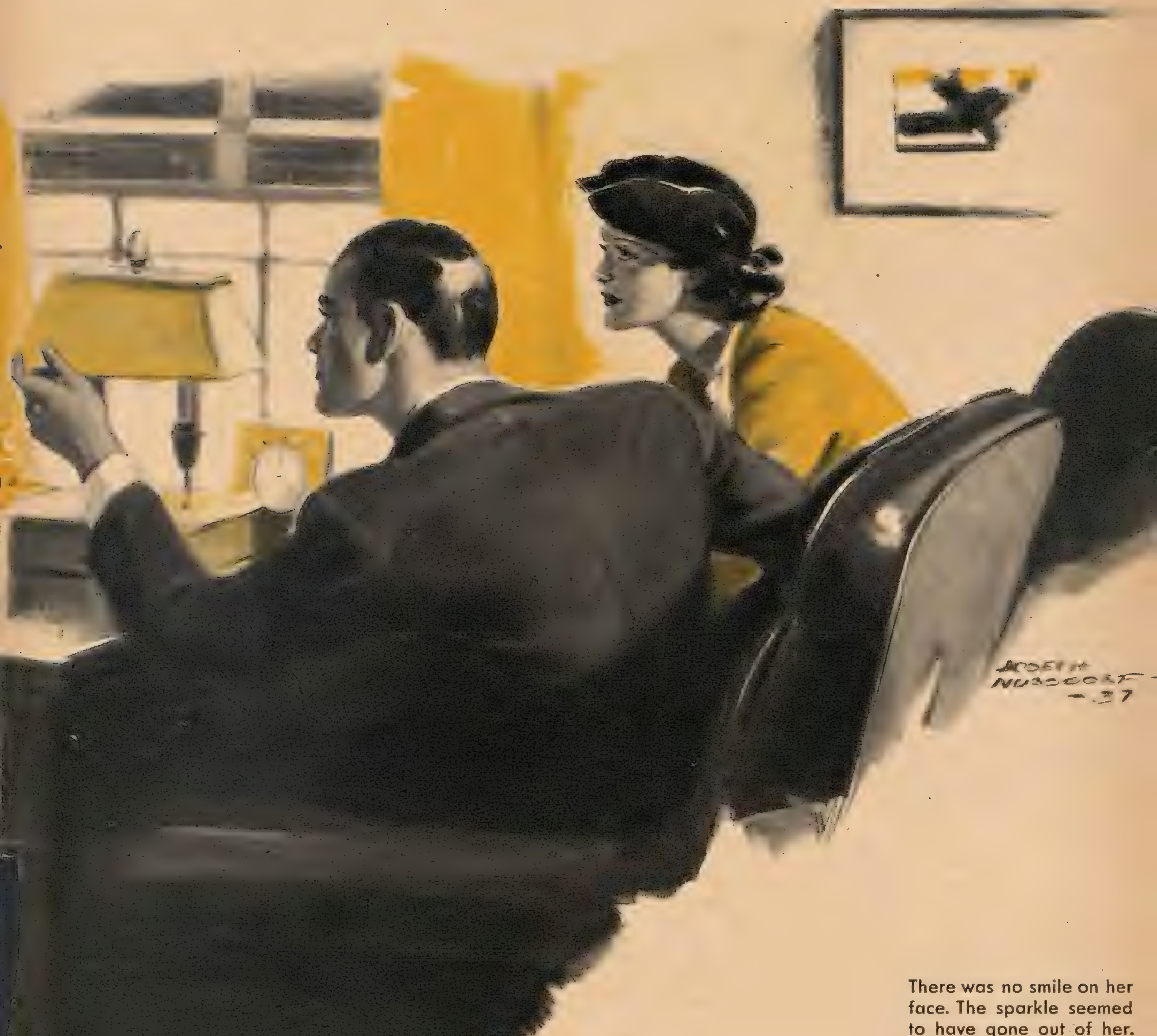
" Of course, dad! "

During the flight Bill thought of Anne Moore. He thought of her because she had been hovering like an ever-present phantom in the background of his mind. He wished he might know Anne better. If there were only some way of meeting her naturally! She hadn't gone to his aunt as he had begged her to, so a letter from Delia said. Why hadn't she? And how was she getting along? He was worried about her. He would go and see her again; tell her—

Bill checked himself. He was being a fool. He was putting a woman on a pedestal again! Once again he was about to play with fire—as if his fingers hadn't already been sufficiently burned! Also, what if he did find her fascinating, delightful? His hands were tied. Anne wasn't one of that group of girls who accept friendship, even more, from married men.

You'll do well, he told himself, to follow, for once, Harriet's too-wifely advice and stay away from Anne Moore and Anne Moore's problems. Give Captain Moore money. But let your lawyers handle it. That's a bright boy!

Thus, while Harriet was proving the power of mind over matter, and disproving the theory that a poor sailor makes a comfortable and unsqueamish flyer, Bill was wrapped in his absorbing problem. And thus he settled



There was no smile on her face. The sparkle seemed to have gone out of her. Bill studied her furtively.

it—the sensible way. No further complications! No making excuses to see Anne again! That was a closed book!

. . . . .

Bill established himself and Harriet in the Park Avenue apartment, which his father had begged him to occupy. He busied himself with his Congo manuscript, his lawyers, his office for a week. Two weeks. He trotted Harriet to shows, to night clubs, honestly trying to give her glamour, amusement, if he couldn't give her love. . . . Thus three weeks slipped by. . . . No settlement had been made in the barge case. Moore's lawyers were slow. . . . Bill tried to put the whole matter—and Anne—out of his mind. Another week passed. He became impatient, restless.

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11 P.M., D.S.T., each weekday night, except Thursday

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Finally, on a soft gray May day he went to his garage and got out his green-and-chromium roadster. He drove straight to Pier 5, East River. And while half his mind eagerly searched the bleak water front for a coal barge on which a red-haired girl might, just possibly, be standing, the other half turned disapprovingly away from painful contemplation of this willful weakness.

Fate was against Bill this time. The coal barge Annie B. Moore had gone upriver to Buffalo.

“Takin' five hundred and thirty ton of steel shavin's 'stead of coal,” so a friendly salt on a tied-up barge enlightened him. “Cap'n Moore's a smart man. Has to be, with his big family.” The old fellow elbowed the rail. “A pity, ain't it, that he got such a raw deal with the Van Ryders? Or maybe you don't know nothin' about it. He was captain on the Zaloha—yacht that used to belong to Morgan Van Ryder, when he was alive. He was an uncle to this young Madison that's been in the papers so much. . . . Well, Cap'n Moore got his leg hurt in a storm. Oh, they carried employees' liability. But the lawyer settled it up quick—too quick. . . . I guess the money looked good to Cap'n Moore at the time. Besides, he figured his leg would cure. . . . It didn't; it got worse. But he'd signed the papers! And you know how rich men are. If a man ain't limping under their noses, he ain't lame! . . . They don't trust nobody, rich men don't—”

Suddenly the garrulous bargeman paused. He squinted at Bill leaning against a dock pile. For the first time the old sailor took in the cut of Bill's topcoat, the line of his hat, the long low car gleaming in the drab distance of the murky street.

“Beg pardon, sir, if I've talked out of turn,” he said, suddenly withdrawing.

THE dignity, yet the accusation behind this, hurt Bill more than anything had for a long time.

“You haven't talked out of turn,” he assured. “You've told me things I should know. I'm Captain Moore's friend. It's a pity he settled so soon—for his insurance, I mean. But don't blame Mr. Van Ryder; he never knew it; he died before the matter was straightened out. . . . Well, I'll be back. And—thanks!” He started away. Then he turned. “Was—Miss Moore—Miss Anne—with them on this trip?”

“Yes—she went along for a vacation.”

“Thank you.”

Bill reached home to find Harriet out, as she was so often these days. Down in Greenwich Village with her Band of Untrammeled Workers, he supposed. Not that he could make himself be particularly interested. He liked art but he couldn't stomach arty projects.

After donating a check or two—on Harriet's say-so—he had looked into this semicharitable organization. . . . One look had sufficed. The Untrammeled Workers were more untrammeled than workers. They were a group of slightly soiled, very ginned, but brilliantly eloquent artists—so called. They were completely unlike the thousands of real but also poverty-hampered artists of the world. Bill knew that in this Village gathering there was no stout soul who would battle his way to a mountain peak of fame—even posthumous.

They didn't seem to work much. And they drew on Harriet for money frequently. Very frequently! In fact Harriet was, of late, asking for money almost every time he saw her! . . . Oh, well, this artists' group seemed to be her one consuming interest. She was working on an art book with them, or a catalogue or something of the sort. It took her away from the apartment; kept her busy. . . . Therefore Bill felt his money well spent.

. . . . .

More than a month passed before Bill's lawyers and Captain Moore's lawyers met—with the principals—for settlement of the barge suit.

It was now late June and warm. The breeze from the open window in the lawyers' office stirred Anne's red curls under her small black hat. She sat very straight. There was no smile on her face.

BILL noticed, with a strange tightening about his heart, that she looked unbelievably tired. The sparkle seemed to have gone out of her. What had she been doing? Why hadn't she gone to his aunt? Bill studied her furtively. Now he had it! She looked as if she'd made an unhappy decision and was *resigned* to it! That's what was in her face—resignation! It wasn't right that any one so sweet—

“You were on deck, Mr. Madison?”

“What? Oh, no—no, I was below.” Bill forced himself to pay more attention.

And so the farce droned on.

Bill's lawyers, who understood Bill's wishes but disapproved, presented his case weakly. Captain Moore's lawyers, mystified but delighted, presented his case strongly.

Bill's Captain Grierson, in the dark, was a picture of outraged virtue. As if he'd ever run down a barge in all his born days! Bill realized that he would have to square things with him later. A money present, an assurance that he was in the right—

Captain Moore, a twisted pathetic figure at the opening of the conference, became forceful, even cocky, as he saw victory swinging his way. . . . He couldn't understand it either. His case was thin. He knew what he'd done and why he'd done it! . . . Honest revenge it was, too! . . . This young fellow didn't seem to have much spunk in him. That's what came of being a rich man's son! . . . And he needn't sit there mooning at Anne either! Oh, Steve had told the family how young Madison had come over and danced with Anne, her first night off the ship! . . . Well, she'd soon be safe from any such cheap playboy attentions. She'd soon be married to Steve! . . . The Moore fortunes certainly seemed to be on the up and up.

Anne's father might be cocky, might let the sense of a long-nurtured grievance silence his conscience. But there was nothing cocky about Anne. She wouldn't look at her father. And her testimony came so near to contradicting his, that for a moment Bill was afraid she was going to spoil his plan.

Nor was Anne cocky afterward—when a large settlement had been made in her father's favor. Her lips tightened. She rose, followed him into the anteroom, asked him to wait for her in the hall. Then she turned to Bill, who was also on his way out.

“May I speak to you—alone?”

Bill led her into a small conference room. He feared what was coming. She had guessed! She was going to thank him! He didn't want it. It was enough to have been able to do something for her. . . .

One look at Anne's blazing eyes, however, when she whirled about on him, made Bill realize how he had misjudged her. Grateful? Anne Moore? She was furious!

"You lost this suit deliberately to us!" she said swiftly but softly. "How could you? Why did you? You knew that my father did it purposely! I know he did, too. He's hated all your family for years. I wanted you to win! I expected you to! And you wouldn't! . . . I'm ashamed of father! But life has made him what he is—life, and association with unscrupulous rich people. Money! I hate it! Hate what it does to men. It warped father. And it makes you behave like a lord of creation! . . . And you think you can make me accept your charity! Well, you can't!"

"Anne, please!" Bill tried to stop her.

"Don't interrupt! I'll say everything I have to say to you *now*—everything I've thought for a long time! I've always liked and admired you! Ever since I was little I've followed your career! I was thrilled to meet you again on shipboard—you were every bit as nice as I'd imagined! . . . Then I found out that Miss Vail was traveling with you— Don't interrupt! That spoiled part of my picture of you! . . . Then all the publicity about your drunken wedding—that spoiled more! And now—this! I don't know why you're doing it, but I'm not the kind of girl who accepts charity or lets her family accept it! . . . I was going to get married—now I won't, not until I've made money!

"I didn't go to your aunt for a job for several reasons. Father would have been furious; Steve objected; also I thought I could land one alone. It appears I can't! Dr. Delaney has done his work well! But now I *will* go to her at once. I need a job so badly *now*—that I'd even beg her for one. Understand that I've got to earn money to pay you what you've just *given* my family! . . . And I'll pay every cent of it back!"

FEW women look beautiful when angry. Anne was one who did. Bill suddenly told her so. He meant to go on, to explain, to insist. His compliment was a quick, stupid—under the circumstances—remark that unconsciously leaped from his lips.

But Anne gave him no opportunity for any further comment.

"Oh!" she gasped, her fury doubling. She turned quickly and fled, closing the door none too gently.

Anne may have closed a door. But what she had actually done in the last few minutes was to open a door for Bill—a door that he had purposely held closed in his mind because he hadn't dared look at what was beyond. Maybe her mention of Steve and imminent marriage had done it. . . . Anne married to that big oaf? Anne married to any one—else?

Now Bill looked into his mind and heart, and *knew*. No denying it any more—he loved Anne Moore! She was the only woman in the world for him. He realized he had been fighting this fact since he met her. But now—for all time—he had given in.

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RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

What a fool he had been to think that he could live without love—without Anne!

Bill's sureness about his love for Anne was such a joyous revelation to him that at first he thought of no obstacles as serious.

Harriet? Harriet he would provide for generously. She had been strange of late. Had been staying more and more down in the Village. Had stopped saying she loved him. Surely she was beginning to see that this unnatural set-up was all wrong! She would go to Reno—as she herself had suggested. . . .

Bill could hardly wait to reach the apartment. Even the elevator seemed slow.

"Harriet!" He knocked on her door. No answer.

Travers appeared in the hall.

"Mrs. Madison went to Brooklyn to dine with her family. She asked me to tell you that she will be back later in the evening."

"Thank you, Travers."

"Are you dining in, sir?"

But Bill was too excited to face a lonely meal. "No—no. I am going to Mrs. Van Ryder's—if she'll have me."

. . . . . .

Thus, once again Bill sat in his aunt's ornate drawing room. Only he was a very different Bill from the young man for whom life had finished a few months back.

"I approve of whatever it is!" Delia said to him over her glass of sherry. "You don't look like a man who's just lost a lawsuit!"

Bill raised his eyebrows. "How did you know about the outcome of the lawsuit?"

"She's been here—the little redheaded whirlwind!"

"*Anne* has been here already?"

Something in the way Bill said "Anne" made his aunt eye him keenly. So that was how the wind was blowing!

"Yes," said Delia. "She certainly has!"

"Did you—like her?"

"Of course I liked her! You knew I would. But what are you going to do about it?"

"Marry her, if she'll have me."

"What leads you to suspect she might?"

"Oh! . . . Well—" Bill's face lighted up. "It seems to me that she got just a trifle *too* angry with me to feel entirely impersonally about me!" He didn't go on to say that something else had told him—that intangible silent something that is in the air between two people who really love each other.

SOUND reasoning," agreed his aunt. "I'm glad to note that you still make *some* sense. But, joking aside now, Bill, how can you do this?"

Then Bill told his whole story to Delia. Everything. Harriet's proposition—her promises, her constant demands for money—which seemed to be her only interest, and the obvious lack of success of the marriage even as a working business deal.

And when he had finished, Delia too was optimistic about divorce—with a large settlement.

"But it must be done quietly, Bill. There must be no more scandal, for your father's sake. If his name had to be dragged through newspaper muck once more, it would kill him. . . . Now, come. Bennett's been hovering to announce dinner for three full minutes!"

Bill was long to remember that tête-à-tête dinner party. It was gay, almost hilarious. He and his aunt were like two conspirators, celebrating before success. Everything seemed so sure that night. All life seemed ready and welcoming just around the corner.

Harriet was home when Bill arrived. He could see the light under her door. He knocked.

"Come in."

She was standing in the middle of the room in a new negligee, a very feminine pink one. There was something posed in the way she stood, something artificial in her manner.

If Bill hadn't been so full of his own thoughts, he might possibly have noticed it.

BUT his mind was concentrated solely on his own problem.

Even as Harriet's was on hers. As it had been for days and weeks—ever since that cruel moment back in Palm Beach when he had said, "*Nothing* can make this a real marriage." When she had sworn that *nothing* would prevent its being a real marriage—and a lasting one.

Bill dropped down on the foot of the chaise longue. He lighted a cigarette, cleared his throat. . . . This was turning out to be more difficult than he had thought.

"Mind if I keep you up for a while?" Bill asked. "I want to talk."

"So do I," said Harriet. She seated herself in a chair near the chaise longue. There was a tenseness in the air, of which they both were conscious.

"Ladies first," he laughed.

"Bill." She leaned forward, suddenly appealing, dramatic. He couldn't know that she had rehearsed all this.

He watched her tightly clasped hands, the knuckles white. When had he seen her do that before? He remembered: The morning she had told him that they were married!

"Bill—you've been so engrossed in your work that you haven't noticed me much these days!"

"Sorry if I've neglected you."

"No, wait. I've been busy too. I'm not complaining. I'm glad. It shows that our idea of a working marriage is working. Remember—you said a while ago that nothing would make ours a real marriage? . . .

"Yes, I remember. We might as well face it! We—"

"No, Bill, we don't have to face it!"

"What do you mean? I've—"

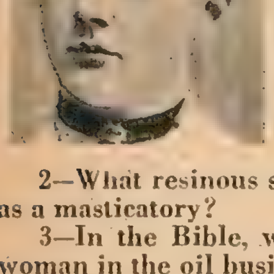
"Oh, yes," she interrupted. "You've kept me carefully, platonically at arm's length! That is, as far as you know, you have!"

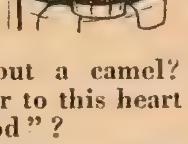
She stood up now, drawing herself up to her full height.

"Bill, you didn't—that first night! And I'm going to have your baby!"

How does Bill take this staggering shock? Will he cast aside his dreams of happiness with Anne, and cancel his divorce plans? Is it the fulfillment—as Harriet has sworn—of her promise of a real marriage? Read next week's installment for Bill's important decision!

TWENTY QUESTIONS





1—Her father was head of the House; but she's not related to Helen or Sir Henry. Clubwoman, philanthropist, A. W. A. prexy, who is the Colonial Dame at the left?

2—What resinous substance do many use as a masticatory?

3—In the Bible, what prophet set up a woman in the oil business?

4—When did Canada adopt the decimal system of coinage?

5—Which three Presidents of the U. S. employed middle names as first names?

6—What tree is particularly vulnerable to lightning?

7—When was the first group-life-insurance policy issued?

8—Is it true that a part of Virginia reaches farther west than West Virginia?

9—Without peeking, what human organ appears on the back of a new U. S. dollar bill?

10—Are Molasses and January America's leading Negro comedians?

11—What two games are played at Monte Carlo's Casino?

12—Bile in the blood causes which disease?

13—Troy, Lakewood, Yellow Springs, Warren, Medina, and Hiram are all in what state?

14—What is beautiful about a camel?

15—Who wrote: "How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood"?

16—Who else is Gladys Greene; Edna Best; Archibald Leach?

17—Of what material is the sac of a visible fountain pen?

18—Is amber of vegetable, mineral, or chemical origin?

19—Which two musical compositions are recognized by the U. S. government?

20—Who is Provincial Treasurer of Ontario?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

GALE SONDERGAARD is a nice girl who went to college to learn to be a villainess. At any rate, that's how her University of Minnesota education seemed to work out. After graduating, she chose the stage for her career, was soon picked for *meanie* parts, which as a rule require more study and intelligence than those of sweet-faced heroines. You've seen Gale Sondergaard be cleverly wicked in the film version of Anthony Adverse, in Maid of Salem, in Seventh Heaven. Her role in Seventh Heaven was that of an absinthe fiend. I asked her if she ever had tasted real absinthe.

"Once," she said; "while we were making the picture, just to find out what it was like. It was the most nauseating stuff. . . . I couldn't be an absinthe fiend to save my life!"

I asked her how old she was when she first showed signs of talent for portraying feminine villainy. "I was as good as gold," she answered, "until the age of ten. From ten to fifteen, my school marks in deportment were disgracefully low." But in high school she became as good as gold again, for by that time she knew she wanted to be a serious actress, and she realized that serious acting demands hard work.

Recently she has played her first *un*-wicked part on the screen . . . being cast as Madame Dreyfus in the new picture dramatizing Emile Zola's famous fight against anti-Semitism in France. Gale was born in a Danish community near Litchfield, Minnesota, spoke Danish before she spoke English; is married to Herbert Biberman, formerly with the New York Theater Guild. They live in Hollywood. Gale dislikes housework.

GALE SONDERGAARD

● Letters confirm what I wrote about girls with poor eyesight not reading menu cards in restaurants. Vivian Denton, daughter of the famous English art model, Delores, was born blind, regained her sight when she was five, is twenty-seven now, lives in Texas, wears heavy specs, tells me: "I never read a menu or newspaper in public because I have to hold the print so close that people stare at me." Dr. Thomas A. Cheatham of Birmingham, Alabama, sends word that we can read print without glasses by squinting one eye at it through a pinhole in a card. Tried it myself. It works, doctor, but what girl wants to be seen squinting through a pinhole in public?

● Love letters show hardly any change through time, place, or condition of life. Old and new, in high society and in low, they're just as mushy. Here's one I found in Constance Lily Morris' new biography of Maria Theresa, Queen of Austria, mother of Marie Antoinette. To her young husband Queen Maria wrote: "Dear Sweetheart. . . . I am uneasy, like a little dog, about you. . . . I do not write more, for it is ten o'clock, and the messenger is waiting. . . . Adieu, my little mouse. . . . Take good care of yourself."

● Although women are in every sort of business now, never yet have I seen such firm names as Julia Jones & Daughter; Sylvia Smith & Daughters, etc. Wonder why. Fathers and sons enter into all sorts of enterprising partnerships. The largest beer manufactory in Denmark, a father-and-son concern, has recently embarked, as a side line, upon the project of making big historic moving pictures in the brewery, using the brewers and other employees as actors. . . . And in Australia a multimillionaire has turned his huge business over to his partner-son, keeping only a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job for himself. "I don't want to be an executive any longer," the father said. "Handling millions merely means signing papers. Working for twenty-five a week is more fun."

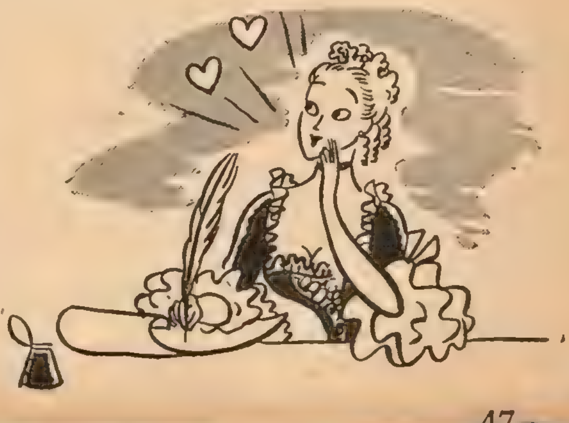
● We can improve our looks by making faces at ourselves in mirrors. . . . We should wear bright, gaily patterned dresses on off days when we do not feel our best. . . .

These unusual suggestions come to me from a prominent psychologist who won't let me mention his name because he's too busy to be bothered by a mob of women chasing after him for tips on beauty culture. The two ideas he gave me were just part of a casual conversation at an evening party. He explained them as follows:

Men are attracted, he said, to women with facial vivacity, not to dead-pan girls. Therefore it is good practice to make faces at yourself in a mirror. Develops your repertory of facial expressions and teaches you how to use them. The reason why we should wear extra-pretty clothes when we're not feeling our best, says my psychologist friend, is because our faces usually are at a disadvantage then—if we don't feel well we probably don't look our best—so we ought to draw attention away from our faces instead of to them.

● Hilda M. Ransome has written a fascinating book about honeybees, legends and history of beekeeping. Title of her book, The Sacred Bee. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company.)

● Instead of a recipe for something new to eat, this week I'm giving you a cocktail suggestion. Summer is the season for rum cocktails made with lime juice and a little grenadine, or with vermouth and lemon. But the question is: What snacks to serve with rum cocktails? The usual canapés that go with gin or whisky cocktails are out of order. So what? So why not try the West Indian idea? With your rum cocktails, serve iced fingers of fresh fruit—fresh pineapple, peach slices, ripe cherries and strawberries.



Alias EME

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

New heights of hope, new depths of despair

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

G-MAN HARDESTY of Washington arrests "Emerald Annie" as the leader of a dope-smuggling ring in Panama, but the glamorous night-club hostess persuades him to listen to her story before taking her back to the States.

Orphaned at fifteen, Annie Hopkins was adopted by Honest Tim Nagle, the boss of Avenue A, on the East Side of New York. Drunk one night, he seduced the frightened girl. A baby named Flossie was born to them. Tim began hating both mother and child. Seizing on a trumped-up story that Annie was unfaithful, the politician plotted her death at the hands of his henchman, Hymer Schmitt.

But Schmitt lost his nerve when it came to the murder. He told the despairing girl that Flossie had been killed at Tim's order. Hounded, and hardly knowing what to do, Annie took passage for Panama, where the great Canal was in process of construction. Alone she faced a tough world.

Too late she learned that Schmitt had lied and that little Flossie had been spirited away to an unknown orphan asylum. Annie vowed to find her child at all costs, and sacrificed herself in marriage to Joe Magruder, a roughneck hotelkeeper. With him and Carlos Urdaneta, she opened a cabaret and made money. But her detectives could not locate Flossie. On her deathbed Nell Codman, a lady of easy virtue, requested Annie to adopt her child, Mimi, who had been brought up apart from her mother, in Boston.

Then things happened fast. Annie obtained a divorce from Joe, went into business for herself, and fell in love with Grant Bradlaugh, a scientist fighting disease on the Isthmus. The "greaseball," Carlos Urdaneta, made violent love to her. She gave him the laugh until she learned through Bradlaugh that Urdaneta was a friend of Tim Nagle and probably knew where Flossie was!

Set on her one objective in life, Annie decided to marry the man she detested to regain her lost daughter.

PART NINE—CARLOS PLAYS HIS HAND

BUT Annie had underestimated Carlos.

"It wasn't holy wedlock I had in mind," Emerald Annie explained to me, "but a holy third degree—see what I mean? . . . . But that Urdaneta baby sure pulled a fast one. Listen . . ."

At first Carlos was his most charming and amusing self—conversing about the Panama variety of Shakespeare and the musical glasses; letting his biting sardonic humor run riot. Presently he talked to her of love again. They had gone out on the balcony, coffee, liqueurs, and fruit at hand. Hot it was, the sweltering May heat of the Isthmus, that since early morning had spread a sodden blanket over the town. Annie's breath came in short painful gasps. She used her paper fan continuously.

Not that she minded the temperature. She was used to it. But—perhaps from a guilty conscience, knowing what she was up to—she seemed to sense beneath the heat something like a mysterious force, some unknown and terrible passion.

Annie frowned. She said to herself:

"Aw—nuts! I had too much champagne. I'm imagining things." . . .

Yet the strange feeling remained. The flavor of death was in the air. Death. Killing. . . . It echoed through her own brain: the desire of it. The desire—as Urdaneta leaned forward, smiling at her with his ripe intensely red lips—to pick up the sharp knife which she had used to peel a pineapple . . .

She pulled herself together.

"Another cup of coffee, Carlos?" she asked.

"No, thanks."

She looked up at Urdaneta—who was looking at her. She hated him. Hated him. And she was going to outtrick him.

She laughed tremulously, deceptively.

"You do love me—don't you?" she whispered.

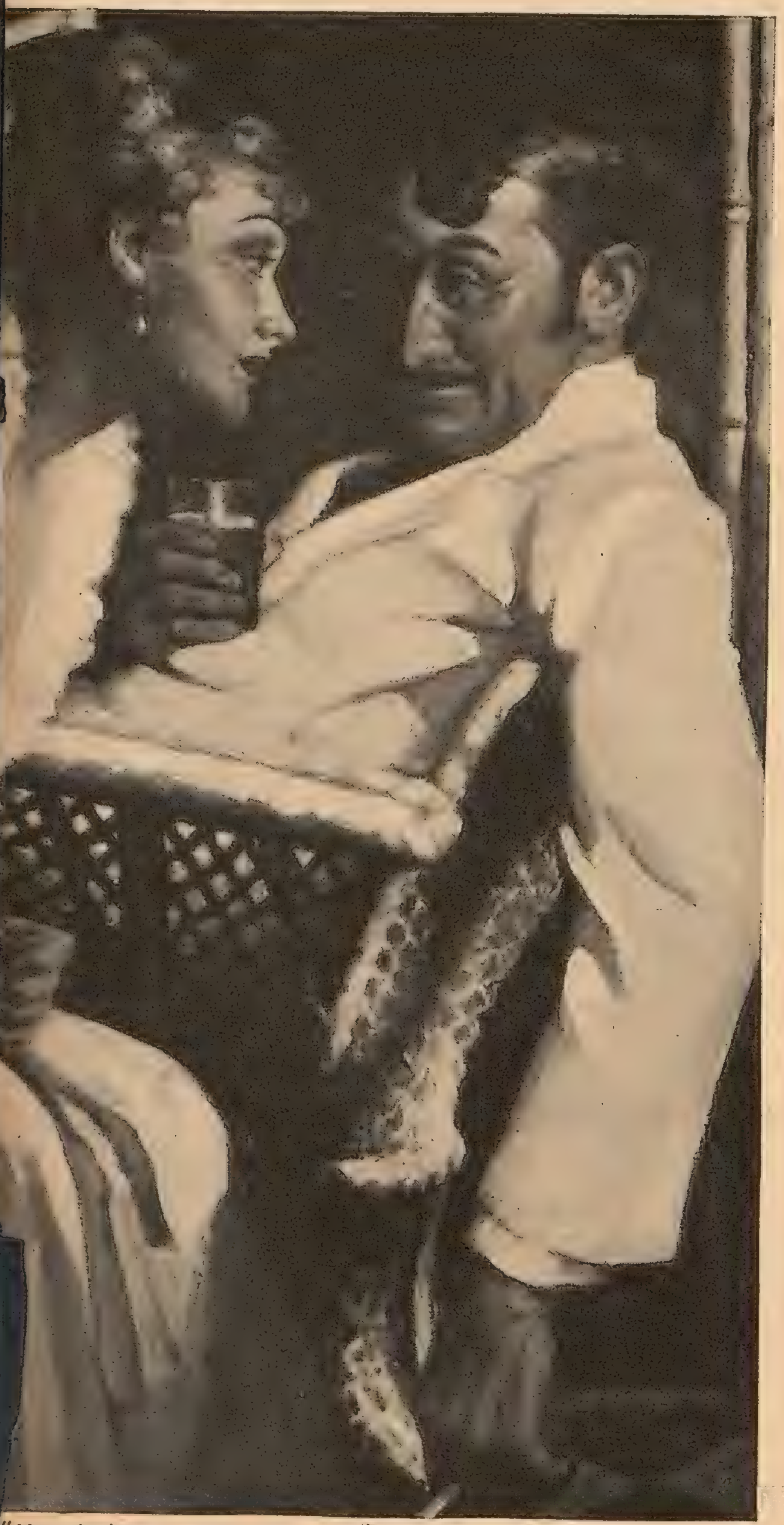
She laughed tremulously, deceptive

RALD ANNIE

and ANTHONY ABBOT

in the story of a woman's indomitable soul

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB



"You do love me—don't you ?" she whispered.

"Love you? By the dear saints"—Carlos in his most Spanish, most romântic mood—"love is but a weak, pale word for the storm in my heart." He leaned nearer to her. "In my heart, when I behold you, I see the world golden and white and flashing with gaiety. But when you turn away from me I see the world gray and grim and haggard and stained with tears . . ." He buried his head on her lap. His voice was muffled and choked. "Please, *querida mia!* Please—give me your love! And, if you cannot give me all your love, grant me a tithe of it—a splinter . . ."

She looked down at him. An expression of triumph was in her eyes.

"All of it, Carlos," she said—and her accents were very soft. "All of it. I'll belong to you through life. I—I'll be your wife . . ."

She leaned over, her lips ready to meet his.

But his lips did not respond. He jumped up like a jack-in-the-box and roared with laughter.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last woman on earth!"

And his laugh rang out—hard, metallic.

ANNIE interrupted her tale.

"Wouldn't it frost you!" she remarked to me rather plaintively. "The low-down, treacherous hound! Here he had been playing *me* for a sucker all the time I imagined it was *me* playing *him!* I'd been made a damned fool of—and saw my whole swell plan blown to hell. I laced into him—reminded him of his proposal only a little while before."

She was amused as well as indignant at the recollection. She described how she and the Panamano faced each other, their emotions stripped, their tongues spewing out hate and contempt.

Finally Urdaneta said to her:

"It is so exceedingly funny, the idea of you becoming my wife. You—by the saints!—a caballero's wife! Do I look like the sort of man who would buy a secondhand article? That's all you are. A woman of the streets—whom everybody in Colón knows . . ."

"Everybody," she rejoined, "except you. After all, I'm white—see?" . . .

She smiled. It was a caustic smile—the peculiar weapon of a despairing woman. The Panamano stared at her—and all at once Annie was afraid of him.

For in that instant, so queerly, she saw Carlos as another person; saw him as an alien who was completely unknown to her; a primitive, jungly Indian, barbaric and savage—and she braced herself as against a physical attack when he stepped up to her, his eyes holding hers steadily, cruelly.

The shadow of tragedy fell.

His hand crept toward the revolver in his pocket.

Then suddenly his hand reached for a cigarette, lit it. He exhaled a smoke ring. He, too, smiled; and, very slowly, he pronounced the one word:

"Flossie . . ."

She gave a gasp—her senses reeled. The man *knew!*

Flossie—the reason for her whole long prepared plan which had gone so miserably awry; the reason for everything—

She shivered violently. A sob rose to her mouth. She took a step nearer to him, hands outstretched—but he continued:

"You see, I know. That's why you wanted to marry me. That's why you were willing to give up Grant Bradlaugh, your current lover. To find out from me where your daughter is—what has happened to her." . . .

She did not speak. She stood there, moistening her dry lips with the tip of her tongue.

"That's it—isn't it?" he insisted.

"What if it is?" she responded dully. She paused.

"You"—she stammered—"you know where Flossie—"

"I do."

"Dear God!" A starved cry of agony—and of hope.

The sound of a small clock ticktocking on a table was to be heard distinctly.

She said to Urdaneta:

"You'll tell me—won't you?"

Simply she asked it, like a child certain she would not be refused.

He shook his head. "Never."

He made an attempt to get past her to the door. But she moved in front of him, held him with two cold firm hands on the lapels of his coat.

"Tell me, Carlos!"

"No."

She did not let go of his coat lapels. A full minute passed in which this woman of great pride and great courage fought passionately for self-control. After a frantic struggle she recovered it. There was still her courage; but no longer her pride.

"You must please forgive me, Carlos," she began, with an utter humility, "for what—for what I said before. I—I didn't mean to hurt you—to insult you . . ."

He did not reply.

"Really!" she continued. "Women—why, they haven't the—the guts men have if you deal them blows over the heart. We—we say the first thing that comes into our head. Please"—relapsing out of her self-control into a storm of pleading and imploring—"you must tell me. You must tell me. You must! I—I admit it. To find out about my Flossie—that's why I wanted to marry you. But"—lying desperately, pitifully—"that wasn't the sole reason. For I care for you, Carlos. Please—believe me! I meant to make you a good wife, a decent loyal wife—may Almighty God strike me blind if it ain't so!"

Still he was silent; and she threw herself on her knees before him.

"O. K. You're a caballero—sure—and I'm what I am. Why should you marry me? I'll be yours anyway. I'll do whatever you want. I'll live with you. For a week. A night. You can kick me out after one night. I won't complain. Only—tell me . . ."

His thin smile gave her new hope.

"Even if you hate me"—she returned to the attack—"why—you don't hate Flossie. You couldn't. She isn't more than a kid—is she? She's never done nothing to you. So—please—tell me . . ."

"Never!"

ONCE more he tried to get past her to the door. Once more, jumping up, she moved in front of him. She gripped his wrists. She searched wildly his black unresponsive eyes for a trace of mercy.

And then, when he repeated stonily, "Never, never," all at once she ceased begging and gave way to a tragic kind of folly.

For, in a flash, she recalled what Grant Bradlaugh had mentioned to her about Urdaneta's dangerous political intrigues. He had not confided the whole story to her. Still, she reflected, added to what the Panamano himself had let on to on various past occasions, it was enough to bluff the latter, to threaten him. . . .

She drew herself up.

"Listen to me, Carlos!" she said in hard, steady tones. "You'll tell me about Flossie, all right. You'll have to."

"Yes?"

He was puzzled—and amused.

"Or—the works."

"Sounds like a threat, Anita."

"Sure. I know about those grand and glorious patriotic plans you used to spout about—if you get what I mean. I'm even wise to where most of your dough comes from. And unless you tell me what I asked you— Get the idea?"

"Blackmail?" he whispered.

"Call it that."

"And is that another reason why you wanted to become my wife? So that you could serve as a spy for the gringos—for Grant Bradlaugh?"

She gave a little laugh.

"Well," was her answer, "I'm willing to make a trade."

"Always the Yankee—eh?" . . .

"You've said it. I promise I'll keep my trap shut if you . . ."

"No trade," he interrupted. "I told you—didn't I?—that I know where your child is. Listen." He smiled. "Have you ever heard of Buenos Aires, of the traffic down there in human wares? More than one young American girl has been—persuaded to go there. Has been sold into white slavery. And that's what'll happen to your daughter if you . . ." He stopped; went on: "Emerald Annie's daughter in a South American bawdyhouse! Quite a fitting fate—don't you think?" . . .

And he bowed mockingly, struck her full across the mouth, and left the balcony.

SHE threw herself on the rattan couch in the corner of the balcony. An agony was twisting itself about her soul. With her fists she beat the pillow. Then she lay back, her body like a limp rag, her brain like a limp rag. She wept bitterly. . . .

Then she heard a voice:

"Mums!"

Mimi had come from the inner room. Young Bill Magruder was by her side.

"Mums," said Mimi through the closed balcony door, "we—we heard." . . .

Annie sat up; began to repair her face.

"Well—that's pretty!" she exclaimed, trying hard to be her usual jovial, boisterous self. "Eavesdropping! Say—you two young hoodlums ought to have your rears kicked." She walked slowly to the door; then, trying to make the question sound casual, continued: "Well—what *did* you hear?"

"Most everything, mums."

"And," Bill announced sturdily, "we sort of guessed the rest."

"I," Annie mumbled weakly—"I see." . . .

She shrugged her shoulders wearily. No use endeavoring to explain, to hide or cloak. They knew. They were old enough to understand. . . . She opened the door, and Mimi came into her arms.

"Mums!" Mimi began again, "we are so sorry, Bill and I, about—about your little girl. But then—why, you—you've got another daughter—that's me! O. K.?"

"O. K., kid!"

Again the hot tears welled up in Annie's eyes. But she laughed softly through the tears.

"You bet your sweet life!" she agreed. "And I've got a son, too. Fact is, I've got the swellest two kids in the whole of Panama."

"Wait!" said Mimi. "I want to tell you something."

"Yes?" . . .

"You haven't only a son and a daughter. You're going to have a grandchild."

"What's that?" Annie was startled, shocked. She stared at Mimi—stared at Bill. Sure—they were no longer children; were growing up. But—it wasn't possible . . .

"For heaven's sake . . ."

"No, no!" shouted Bill, who blushed.

"No, no!" echoed Mimi, who laughed. "You misunderstand. I mean you'll have a grandchild in a year or two—when Bill and I are married."

"Married?"

"Sure. Just as soon as Bill is through college and gets himself a job."

"You see," observed Bill, "I'm going to be a mining engineer."

"And," added Mimi, "one of the best."

"Sure," agreed Annie.

"He thinks of going to Ecuador."

"No"—Bill was a little impatient—"to Buenos Aires. How often must I tell you?" . . .

"Anyway—to South America. And we'll call our first baby after her grandmother—won't we, Bill?"

"Sure. Annie—that's what we'll call her."

Emerald Annie smiled.

"Seems to me," she remarked, "you're kind of previous in counting your chickens. Besides, suppose your first-born turns out to be a he-male? What'll you do then?"

"Why," whispered Bill, "of course we'll call him Grant."

And then, once more, Annie wept. But they were tears of happiness.

"The swellest two kids in the whole of Panama," she exclaimed again—"that's what I've got!"

"Well," Mimi commented complacently, "we aren't so dusty, we two . . ."

She laughed. So did Bill. So did Annie. And presently the latter suggested it was getting late. Time for Bill to run along home and for Mimi to be in bed.

"God bless you both!"

They kissed her good night; and the last thing she heard, as the boy and the girl crossed the outer threshold, was Mimi saying to Bill:

"Poor old mums . . ."

Almost she called them back—to give Mimi a piece of her mind.

Old? She?

Was she?

ANNIE got up and entered the next room. There was a long mirror on one of the walls. She looked into it. She saw herself—oh, yes!—still young, with firm well rounded breasts, smooth white skin, ruddy hair dropping in most wanton curls across her ivory forehead, lips soft and full and red, eyes as blue as the noon sky . . .

Young—that's what she was; and she would keep herself young.

Young in body.

Too, in soul; in brain; in strength and energy and courage.

So where did Mimi get that stuff—calling her old?

The nerve of it! . . .

She interrupted her thoughts.

For she knew what Mimi had really meant. She had known straight along.

"Poor old mums . . ."

Not because of her years but because of Flossie. . . .

The knowledge tore at her heart. It shouted in her ears, hurled itself drunkenly against the bitter, taunting emptiness of her life . . .

So empty!

She had Mimi and Bill. Sweet, decent kids. But they were not her own flesh and blood. . . .

"I'm licked!" she told herself again. "Licked to a frazzle." . . .

Then, suddenly, she clenched her fists.

She cried into the mirror:

"The hell you're licked, Emerald Annie! The hell you are! You ain't

In spite of her daily bath she's an UNDERARM VICTIM!

EVERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of *past* perspiration. You cannot count on it to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

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. . . invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. •This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. •If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. •All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. •Write for information.

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- ☐ MINOR THROAT IRRITATIONS
- ☐ "MORNING AFTER"
- ☐ MUSCULAR ACHES & PAINS

There is nothing quite like a glass of Alka-Seltzer for quick relief from common everyday ailments. An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling, pleasant-tasting solution. You drink it and it gives prompt relief from the pain and discomfort and also corrects the excess acid condition which is often present.

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going to give up hope—not yet awhile!"

She'd get the best of Urdaneta. Somehow she'd force him to kick through with what he knew about her daughter. She'd be mighty careful, though. For he had not bluffed; had meant what he had threatened he'd do. . . .

She needed Grant to help and advise. . . .

And she went back on the balcony; sat down and looked out upon Colón. It was very late. The town was deserted now, silent. But the silence pressed in upon her—the enormous, throbbing silence of the tropics asleep.

. . . . .

Annie waited for Grant Bradlaugh to come back.

There was, in that interval, between Carlos and Annie what seemed to be a passivity, an inaction, a stillness. But it was a false stillness, like that of a stagnant pool whose motionless green-scummed surface breeds—and conceals—all manner of foul and putrid microbes. . . .

The thought made her nervous.

Time and again—as on that night when matters with her and Urdaneta had come to a showdown—she had the strange sensation that, sooner or later, the primeval jungle would burst its brittle shell of stone and brick and steel and cement, would reach out triumphantly and crush and destroy and kill. She would walk, on a sober business errand, through the streets of Colón; and she would imagine that there was mocking laughter and enmity in the air—in the rustle of the palm trees, the hot swing of the breeze, the tinkle of some distant fountain, the dim stir of the grass.

She tried to ridicule the feeling out of existence. But she did not succeed. It persisted, sharpened—and her nervousness grew; became fear.

Business, indeed, couldn't have been better. Night after night her place was crowded. A rich golden stream of money came rolling in.

ANNIE interrupted her tale.

"Nothing happened to disturb me," she recalled, "except when those burglars got at my safe. And that didn't disturb me much."

I looked up.

"What burglars?" I inquired. "And when?"

"I can't remember exactly. Maybe ten days ago. I wouldn't have known anything about it if I hadn't heard a noise in the office. That crazy cat again, I thought, sneaking in through the window and yelling for food. So presently I went downstairs to give that cat hell-and-go-bragh. Well—there wasn't any cat. That strikes me as funny, and I take a squint, and I notice right away — ain't I the Thatcher Colt, brother? — how the safe door is sort of smeary and some muddy footsteps leading from the door."

"What did the burglars take?"

"That's where the joke comes in—on the burglars. Y'see, I keep all my stuff—dough, securities, jewels—in a vault over at the City Bank on Front Street. Haven't used that safe since Hector was a pup. Haven't even opened it. Nor did I open it on that night. I knew there was nothing in it for them burglars to take—see?" . . .

She laughed, while I, in my mind, echoed her last words: "Nothing in it to take . . ."

Then a queer notion came to me. Nothing in it to take. Sure enough. But—perhaps . . .

I SHOOK my head. Not up to me to imagine things. That wasn't my job. My job, as an agent of the Narcotics branch of the Treasury Department, was to stick to facts. I had those facts in affidavits which accused Annie of being a dope merchant—chiefly in the one affidavit . . .

I consulted my watch. Time was slipping fast. Soon the Toloa, the ship which was to take Annie and me to New York, would boom out her final warning siren call.

I said sharply: "Let's have the rest, Annie."

"Not much more to tell—except the reason why I can't go with you—not tonight . . ."

"Eh?" . . .

"Not tonight. For Grant Bradlaugh gets here tonight, on the Posadas. And—he isn't alone. He's got somebody with him."

"Who?"

"I don't know."

And she explained.

Grant Bradlaugh, it appeared, had written to her frequently during his absence, but had said nothing about Flossie.

Then, a few days ago, she'd received a cablegram:

RETURNING ON POSADAS STOP SOMEBODY WITH ME WHO CAN BE MADE TO SOLVE PUZZLE STOP HAVE EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE WILL SUCCEED STOP HURRAH
G B

Such was the message. She read and reread it.

Naturally, she considered, he had not dared to say more in a cablegram. Yet it could mean only one thing. Only one thing. And everything—for there were the words "every reason to believe will succeed" and "hurrah"—would come out all right, after the long, dragging, bitter years of waiting and despair and torture. . . .

She turned to me now.

"You"—she said—"you'll wait—won't you?—until the Posadas . . ."

"Sure," I replied.

And I hoped to high heaven that my buckram-lined, red-tape-bedecked superiors in Washington would never find out. . . .

Who is with Grant Bradlaugh aboard the Posadas? And is Emerald Annie's brave quest for the lost Flossie to be brought to a successful close? The story mounts to a tremendous climax and brings a stunning surprise in the concluding installment in next week's Liberty.

KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE!

YOUR CHANCE IS STILL EXCELLENT TO

WIN A THOROUGHBRED DOG

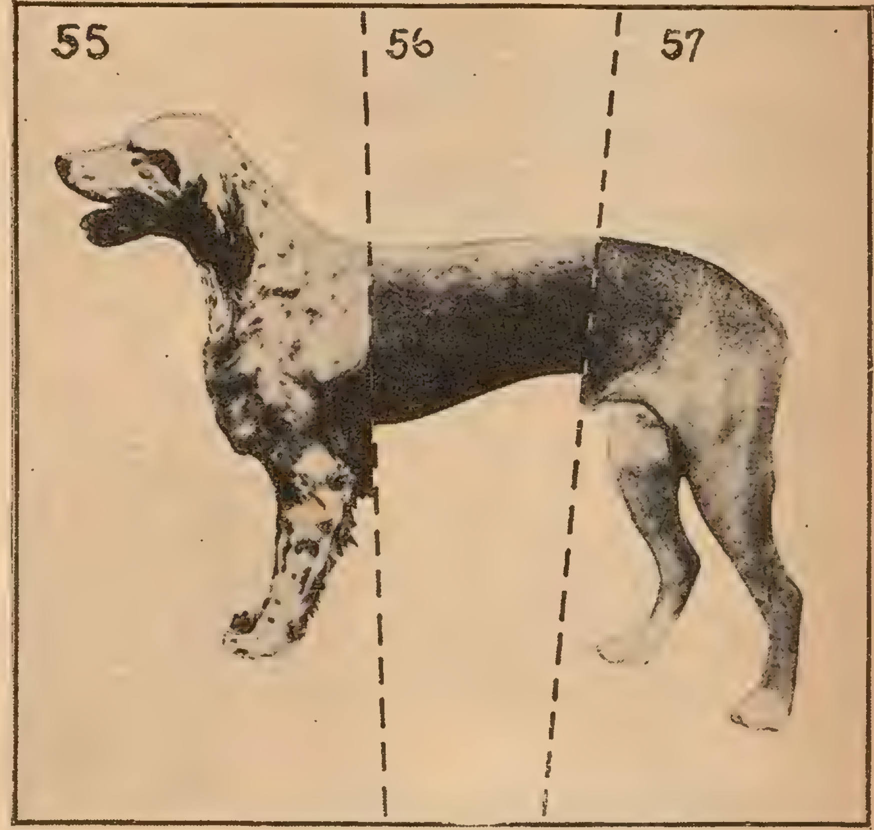
ONLY A FEW MORE WEEKS TO GO!

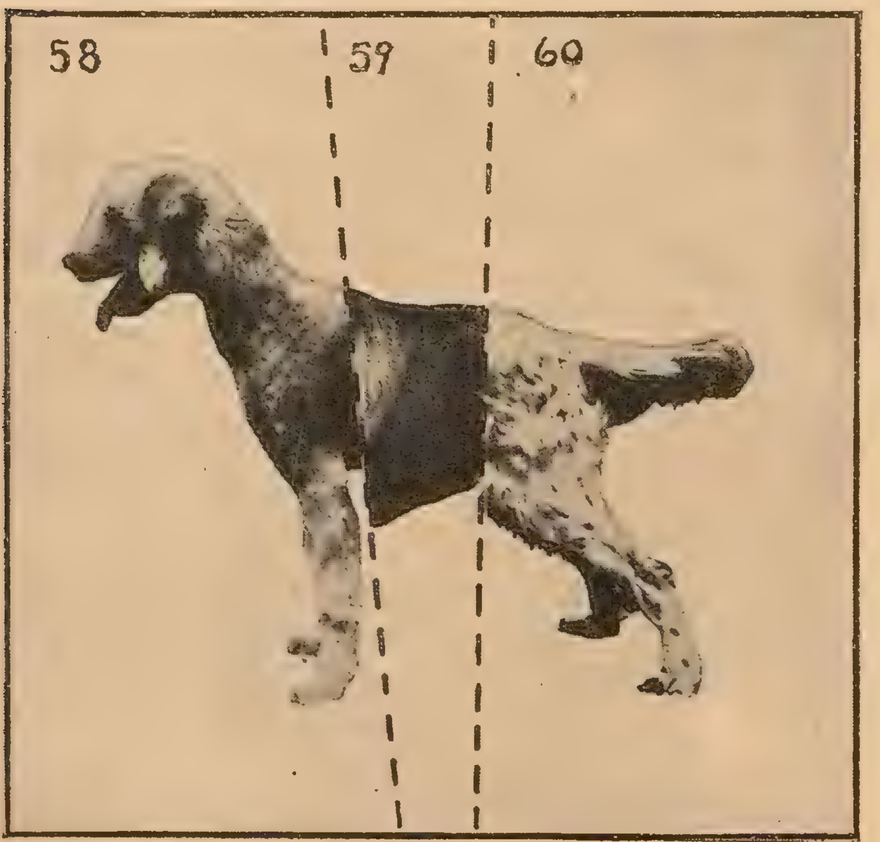
THIS week Liberty presents the seventh set of composites in the great dog-identification contest, with the admonition that wise contestants will keep their entries up to date. Now that the contest is nearing its final stages comes the test of your competitive spirit. You must reach the finish line in order to score. You cannot capture an award unless you complete and file your entry. The best way to do this is to work out each of the remaining weeks' problems as they are presented. This will keep you up with the leaders and you will avoid the necessity of a last-minute sprint in which you might not do yourself full justice.

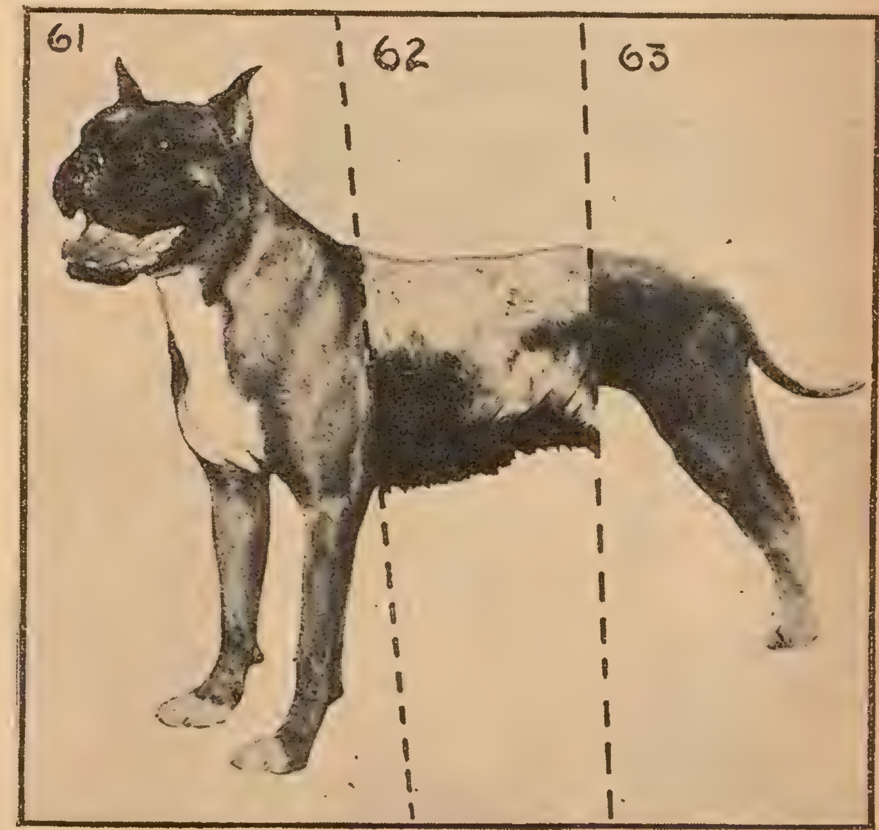
The RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, beginning with the issue dated May 29, Liberty will publish three composite pictures in which three well known breeds of dogs are represented.
2. To compete, cut each week's pictures apart and reassemble the pieces as you think they should go. Under each completed picture identify the breed of dog it represents.
3. Do not send in separate solutions. Wait until the end of the contest, when your set of thirty will be complete, and then send them in as a unit, all at the same time, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of the various breeds you would most like to own and why.
4. For each of the twenty-five sets of most nearly accurate solutions accompanied by the most convincing and sincere statements of preference, Liberty will award a pedigreed dog. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made. Every effort will be made to award a dog of the breed specified in the winner's statement, but Liberty cannot guarantee this in all instances. Prize dogs will be shipped, prepaid, direct from the kennels to winners.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, August 11, 1937, the closing date of this contest. All prize-winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for publication in whole or in part, as they may desire.
6. Send entries by first-class mail addressed to DOG CONTEST EDITOR, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into any correspondence relative to any entry.

Isn't a thoroughbred pet just as much worth trying for now as it was six weeks ago? If you love dogs, and there are few who do not, isn't the thought of winning a pedigreed friend and companion just as alluring as ever? Then don't neglect this easy opportunity to become the proud owner of one of Liberty's twenty-five prize dogs.







EASIER CLEANING FOR WOMEN

ALL DAY CHILDREN'S FEET TRAMP OVER THIS LINOLEUM
I WHISK IT CLEAN WITHOUT HARD RUBBING
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt

Old Dutch MADE WITH SEISMOTITE

Think of it! 6 lovely teaspoons in the beautiful "Croydon" pattern, genuine Wm. A. Rogers A1 Plus quality, made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd. Value $1.50 for only 50c and 3 Old Dutch labels.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. S337
221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing______¢ and______Old Dutch labels for which please send me 6 teaspoons. You may order as many units as you like. Offer good only in United States and Canada and expires December 31, 1937.

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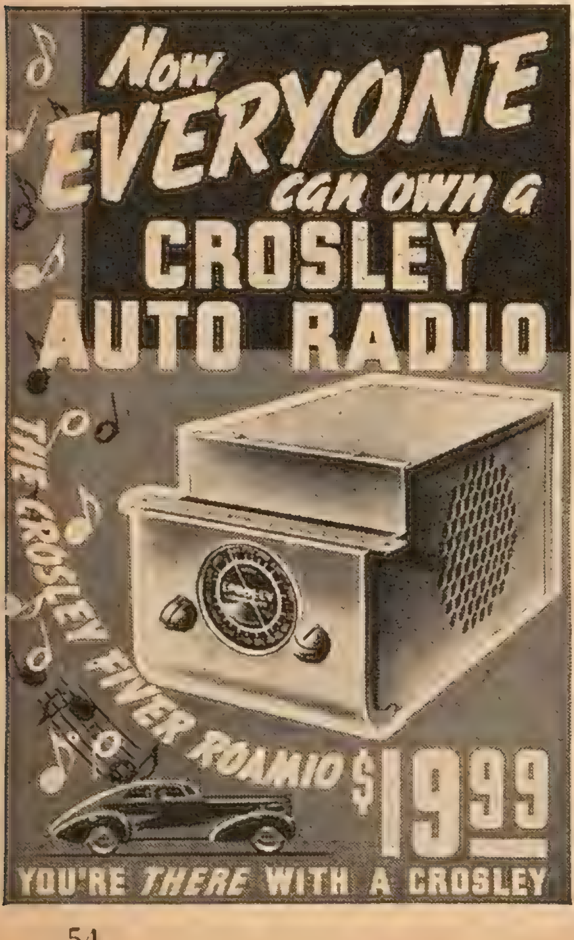
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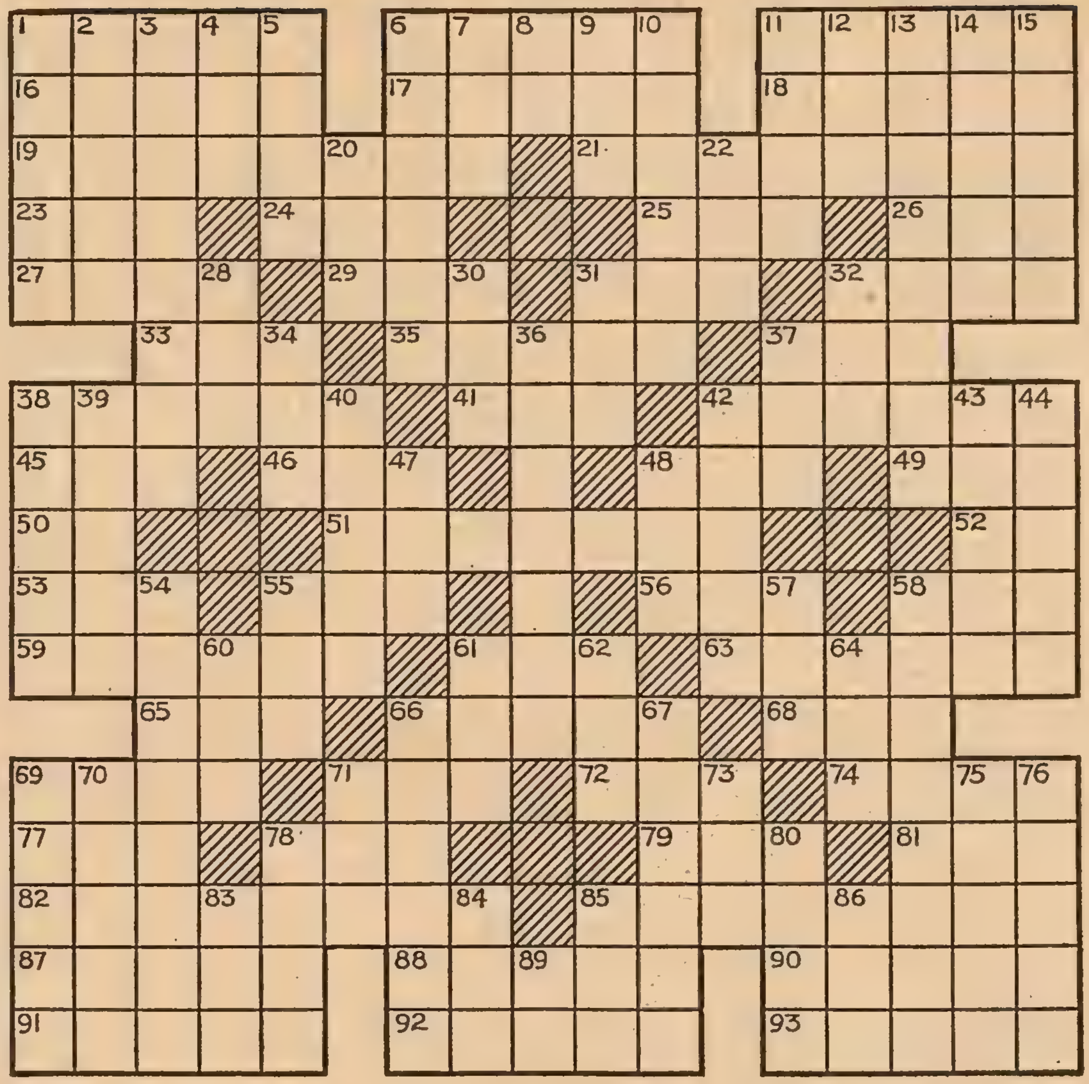
CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Famous film actress
6 Man's name
11 Make obscure
16 Abreast
17 Size of type
18 Ill-tempered
19 State of uncertainty
21 One who testifies
23 Compass point
24 No
25 Viscous liquid
26 Measure of work
27 Dispatched
29 Espouse
31 Table support
32 Otherwise
33 Man's nickname
35 Passenger
37 Prefix: three
38 Applauds
41 Fit of ill temper
42 General course (pl.)
45 Coal carrier
46 Edible root
48 Coy
49 An eternity
50 One indefinitely
51 Arranged in layers
52 Not any
53 Measure of length
55 A coin
56 Yes
58 Because that
59 Groups of three
61 A pronoun
63 Wring from
65 A constellation
66 Military student
68 Teutonic goddess
69 Culmination
71 Horse
72 Your
74 A celestial body
77 Article
78 Rocky peak
79 Bear young
81 Sandpiper
82 Coastal region
85 Electrical gauges
87 Ward off
88 Succinct
90 Rest again
91 Dries with age
92 Paces
93 Fertile spots

VERTICAL

1 Talks emptily (slang)
2 Vilification
3 Felt indignant displeasure at
4 Bread roll (Brit.)
5 Portent
6 Fisherman
7 To mature
8 Note of the scale
9 Greek letter
10 Preferable
11 Litter for the dead
12 The bitter vetch
13 Line designating a date (two words)
14 Roman highways
15 Absorb
20 In the present
22 Label
28 A mound
30 Immerse
31 Permit
32 Sooner than
34 Lacking moisture
36 Laughed to scorn
37 Essay
38 A map
39 Respect
40 Preserves in brine
42 Cardinal number
43 Giver
44 A nasal sound
47 Entangle
48 Utter
54 Width
55 Feminine name
57 Chopping tool
58 Fortified place
60 Exist
61 Witch
62 Steep
64 It is (abbr.)
66 Measures of weight
67 Subjects
69 A collection of maps in book form
70 Onionlike plant
71 And not
73 Sweet potato (Southern U. S.)
75 Eagle's nest
76 Reposes
78 Small children
80 Roman emperor
83 Three (Italian)
84 Tennis term
85 Viper
86 Beverage
89 Note of the scale

B	R	A	S	S	B	A	N	D		B	O	M	B	S
A	I	R	S	■	A	L	G	Y		E	X	R	A	Y
C	C	C	■	O	R	B	■	E	G	G	■	S	U	P
C	H	■	S	Y	B	I	L	■	G	I	N	■	B	H
H	E	A	P	■	S	N	I	P	■	N	U	L	L	O
U	S	H	E	R	■	O	G	R	E	■	B	E	E	N
S	T	A	L	I	N	■	H	U	R	T	■	■	S	S
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M	T	■	■	E	L	A	N	■	S	A	L	O	M	E
A	H	E	M	■	E	R	I	N	■	R	O	P	E	S
R	I	D	E	R	■	K	N	O	B	■	P	E	S	T
R	N	■	N	U	N	■	G	R	A	P	E	■	S	A
I	K	E	■	S	O	B	■	M	T	S	■	C	A	T
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D	R	E	S	S		B	A	N	K	N	I	T	E	S

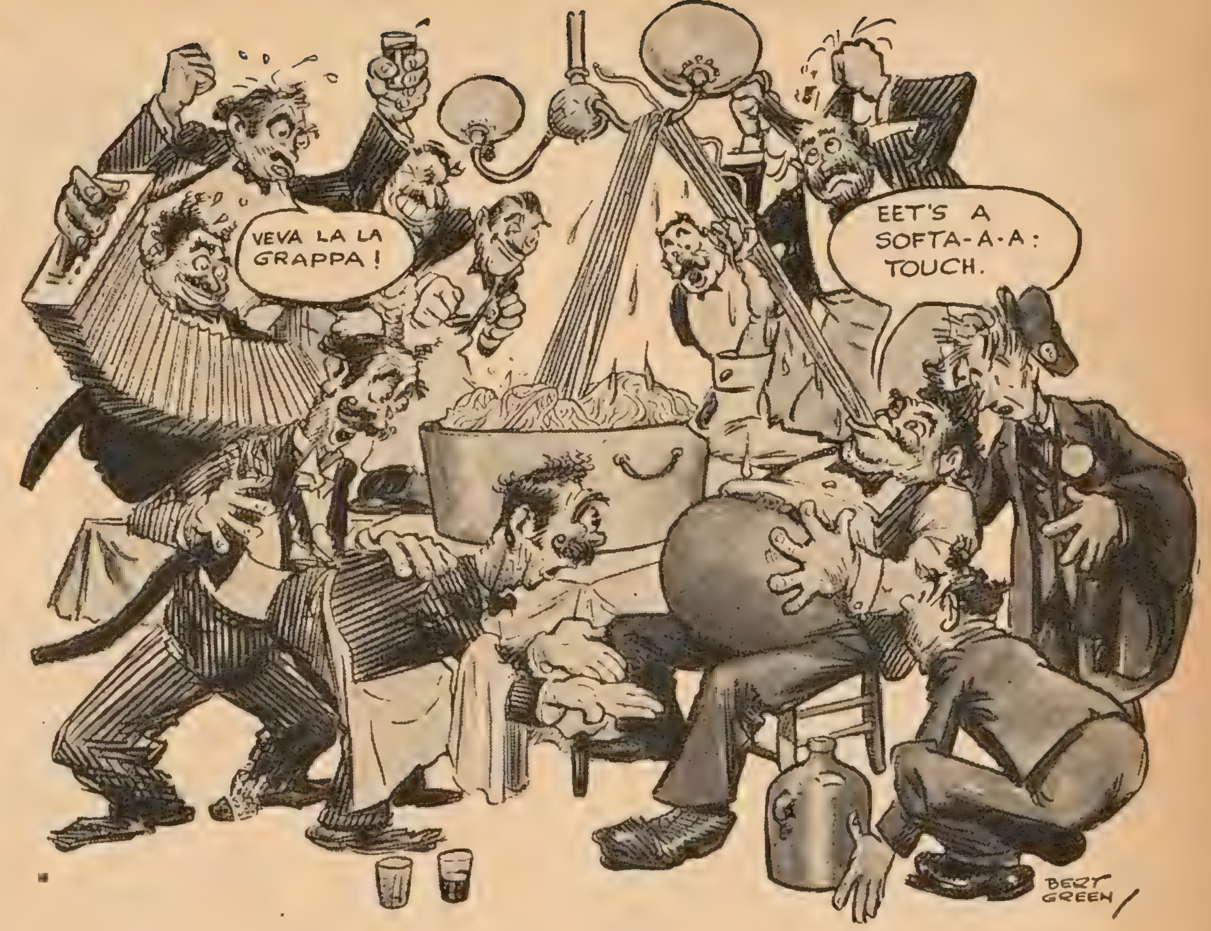
Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

Trouble! Our hero takes a flyer . . into a nose-dive

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS


VEVA LA LA GRAPPA!
EET'S A SOFTA-A-A: TOUCH.
BERT GREEN

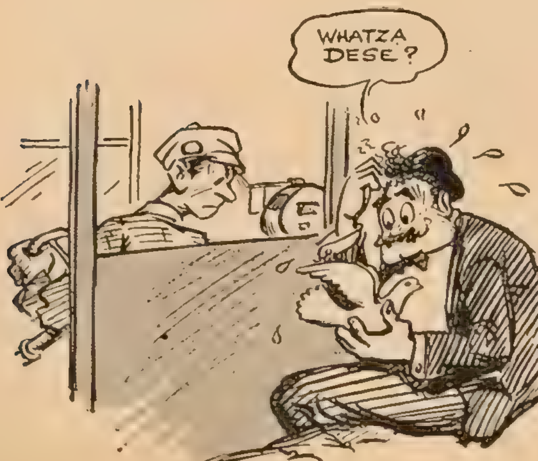
He had bet some tomatoe he could eat forty pounds of spaghetti.

HELLO, Mazie, how's my little cutie? Oh boy, what a tough three weeks I've had! I not only escaped with my life, but I wound up on a stone pile beating boulders into bird gravel while a guy with a cannon kept me from being lonesome. By-the-way, here's a *string of pearls* for you which I managed to seize from the terrible ordeal I went through. Give a listen to how I found them:—

Three weeks ago, I happened to be cruising up Third Avenue when I blew a front tire. As soon as I unbuttoned the spare off the rear the darned thing hopped out of my mitts and did the Flight of the Bumble-bee down a side street. Well, I folleyed it and where did it lead me but down a cellar smack into a spaghetti dive where a bunch of wops were throwing a banquet. —Let's have a chunk of that pot roast and a side order of asparagrease, eh, Mazie? I'm starved.

What a dizzy party! The gests had flags and colored ribbons pasted across their boiled shirts and were yelling and hollering at once and the joint sounded like the business end of Ellis Island. Standing on a wine cask was Angelo Grappa who was the life of the party. He weighed about 340.

"Desa man Grappa eesa one bigga guy," one of the spaghetti benders informs me. "Heesa what you call a Steva Brode."


WHATZA DESE?

I still wasn't hep, but after a few more shots of red ink I discovered that the big wop had made a bet to *jump off the Tri-Borough Bridge* and swim to Sandy Hook. As soon as I heard that, I got the bright idea of selling him to a newsreel company. I beat it for the Widespread News and told the head man all about Angelo, and what's more I told him *I* was his *manager*. Sister, he went for it hook, line, sinker, bait box and half the pier.

"Okay," said the head man, "you have him on the bridge tomorrow night at nine sharp and we'll *photograph the jump* with lights and everything."

Then he slipped me fifty bucks, mind you, and promised me a hundred more when the opry was in the bag. Oh, was I floating? I beat it back to the party. Holy smoke, when I got inside I nearly swooned. My magic lantern hero was as stiff as a pogo stick. Not only that, but he had bet some tomatoe he could eat forty pounds of spaghetti and the gang was cheering him on.

Well, Toots, they was nothing I could do but stick all night with my diving Venus and wait for him to sober up so I could break the glad news to him.

To add to my worries, I had a date to drive a troup to a funeral in the morning and was afraid to leave for fear he'd run out on me. Rather than have that happen, I slipped him a shot of automatic spirits of ammonia and he came to with a bang. Oh boy, and when I told him how I had ribbed him up into becoming a great movie actor I thought he'd kiss me, he was that happy.

"Listen," I said, trying to snap him out of his dreams, "you're to hop off the bridge at *nine sharp*, get me? So be in your tights and I'll be back to pick you up."

Well, sweetie, from there I beat it to the Bronx and picked up the funeral party.

Having gotten rid of that grief, I hustled back to the spaghetti dive to pick up my magic lantern bridge jumper. The wop was shaved, powdered and perfumed.

I threw him in the cab and started for the bridge, while his ravioli pals bon voyaged him with empty claret bottles. I had only gone a mile when my hero happened to find some flowers and a stuffed dove on the rear seat.

"Whatza dese?" he asked, holding up the dove.

"That's the pigeon off the Gates Ajar," I said. "I just came from a *funeral*. The punk *drowned* in a *bathtub*."

Holy makrel, when I looked around, the wop had beads of prespiration on his skull as big as a plum.

When I got to the center of the bridge the newsreel men were there waiting for us. Oh, and what gorillas

Words and Pictures by BERT GREEN

Internal Baths End Years of Bad Health

Brooklyn man says he "feels like a new man now" . . . .

"I almost feel like shouting the news from the housetops! It is absolutely amazing to think that so simple a thing as Internal Baths could produce such marvelous results . . . You couldn't get me to stop taking Internal Baths for $1,000, now that I've found how wonderful they keep me feeling."

Leopold Aul

AT AGE 73

By LEOPOLD AUL

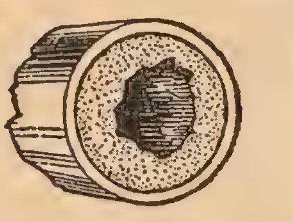
IMAGINE what a thrilling thing it is when a man who has been sinking deeper and deeper into the quicksands of ill health—finds himself suddenly restored to happiness, vitality and vigor as if by an act of providence!

Imagine how a man feels when he realizes that at last he can say "goodbye" to headaches, biliousness and mental sluggishness that have been sapping his energy for years!

Even now it seems too wonderful to be true. And yet, the whole thing came about through a lucky accident—this marvelous experience that changed me from a failing, half alive victim of self-poisoning into one of the healthiest-looking humans you ever saw!

It happened this way: One day when I was feeling especially bad—with a wretched headache and nervous as a cat—I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I was aging.

"Why don't you take internal baths?" he suggested. "They did wonders for me. You're probably suffering from intestinal poisoning and don't realize it."



Cross section of pipe almost choked with rust deposits. The human colon (large intestine) is subject to the same kind of clogging.

What is an Internal Bath?

"What is an internal bath?" I asked. "Some sort of an enema?" "Not at all," he replied. "It is entirely different from anything else.

"Your colon (large intestine) is just like any other waste pipe. While it apparently keeps functioning all right, the inner walls frequently become caked with deposit, just like a rusty water pipe. Germs and slow poisons breed in this hardened waste matter and filter right into the blood stream, causing all kinds of symptoms that you might never dream of tracing to your colon.

Certain forms of rheumatism, frequent colds, and insomnia are often aggravated this way—to say nothing of headaches, biliousness, fatigue and dozens of other aches and ills.

How It Works

"Internal baths bring results so quickly that most people are astonished. By means of the J. B. L. Cascade, five quarts of pure warm water treated with a marvelous cleansing tonic are sent gently whirling through the entire length of the five-foot colon! Poisons, headachy and nerve-upsetting waste matter are completely washed off and floated free!

"Fifteen minutes later your colon is thoroughly clean. A new feeling of vigor and well-being sweeps over you. Your head is clearer—your brain keener—your entire outlook on life is changed. . . . Try it—and see for yourself!"

Naturally I lost no time in securing my J. B. L. Cascade. It was a turning point in my life. Simple as the whole thing was, it actually made a new man out of me. At night I sleep like a child. I rise in the morning bubbling over with pep and energy. My only regret is that I did not learn of Internal Baths long ago!

Get This FREE Book

Find out about Internal Baths—the amazing way to health and happiness. Simply fill in and mail the attached Coupon, asking for a copy of a book entitled, **"Why We Should Bathe Internally."** This interesting booklet is absolutely **Free.** It will open your eyes to many surprising truths and facts you probably never dreamed of before. You owe it to yourself to investigate this marvelous, health-restoring discovery. It may change your whole life. No obligation. **Be Sure to Mail Today.**

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on INTERNAL BATHS—together with special information and hints on treatment of intestinal ills.

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they was. One big guy opened the door and said: "Where's the wop Steve Brodie?"

"In the back," I said, pointing with my thumb.

Well, Mazie, when he opened the door, the back of the hack was as *empty* as an *actor's pantry.*

"There's nobody in here!" he roared.

"I had him with me when I started," I tossed back.

"Oh yeah?" he said, glaring at me. "If you think you can exhort money from us and get away with it, you're crazy!"

Then he let go a snappy left that closed my right lamp for the time being. Not only that, but he dragged me out of the hack and told me *I* would *have to do the jumping!*

"But I can't swim!" I hollered. "I can't swim!"

Then one of the gorillas poured a can of gasoline on my pants and touched it off. The next thing I knew, I was going into space like a human skyrocket.

When I came to the following morning, I was 20 miles off the Scotch lightship on a scow buried head first in the various delicacies thrown from the service plates of them Park Avenue penthouses. In digging myself out, my mitt fell upon those pearls that were reclining in an empty grapefruit. To top the fun, when the scow returned to the dock, four cops grabbed me and put me in jail for trying to commit suicide.

That's my story, Mazie, and you're stuck with it. So long, Sweetie—I'll see you at the dance hall.

Shorty McCoy will reveal more of his maniacal meanderings in an early issue.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 46

1—Anne Morgan, born at New York in 1873.
2—Chewing gum, made from chicle.
3—Elisha, 2 Kings 4:2-7—"And Elisha said unto her . . . Go, borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbors . . . And it came to pass, when the vessels were full . . . Then she came and told the man of God. And he said, Go, sell the oil, and pay thy debt, and live thou and thy children of the rest."
4—In 1858.
5—(John) Calvin Coolidge, (Thomas) Woodrow Wilson, (Stephen) Grover Cleveland.
6—The oak.
7—June 1, 1911, when 121 employees of a common employer were insured for a total of $87,030 by the Equitable Life Assurance Society.
8—Yes; Virginia's southwestern tip.
9—The eye.
10—No, since they (Pick Malone and Pat Padgett) aren't Negroes.
11—Trente et quarante (thirty and forty); roulette.
12—Jaundice.
13—Ohio.
15—Samuel Woodworth, the quotation being the first line of The Old Oaken Bucket.
14—His extremely long eyelashes.
16—Jean Arthur; Mrs. Herbert Marshall; Cary Grant.
17—Of no material, since there isn't any sac in a fountain pen with the ink supply visible.
18—Of vegetable origin, being a fossil resin believed to be 600,000 or more years old.
19—John Philip Sousa's Semper Fidelis (the Marine Corps march) and Francis Scott Key's Star-Spangled Banner.
20—

K Hepburn

LOVE CRUMBLES A CAREER

The films enact a tragic tale of an Irish patriot . . and, in somber mood, invade Madrid for a panorama of despair

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ PARNELL

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Edna May Oliver, Edmund Gwenn, Alan Marshall, Donald Crisp, Billie Burke, Berton Churchill, Donald Meek, Montagu Love, Byron Russell, Brandon Tynan, Phyllis Coghlan, Neil Fitzgerald, George Zucco, Pat Moriarty. Screen play by John Van Druten and S. N. Behrman from the drama by Elsie T. Schauffler. Directed by John M. Stahl. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 119 minutes.

THIS expensive panorama of the political career of the Irish patriot, Charles Stewart Parnell, only partially jells. Your Beverly Hills gives it three stars largely because Clark Gable plays Parnell and Myrna Loy is the celebrated wrecker of careers, Katie O'Shea. Yet both are badly miscast.

A politician and his lovely paramour. Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in the picturesque story of Parnell.

Maybe you know the picturesque story of the Irish leader. He almost had won the bitter battle for Irish Home Rule back in the '80s when a scandal, his romance with the wife of an Irish captain, terminated his brilliant career, broke his heart, killed him.

This filming of the Irish Nationalist's tragically frustrated career is long and not a little tedious in spots. You will find it difficult to get interested in the political intrigues of another era, in the bickerings of the Irish leaders split by political and religious dissension plus scandal. The little illicit romance stolen by Parnell is such a small part of this panorama of broken Irish hopes that it is almost lost in the shuffle.

Gable plays Parnell sans brogue and whiskers. His Parnell is good-looking and pleasantly ingratiating, with a gift for smooth talking in public. And, to your Beverly Hills, Myrna Loy is not a little lost as the wife who brought happiness and disaster to a great man. Miss Loy's forte is comedy.

Nobody else in the large cast stands out, unless it is Montagu Love as the shrewd and crafty statesman, Prime Minister William Gladstone. And Love's Gladstone is something of a cartoon of the great leader.

Parnell takes liberties with history. For all Will Hays' zeal in making honest women of our heroines, the Irish patriot does not appear to marry his Katie in the film. He languishes romantically for her, that is all. History tells us he did wed the divorcee just before his death, at the age of forty-five, in 1891.

VITAL STATISTICS: Clark Gable's fan mail still keeps up; average week's haul is about 1,000 letters. Is genuinely bewildered by his continuing success and popularity. Before Parnell fan mail took a decided greenish tinge, on a recent fan-mail-reading Thursday, he opened 134 letters from Irish stenogs, office gals all over the country. After San Francisco he got a lot of letters from people who lived through the earthquake. Most letters are from gals fired with ambition to star opposite him and wanting to know how to get there. Many want locks of his hair: these letters he refers to his barber, who actually saves Clark's hair. Most retiring gals who write want to marry him; never any Mae Westian types among them. . . . Note of Arson: To keep beards from catching fire on set, ten-inch-long ciggie holders were issued to all actors wearing chin spinach. . . . Pic's biggest problem was to keep the 1,000 Oirish extries from brawling. . . . Among M. P.s in the house scenes sits Hollywood-visiting Randolph Churchill, son of the great Winston. Got seven fifty per day's work. . . . Myrna Loy supplanted the disappointed Crawford in Kitty O'Shea part in this, but the gals are still speaking. A Welsh Wyomingal, she's the only Irish-looking dame in cast; goes not only historical but Irish for first time in a career that started with her being the Northern Spirit Dancer in Chaplin's Gold Rush, took her through an Oriental vamp period, finally deposited her in modern mush-sweet parts. . . . Montagu Love, who plays Gladstone, looks like the old lion, thanks to those cumulous whiskers. Love sketched the old geezer frequently years ago when Love was a pencil sketcher in Parliament for a London paper; recalls how he acted. . . . George Zucco, who plays Parnell's defender, used to be leading gent for Laura Winston, Vandy Dyke's maw. Got his first chance in After the Thin Man. Put that foghorn blast on the schnozzola into the script by himself and almost stops the show with it. . . . Edna May Oliver's a Boston miss. Has the longest face in Hollywood. Descends from J. Q. Adams. Once filled a gap in her thirty-year career in a dressmaking shop at three dollars a week. . . . Billie Burke's paw was a circus clown; she was a Washington Dee Ceer; wanted to be a writer. . . . Brandon Tynan was imported from B'way to play both Redmond and the ancient O'Brien. Gets a big hand for it; looms as a coming character star. Once among best known stage actors. . . . Donald Meek likes to paint funny faces on his bald spot, amuse his grandchildren with them. . . . Berton Churchill's Newfoundland Irish. Spent $500 on that bush he wears to so startlingly resemble the O'Gorman Mahon. . . . Curiously, Hollywood's professional Irishmen who thronged cast were always trying to tell Stahl how Parnell really acted: all had known him and spoken to him thousands of times. Actually Parnell spent most of his time in England with Kitty; made one-day visits to Ireland.

★ ★ ½ THE LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID

THE PLAYERS: Lew Ayres, Dorothy Lamour, Gilbert Roland, Lionel Atwill, Karen Morley, Helen Mack, Robert Cummings, Olympe Bradna, Anthony Quinn, Lee Bowman. Screen play by Louis Stevens and Robert Wyler from a story by Paul Hervey Fox and Elsie Fox. Directed by James Hogan. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 85 minutes.

AN ambitious movie idea this—a cross section of the beleaguered city of Madrid hemmed in by rebel forces—but it falls down, largely because it tries to reach too far. Of the motley crowd attempting to flee the aristocratic city, gutted by shellfire and airplane bombs, you are able to study at close range a handsome escaped political prisoner and the girl he loves, a wealthy baroness who would like to aid him, an American newspaper reporter and a little girl orphaned by a firing squad, a deserter and a girl of the streets. They all hope, with hundreds of others, to make that last train for Valencia—and safety.

The camera moves hurriedly from one thread of story to another, from one set of characters to another. It is too episodic, too unconnected, to get under the skin of character, to cut into the thread of real drama. Which is a pity; for here might be pictured, relentlessly and graphically, what happens when the artificial restraints of civilization fall under the pressure of fear and the hope of self-preservation. What you get is a kaleidoscopic blurry picture of a dying city in its last throes. The story takes no sides. There is no propaganda. It is merely a panorama of despair and destruction, leavened by a little bravery and sacrifice. Too bad the panorama isn't more penetrating and searching.

The numerous cast is so-so. Best is a newcomer, Anthony Quinn, as an officer who sacrifices himself for a friend.

VITAL STATISTICS: This's first of a Spanish Civil War series. Fantastic pains taken to keep this one absolutely neutral, lest it offend sympathizers with either side: characters are in the war but not of it; uniforms are impressionistic; car licenses doped up; bullets are incognito. . . . Dorothy Lamour has longest raven-black tresses in Hollywood. Despite recent success de finance, still budgets her life on her old twenty-five-dollars-a-week basis, when she was struggling in a bathing suit, vainly pleading with her lovely figure for recognition. . . . Robert Cummings is really Blade Stanhope Conway, and changed his name to remove the lilt and sound less superior. Very motor-minded Blade operates a plane called Spinach, a motor scooter answering to Skeeter, a twenty-five-foot trailer known as Moonboat. . . . Gilbert Roland, by the clock, in all kissed Lamour exactly one hour and eighteen minutes, there being that many rehearsals and takes of their kissing scenes. . . . Karen Morley is a skeet, theater, hoss fan. . . . Allergic to make-up, serious Lew Ayres' greatest recent problem has been to sun-tan himself so's he'll need no greasepaint. Stunned by separation from Ginger Rogers, Lew lives alone on a hilltop, gazes at the heavens nights with a big telescope. Is probably looking for a new Rogers-magnitude love star. . . . Studio's trying to get Anthony Quinn to change his name for something more Valentino-ish, planning to groom him for Valentino-Raftian stardom. . . . Olympe Bradna used to be the Little Sailor in France; was imported with the Folies Brassières to do a specialty in Three Cheers for Love; has remained to become an actress; still goes to school on the Paramount lot. . . . Those are real newsreel shots of the Spanish war against which actors mime.

★ ★ ½ THE GIRL SAID NO

THE PLAYERS: Irene Hervey, Robert Armstrong, Paula Stone, William Danforth, Vera Ross, Frank Moulan, Vivian Hart, Ed Brophy, Harry Tyler, Richard Tucker, Gwili Andre, Mildred Rogers, Josef Swickard, Arthur Kay, Horace Murphy, Bert Roach, Allan Rogers, Max Davidson, Carita Crawford. Screen play by Betty Laidlaw and Robert Lively from a story by Andrew L. Stone. Directed by Andrew L. Stone. Produced by Grand National. Running time, 75 minutes.

STARTING out to be the near-romance of a ten-cents-a-dance hostess and a hard-boiled race-track tout, the heroine of The Girl Said No takes him for all his available cash, and, to get even, he gets her to invest money in preparing for a stage career. Then, in order to make good, he secures a Broadway theater for a night, digs up an old Gilbert and Sullivan troupe, and presents the girl in The Mikado. To his amazement, the revival is a hit and he discovers that he really cares. So Tout wins Girl.

It is an odd story, this mingling of a tough dance-hall instructor and Gilbert and Sullivan. Yet, curiously enough, the result is fairly entertain-

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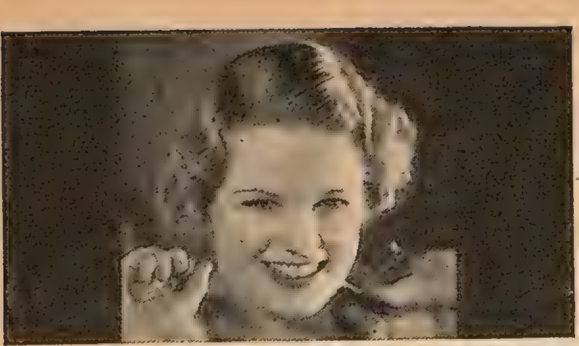

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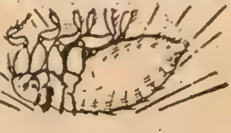

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GLOVER'S

Dept. X 462 Fourth Avenue, New York City

ing, thanks to pretty Irene Hervey's tangy performance of the hostess taken for an art ride, the tough baby who goes soft. Robert Armstrong is the tout, and in the ranks of the stranded Gilbert and Sullivan troupe you will find such able performers as William Danforth and Frank Moulan.

A freak entertainment—with Miss Hervey recommended for your attention.

VITAL STATISTICS: Rights to Gilbert and Sullivan cost $750,000 in Great Britain; in this country they're in public domain, which means the copyright has run out here, and so Grand National utilizes all that material gratis. . . . Producer, writer, and director of this was Andrew Stone—he has been trying to peddle G. & S. around Hollywood for ten years. Stone knows all the operas and all the Hollywood plots by heart; thinks he's struck the happy medium of combining the past and present in this. . . . Four G. & S. vets were imported to Hollywood for this. William Danforth, born in '69, debutted in Pinafore in pinafores at eleven; joined Francis Wilson's Wallack Theater troupe in '99; de Wolf Hoppered about; has been in most of the G. & S. revivals. Sings the Mikado in this. . . . Frank Moulan's of New York; born in '75; was great boy church soloist; opera-ed. Does any one remember him as Don Quixote in The Queen's Lace Hankie at the American Theater, New York, '97? Specialty is Ko-Ko of The Mikado, which he does in this. . . . Youthful (for a Gilbert & Sullivanite) Seattle-born Vivian Hart is a Washington State coed. ex-Vanities gal; has a voice range from low G to high E; and for past five years has been touring in G. & S. This is her first whack at film. Vera Ross is a Buckeye lass of middle age; edded at Ohio's Bluffton College; won a Welsh eisteddfod contest at Dalton, Ohio; was proclaimed a second Schumann-Heink. Immediately went with the Shuberts; entertained overseas during the war; debuts herein. The G. & S. chorus was also imported from New York. . . . Jeanne Eagels advised Irene Hervey a few years ago to just stay normal! and that's been Irene's creed ever since. She's brown-haired, hazel-eyed, a California nymph, twice married, recently to the chanting, enchanting Allan Jones. Has a child by her first marriage. Swims, tennises. . . . Gwili Andre's the world's highest paid model, fellers, and totes around a special guard to watch all the joolry she wears when she's working. Her biggest problem is to get close enough to the cameras so's the ice will glint. . . . Eddie Brophy studied law at the University of Virginia, was an assistant production manager until he decided acting was his meat. . . . Golden-hearted hard-guy Rob Armstrong is a Saginaw lad; his uncles were playwright Paul Armstrong and painter Rolf Armstrong. . . . Paula Stone was raised on a horse; favorite writer's her uncle, Rex Beach; flies; has titian locks and green eyes; goes for the social sports; hates cards; is happily married.

★ ★ THERE GOES MY GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Gene Raymond, Ann Sothern, Gordon Jones, Richard Lane, Frank Jenks, Bradley Page, Joan Woodbury, Marla Shelton, Alec Craig, Joseph Crehan, William Corson, Maxine Jennings, Clyde Dilson, Charles Coleman, Chester Clute, Lee Ford. Screen play by Harry Segall from a story by George Beck. Directed by Ben Holmes. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 74 minutes.

ANOTHER newspaper romance — with the sort of musical-comedy reporters that never existed in any real-life newspaper office. Star writer Connie is in love with ace newshawk Jerry. They are stellar news gatherers of the Morning Herald. But Tim Whalen, the city editor, loves Connie too. So he does everything he can to balk the wedding, even to staging a fake murder at the start of the grand-ballroom marriage ceremony.

There are real killings, jazzy doings in a Bridgeport night club, and other cinematic events designed to leaven the newspaper comedy with suspense. Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern play the city-room sweethearts, fresh, flip, and pretty insufferable.

We have a longing to see a real drama of a city room—sometime.

VITAL STATISTICS: Limpid-eyed, auburn-haired Marla Shelton's of Muskogee, Oklahoma; raving beauty Myrtle Shelton's her maw; Pat Hurley's her godpaw. She rides bareback, speaks Creek and Cherokee, attended Oklahoma U., uses no make-up, goes in for neo-Indian sports like golf, tennis, swimming, piano, bridge, oil-painting, yellow-rose raising. Pacted first by M-G-M, who planned to Theda Bara her, she's slipped over to Walt Wanger, who will make her a little dark flower of the screen. . . . Of Price, Wisconsin, Dick Lane's done the tent shows, repertories, stock and vodvils, and even played in Jolson's Big Boy. Was Connecticut Yankee lead for seventy-five weeks, although he's never been near Connecticut. . . . Alec Craig's a leading film tramp; learned hobo habits playing Deadeye Dick in Pinafore. Vodvilled as a ragged Nat Wills bum, changed later to a dignified one. . . . When they tested Bradley Page for a hero's part they accidentally gave him the heavy's part to read. He thundered it over so meaniely, he got to be a screen sneerer ever since. A Seattle boy, he's content to seattle down in Hollywood; is U. of Washingtony. . . . Gordon Jones, the hot pertater of Ioway, is at present getting his Reserve officer's commission at a Sierra summer camp. . . . Charles Coleman started as a tooth yanker; is of Sydney, down under. . . . Joan Woodbury started in a convent; progressed into Hollywood's famous high school; graduated to night-club hoofing at the Agua Caliente Hotel, where she featured a terpsichorean solo bullfight with a fifteen-pound bullragger, same's she does herein. . . . Maxine Jennings has Patoued, John Murray Andersoned; was Miss Portland, once leading mannequin in Frisco; has a carrot top; is a natatorial bacon copper; insists she'll yet be a great actress despite her having been a model. . . . This is the fourth time Raymond and Sothern have been little Astaire and Rogerses. . . . Gene Raymond is by now probably very much and happily married to Thrushthroat Jenny MacDonald and vacationing in Hawaii. Gene works hard at not acting like an actor; has been one most of his life; wants to be a producer. There's no jump he won't take hossbacking; he's a hot-shot tenniseer, golfer, and likes to think himself an Irving Berlin. Hates to meet fans face to face, likes to do personal appearances. . . . Ann Sothern is superstitious and called up husband band leader Roger Pryor in Chicago to get his consent to remove her wedding ring for a scene in this. Got it. Gave mug actor Eddie Cribben a black eye in that fracas scene, and herself got a bad cut on the lip requiring five stitches when she accidentally fell against a settee. Bump could be heard all over lot and they thought The Road Back was making retakes over at Universal. First thing after accident Ann did was to call for a mirror, not a doctor, to see if she'd been permanently marred. Is building a new big house in Bevhills as against day when husband Pryor will cease his long-distance love and come nest with her forever. She's leaving the screen in four years. Ann's very musical; has had one of her symphonies tootled by the Minneapolis Symphony; has just completed Cinema Soul, another symphony, which husb Pryor will introduce with an augmented orkstry. She's traveled 20,000 miles 'tween pics to visit Pryor; has bought a good old-fashioned rocker and slippers for Roger when he's finally transferred musically to L. A. . . . Useless Economic Note of the Week: Running out of ham for open-faced sandwiches, they had to sandpaper the mustard off the oldies and re-use them.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion.

★★★½—Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance.

★★★—I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz.

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Vox Pop

An "Office Wife" Hits Back at the Boss

St. Cloud, Minn.—Mr. Boss, are you quite sure your secretary thinks of herself as your "office wife"? (May 15 Liberty.) Perhaps the little lady has a boy friend all her own and is not interested in you personally at all. After all, she has been trained for office work in order to make her bread and butter —and, my dear fellow, that's just what you are to her.

Now, I'll grant you that perhaps she overdoes the job of making your business world a smooth running machine. When she chats with your boring leeches, the poor girl is so eager for human conversation that she grabs at the chance of hearing the sound of her own voice after sitting alone day after day.

You probably are aware of the fact that quite a few bosses *do* make passes at their well groomed stenos. She's taking no chances in thinking you are an exception—especially until after she's been around you long enough to know whether or not you really are on the up and up. Some men are pretty sly—and shall we say tritely that gals nowadays have been associated with all kinds and know there is more than one way to skin a cat?

And, really, would you prefer your secretary to wear low-heeled oxfords and service-weight hose that sag at the ankle and common awful dresses? She would feel like an old maid. And you'd subconsciously feel like an old fogy.

Did it never occur to you in your egoism that she might not be sex-appealing for you but perhaps for the gent next door or some one else far away from your horizon? Or—you of the masculine vanity—did you not know that women dress for each other?

And so, Mr. Big Shot—if you're the kind of boss I'd like to work for (and I rather believe you are underneath all that tripe you wrote) I'd be tickled to death to know that you still love your wife devotedly, and admire you for it; but that needn't dull the fact that you, being a modern up-to-the-minute boss, would prefer a secretary who was easy to look at, rather than one who wore prim clothes and was scared to death of you.

I wouldn't want to sit on your lap and take dictation—I couldn't write sitting on some bony old knees, or fat ones either. And what is more, I think you have done too much analyzing of things in your own situation—unless, of course, your secretary happens to really be one of these gals out after her boss. We'll have those cats with us always—just like we'll have bosses after their secretaries—even unto the end of time.—*A Modern Secretary Who Has a Swell Boss and Also a Boy Friend.*

REFUSES TO CUT UP DOGS

Waterloo, Ia.—Liberty has gone into the continued-story class and is now going to the dogs. I sent in a correct solution of your Man Hunt. Searched diligently, thinking I might be in the four-bit prize winners, and it said, "Continued in an early issue."

I positively refuse to cut up any dogs. don't need a dog. I need cash. Why don't you have a woman-hunt contest? Phooey to you!—*Tom Kaff, Commissioner at Large.*

MORMON CHURCH EXCOMMUNICATES POLYGAMISTS

Salt Lake City, Utah—I have read with interest Mr. Doherty's articles on polygamy. His information, I have no doubt, is correct. Some may get an impression that these cases of polygamy are sanctioned by the Mormon Church, which is erroneous.

The practice of polygamy was abolished many years ago, at the time of the Manifesto; and those who practice it today, referred to by Mr. Doherty, do so in direct violation of the laws of church and state.

Mr. Musser (May 29 Vox Pop), it seems to me, has missed the point entirely—that the issue is *not* the merits of the system but *why it is being practiced by religious fanatics* who thereby injure the reputation of the church, cause doubt to be cast on the good faith of its authorities, and bring into existence numerous offspring to be cared for by the government.

It is the understanding here that those found guilty of polygamy will be excommunicated from the church. Just as a matter of fair play, I wish Mr. Doherty would state, in citing further cases, whether the parties are Mormons in good standing or those who have been cast out of the church.—*Non-Mormon.*

Ogden, Utah—A joke is a joke even if on us Mormons. But, before the boys start a stampede out here, won't you tell them that our quota is one wife at a time?—*Milton Bingham.*

THE OXFORD GROUP—HOT STUFF!

New York, N. Y.—I am writing to tell you how impressed I was by Will Irwin's article in May 22 Liberty on the political implications of the Oxford Group.

It has been tremendously interesting to see how widespread is the interest of all kinds of people in it. The other day, for example, I went into a neighborhood shop to have my hair shampooed. I had a copy of this particular issue under my arm, and I happened to ask the owner of the shop if he had seen the article on the Group. He hadn't but he had heard about it. I presented him with my copy, and he stopped then and there, in the middle of a busy afternoon, to read it through.

I do hope it may be possible to have more of this kind of article about the Oxford Group, as people everywhere are looking for exactly the kind of answer to personal and political problems that the Group is demonstrating.—*Frances M. Churchman.*

Indianapolis, Ind.—Many thanks for the article by Will Irwin on the Oxford Group in the May 22 edition. That's hot stuff—really constructive journalism. I've heard of this Oxford Group before in Liberty and other magazines, and I'd like to hear of it some more. Why don't you send Will Irwin to their great international convention in Oxford in July?

Many thanks and keep feeding us stuff like that. It's what we need.—*Scoville Wishard.*

BLOODHOUNDS FOR BERT GREEN

New York, N. Y.—I have bought a couple of bloodhounds and I intend to devote the rest of my life to looking for Bert Green. You can help by telling me in which state he lives.

There are enough damphools in the world who laugh at people who have to wear earphones—without lunatics like Bert Green writing about it.

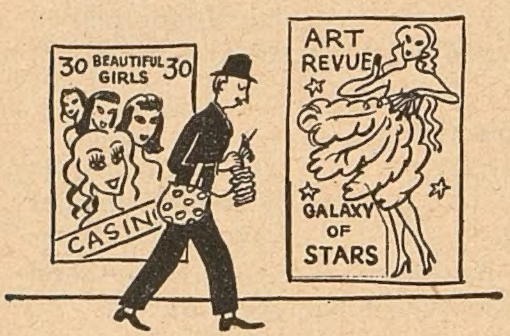
Some day I'm going to catch up with Bert Green, and when I do I'm going to take a two-by-four board and smash that mess he calls his brains, so he will never again be able to make fun of people who wear earphones.—*Suzanne.*

STAY HOME, SOFTIES

Watson, Mo.—Mack from Youngstown, Ohio (May 29 Vox Pop), asks if a strip-tease can be artistic. This particular Mack (me) thinks surenell that they can. I am a water-tank town ham.

Folks that can't look at a beautiful nude woman for a split second without a sexual shock should just keep on crocheting.

I have seen Ada Leonard, who has the form of Venus—and I gave her a hand. I saw Sally Rand in her blue haze, and Faith Bacon in the Follies. I called it art. Brother, when you can see graceful women like these artists dance, with or without much on or off, it isn't hard on the eyes or to your morals unless you are a softy. Then you shouldn't be out nights.—*M. A. McNeal.*



MORE ALLIGATOR POOLS FOR AMERICA

ALLEGHANY, VA.—Among the Negroes of a certain tribe in Africa, who are ruled by their women, it is the custom, when a male reaches the age of forty-five or fifty years, to take him out and throw him into a pool of water filled with alligators. Of course the gators promptly eat him up, which is the quick finish to a sad story.

The female, being the ruler, does not share this fate but usually dies in bed of old age.

The moral of this story, as the late-lamented McGuffey of ancient Reader fame would say, is that "men who permit their women to rule them ought to be fed to the fishes."

This in answer to Mrs. Atherton's article in May 15 Liberty, Why Women Are Giving Up Lying—if they are. Here is to more alligator pools! May America have her quota.—*Dr. Lou O. Ginn.*

BEV'S RUNNING TIME

MARION, IND.—What I said in my letter (May 22 Vox Pop) about Bev Hills' running time is coming true.

In giving the running time on Wake Up and Live, he makes it 131 minutes. Ye gods, where did he get that? Why, man, that's two hours and eleven minutes, and with a running time like that it would practically be a road show. The picture runs, correctly, 94 minutes.

Of course, such an error might make little difference to the reader, and again it may cause some one to sit thirty-seven minutes after the feature has ended, waiting for the rest of it, because of faith in Bev's data.

He evidently must have added the second feature to the running time. Otherwise, I don't see how he could have made such an error. —*Ralph Cokain.*

"I WILL GO WHEREVER YOU GO"

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—I was much interested in reading the article, Shall I Let Him Go? (May 29 Liberty), for I have faced a similar situation many times.

When we married, my husband was with a large construction company. He remained in one place from six months to a year and might be sent almost anywhere. In the beginning I made just one rule, and through the nineteen years of our married life we have held to it. The rule was: "I will settle any place you wish to settle. I will go wherever you go. But we will remain together."

This rule has cost us money, comfort, a home and its furnishings in which any woman delights. It has even cost us babies; for in place of the larger family we would like to have had, three children are all we thought we could rear under our varying circumstances. But I have never regretted either making the rule or holding to it, and I don't think my husband has. Anyhow, if he has, he is afraid to admit it and has never dared break it. So, for whatever it may be worth, I pass the rule on to the "Phil's wives" among Liberty readers.—*E. B. G.*

WHAT DOES A BACHELOR KNOW ABOUT BEING A HUSBAND?

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have just read in May 22 Liberty Edward's Rules to Make His Marriage a Success, by Helen Worden.

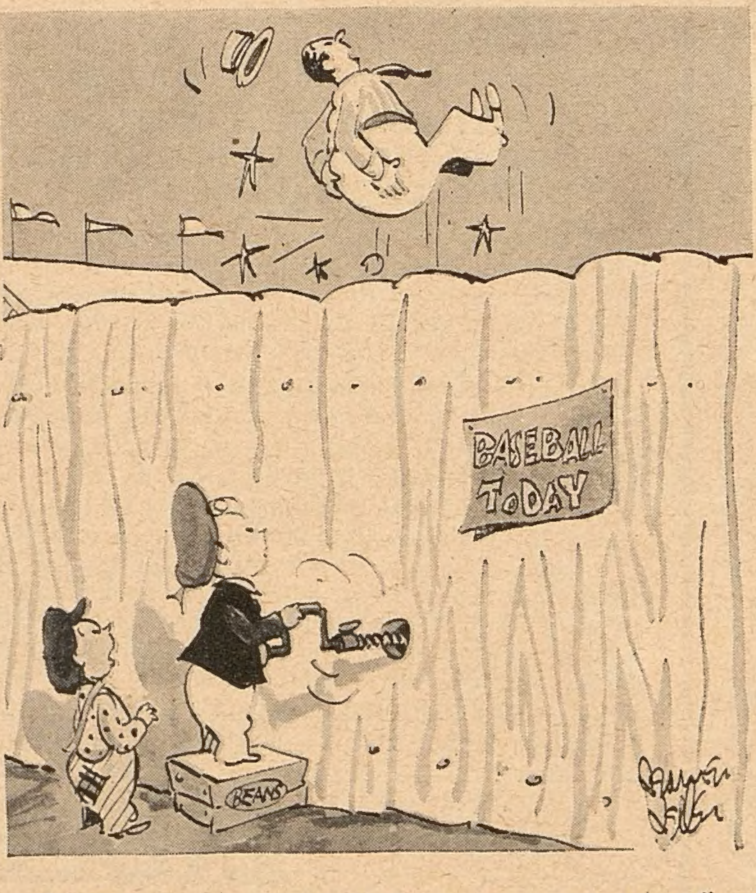
The disclosures in this article are most amusing, and coming from a bachelor makes it border on the ridiculous.

If these are his ideas in the matter, I fear he is in for an awakening of an unpleasant nature; for the world know that the former Mrs. Simpson has already dealt with two husbands and apparently they came out second.

Nine tenths of the women run their husbands, anyway.—*O. Nurtz.*

"HARDTACK"

By Reamer Keller



"What do you think is the matter with him?"

NOW HE'S ONE OF US

HANFORD, CALIF.—Have been reading Liberty for a long time, but as I glance at Vox Pop it is all that is necessary to realize that all the damn fools are not dead.—*C. H. Baxter.*

BUT SUPPOSE THERE WAS A STREAM OF TRAFFIC?

FORT WORTH, TEX.—I drive an a mobile more than the average pe I have formed the habit of removing my foot from the accelerator when approaching another car, usually at 100 to 200 feet before passing. Wind resistance and motor compression will slow you down much more than you woul think, as well as leave your foot free and ready for quick braking, should the occasion demand.

I believe most sincerely if all driv ers would follow the above practice tha many accidents would be prevented, at least decrease severity of injury case of collision.

Records show a very large percentag of accidents occur in meeting and passing other automobiles.—*Young Davitte.*

WELL, HE JUMPED IN, ANYWAY

NORFOLK, VA.—On New Problen Ahead in Baseball, by Rabbit Maran ville (May 29 Liberty), the "Rabbit" failed to touch second base in one instance and the umpire (your editor) le him get away with it.

The Montgomery River jumped into was discovered him—at least, the one at Mo gomery, Alabama—therefore he something else besides a rowd ballplayer.

Let's give him credit.—*C. G. Ward.*

EVEN EDUCATION A RACKET

WASHINGTON, D. C.—T. H. He rity, D. D. S. (more power to him proves the "dental racket" is not a racket (May 29 Vox Pop). He also points to something that shows the education game has become a racket.

Under the guise of "raisin' h' standurd uv eddication," the gret "skools uv l'arnin'" now requi six or more years of half-useles studies to complete a course th was, of yore, done in three. How's that for breaking a young man's heart and spirit, mulcting him of three years of time and vitality and *six semesters of tuition* (aha!) and, incidentally, increasing the cost, to you and me, of professional service?—*M. E. Kanic.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

PAISLEY, SCOTLAND—Police halted a eavy zigzagging steam roller, took the river to the station house on a charge of runken driving, and went back after he roller.

There it was, zigzagging down the road gain.

Disgusted police arrested a second river, then took the roller along with em to the station house, where the men aid five pounds each in fines.

ENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA—The city rded José Portogallo, a poet, a prize unting to $1,500 for his book of y, adjudged the best work of the year in Buenos Aires.

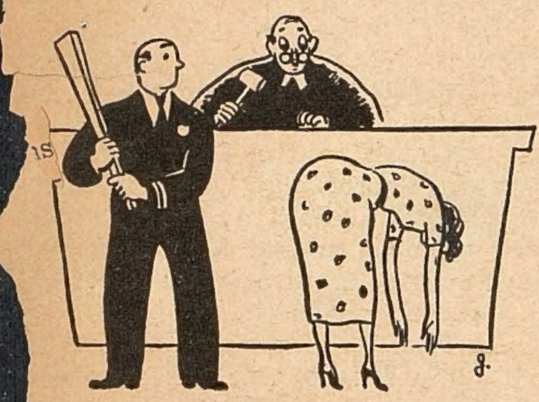
Then Mayor Vedia y Mitre ordered police to seize all copies of the book as "immoral and blasphemous."

RONTON, OHIO—A woman jailed overight for intoxication told Judge O. H. enninger she would rather be spanked than return to a cell.

"It's your choice—spanking or jail," aid the magistrate.

She chose the spanking. Police Clerk harles Cooper obtained a board, and e prisoner bent over to receive the ntence. Cooper lifted the board and esitated.

"You're free to go," said the judge to the prisoner. "Why don't you take up poker?"



HICAGO, ILL.–Three bandits, one armed with a machine gun, heaved and tugged on a heavy money bag. Near by stood William Szlauis, Railway Express Agency truck driver, his hands high in the air, helpless.

"We're in the big money now," a bandit chortled.

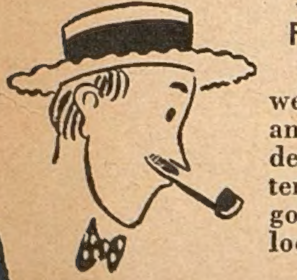
The bag contained 10,000 pennies.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign on a New Jersey theater:
"*Singer's Midgets, Bigger and Better Than Ever.*"

Sign in a small hotel in New Mexico:
"*Yes, we know this place is on the bum. But how about yourself?*"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE



SECOND TERM FOR PRESIDENT

Well, I don't think we ought to be mean and give any President more than 1 term. Al Capone only got one term, and look at what *he* done.

—EZRA DILL.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

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DEATH IN THE DARK

Stand by! Calling all readers! Here comes a four-star continued story—a whizzing flashing breath-taking novel of a murder mystery and a danger-fraught romance! These involve a gallant reckless young New York State Trooper and a lovely capricious girl. He is forced to leave the service in disgrace, and his heroic efforts to vindicate himself make up drama that will hold you spellbound. Frederic F. Van de Water is famous for his stories of the State Police—and this is his best.

IF CHRIST CAME TO WASHINGTON
by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon

How would He view the bewildering spectacle that is the nation's capital today? What would He say to swarms of lobbyists, to self-seeking congressmen? Would He sympathize with the President or with the "Nine Old Men"? Profound, vital questions! They are dealt with by the celebrated author of In His Steps in another of his inspiring articles for Liberty.

HOW THE VOICE OF GINGER ROGERS HELPED TURN BACK MUSSOLINI'S BLACK SHIRTS IN SPAIN

You remember the recent climax in gory Spain when the insurgent armies swept down upon Madrid. All the world expected the capital to fall. It was known that whole battalions of Il Duce's Fascist legionnaires were fighting in the insurgent ranks.

And then came the news that these formidable Italian warriors had been stopped, apparently disheartened.

What caused that startling turn in the tide of battle? No published explanation has told the whole truth. It will be disclosed in Liberty, and will include unshakable testimony to something like a miracle—for the voice of Ginger Rogers, American darling of the films, had a part in it, with the shells and machine guns of Madrid's defenders! Impossible? Read the facts as written down by one of the Black Shirts who fought and faltered at Guadalajara!

Other stories and articles by James M. Cain, Josephine Bentham, Walter Brooks, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and others.

Ginger Rogers

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE JULY 7

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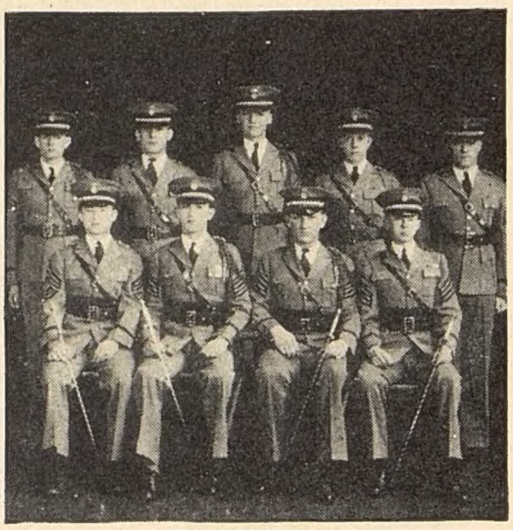

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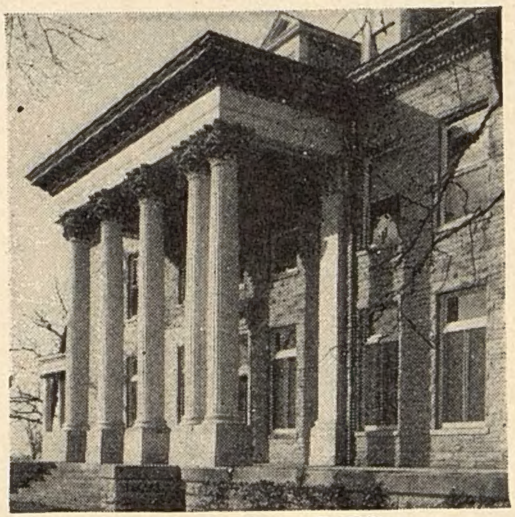

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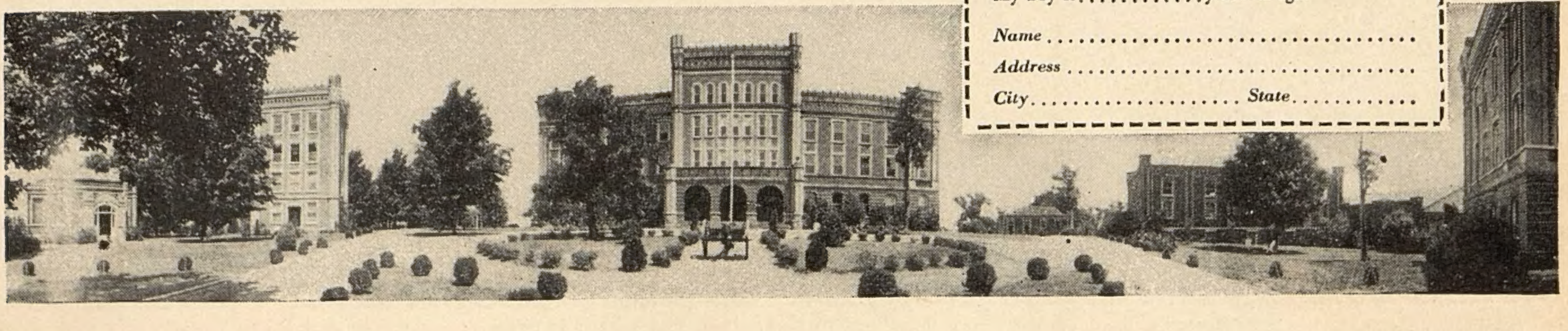

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